





THE
WORKS
OF
VIRGIL,
In LATIN and ENGLISH.

The ÆNEID Translated
By the Rev. Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT;
The ECLOGUES and GEORGICS, with Notes on the Whole,
By the Rev. Mr. JOSEPH WARTON.

With several NEW OBSERVATIONS,
By Mr. HOLDSWORTH, Mr. SPENCE, C. HEYNE, and Others.

ALSO,
A DISSERTATION on the Sixth Book of the ÆNEID,
By Mr. WARBURTON.
On the Shield of ÆNEAS, by Mr. W. WHITEHEAD.

On the Character of IAPIS,
By the late Dr. ATTERBURY, Bishop of ROCHESTER.

AND,
Three ESSAYS on Pastoral, Didactic, and Epic POETRY,
By Mr. JOSEPH WARTON.

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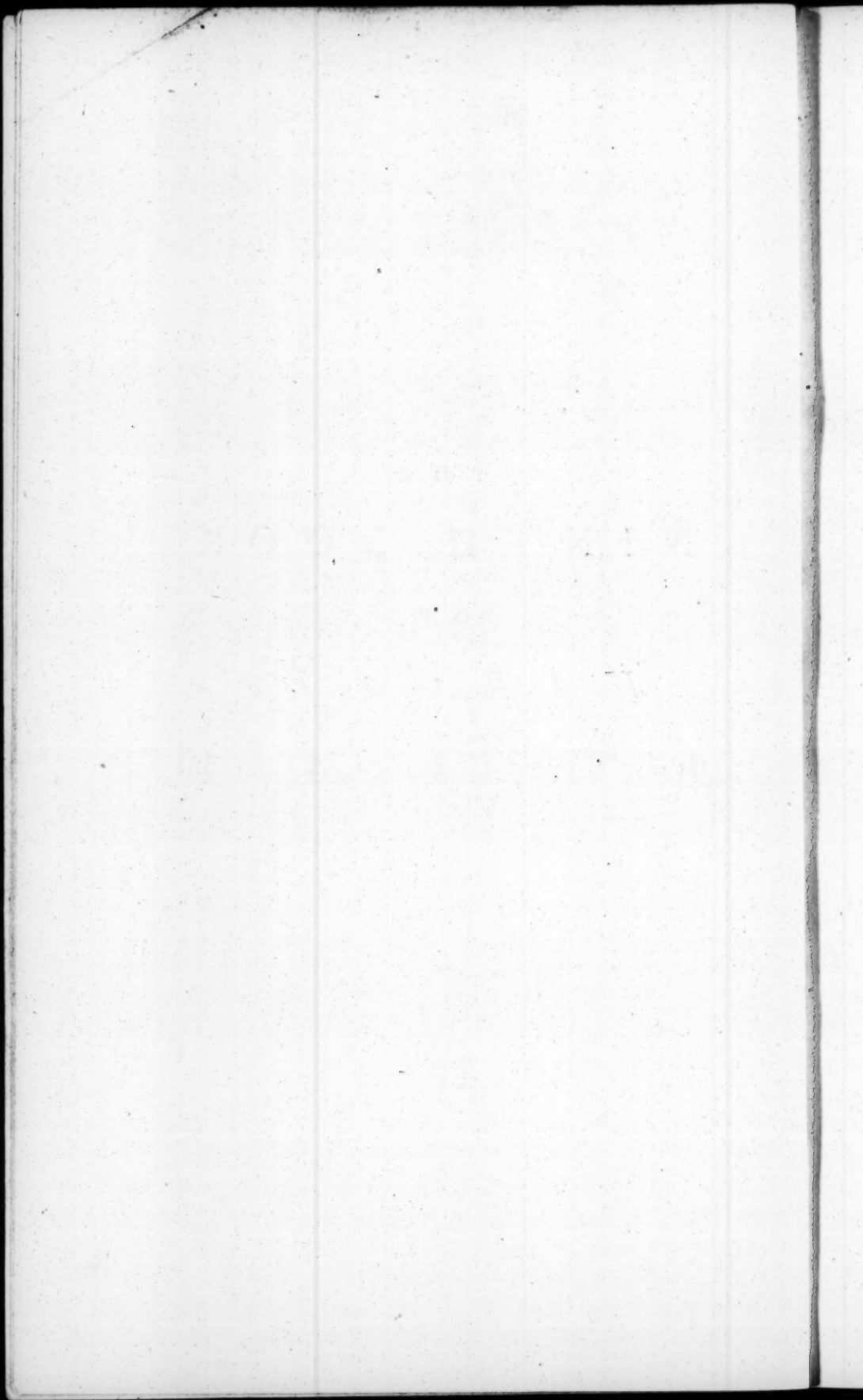
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THE
NINTH BOOK
OF
VIRGIL's
ÆNEID.

VOL. IV.

B



The ARGUMENT.

Turnus takes advantage of Æneas's absence, attempts to fire his ships (which are transformed into sea-nymphs) and assaults his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the last extremities, send Nisus and Euryalus to recall Æneas, which furnishes the poet with that admirable episode of their friendship, generosity, and conclusion of their adventures. In the morning, Turnus pushes the siege with vigour; and, hearing that the Trojans had opened a gate, he runs thither, and breaks into the town with the enemies he pursues. The gates are immediately closed upon him; and he fights his way through the town to the river Tyber. He is forced at last to leap, armed as he is, into the river, and swims to his camp.

P. VIRGILII MARONIS
A E N E I D O S
L I B E R IX.

A TQUE ea diversa penitus dum parte geruntur,
Irim de caelo misit Saturnia Juno
Audacem ad Turnum. luco tum forte parentis
Piliurni Turnus sacrata valle sedebat.
Ad quem sic roseo Thaumantias ore locuta est :

5

* This book is more particularly remarkable, because the hero has nothing to do in it; and it is the only one through all the poem of that kind. The moderns have taken too much liberty in this point; for how many entire books are there in Tasso's Jerusalem, where Godfrey never appears? Not that the poet is always under a necessity of following his hero, without so much as quitting him once: on the contrary, it is proper that he should sometimes magnify the valour of the enemy, to render that of his hero more conspicuous. But by the episode of Nisus and Euryalus, we may perceive how deficient those episodes are, which depart entirely from the subject; and have no connection, either with the action, or the fable. Such are the amours of Rinaldo and Armida, and the greater part of the adventures of Tancred, Erminia, and Clorinda; as F. Mambrun has judiciously remarked. It is not a fault to depart sometimes from the hero; but it is necessary, that all which passes in his absence should have some connexion with the principal action, or at least with the fable, as may be seen from this book. The action of this poem is the arrival of Æneas in Italy, and the foundation of a city; there is no doubt but that all which Turnus performs against this action, is part of the action itself: Because it is necessary that this action should have a beginning, middle, and end;
and

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE

NINTH BOOK.*

THUS while the prince collects auxiliar hosts,
 And leads new armies from the Tuscan coasts;
 Dispatch'd by heav'n's great empress from the skies,
 The goddess of the bow to Turnus flies;
 Where, cover'd with the shade, he made abode 5
 In his old grandfire's consecrated wood;
 There, as at ease reclin'd the godlike man,
 Her rosy lips she open'd, and began:

and of all these the fable or subject is compos'd; which is no more than the action, and its ornaments, or episodes; and which are so much the more beautiful, as they fall in more naturally with the subject. It is the very essence of episodes, that they may be taken away without hurting the subject; though at the same time they should have a close connexion with the subject.

Virgil observes all this exactly; but we are to consider, that the poet makes those episodes, where the hero does not much appear, far shorter than those where he has the principal part. The recital which Æneas makes of the taking of Troy, and his amour with Dido, are much longer than the history of Cacus related by Evander, or the adventures of Nisus and Euryalus which the poet himself relates. This example of generous friendship is the chief beauty of this book; but it is not the only passage where the poet exerts himself: the complaints of the mother of Euryalus, the invectives of Numanus, and the attack of the camp in which the poet makes Turnus perform so many brave exploits; are all excellent.

SEGRAIS.

Turne, quod optanti divom promittere nemo

Auderet, volvenda dies en adtulit ultro.

Aeneas, urbe, et sociis, et classe relicta,

Sceptra Palatini sedemque petit Euandri.

Nec fatis : extremas Corythi penetravit ad urbes : 10

Lydorumque manum conlectos armat agrestis.

Quid dubitas ? nunc tempus equos, nunc poscere currus.

Rumpe moras omnis, et turbata adripe castra.

Dixit, et in caelum paribus se sustulit alis ;

Ingentemque fuga secuit sub nubibus arcum. 15

Adgnovit juvenis, duplicisque ad sidera palmas

Sustulit, ac tali fugientem est voce secutus :

Iri, decus caeli, quis te mihi nubibus actam

Detulit in terras ? unde haec tam clara repente

Tempestat ? medium video discedere caelum, 20

Palantisque polo stellas. sequor omina tanta,

Quisquis in arma vocas. et sic effatus ad undam

Processit, summoque hausit de gurgite lymphas,

Multa deos orans ; oneravitque aethera votis.

Jamque omnis campis exercitus ibat apertis, 25

Dives equum, dives pictam vestis et auri.

Messapus primas acies, postrema coercent

Tyrrhidae juvenes : medio dux agmine Turnus

Vertitur arma tenens, et toto vertice supra est.

Turnus, this kind auspicious hour bestows
What scarce a god could promise to thy vows: 10
For lo! the Trojan chief has parted hence,
And for new succours courts th' Arcadian prince.
Thence to the Tuscan coasts his course he bends,
And leaves expos'd his walls, his fleets, and friends.
Now, while the Lydians in his cause unite, 15
And the raw peasants gather to the fight;
Call, call the fiery courfers, and the car;
Fly—storm his camp—and give a loose to war.
This said; with level'd wings she mounts on high,
And cuts a glorious rainbow in the sky. 20

He knew the fair; his lifted hands he spread,
And with these words pursu'd her as she fled:
Bright beauteous goddesses of the various bow,
What pow'r dispatch'd thee to the world below?
What splendors open to my dazzled eyes! 25
What floods of glory burst from all the skies!
And lo! the heav'ns divide, the planets roll!
Thick shine the stars, and gild the glowing pole!
Call'd by these omens to the field of blood,
I follow to the war the great inspiring god! 30

Raptur'd he said, and fought the limpid tide,
Where gurgling streams in silver currents glide;
There cleans'd his hands, then raising high in air,
To ev'ry god address'd his ardent pray'r.

And now, all gay and glorious to behold, 35
Rich in embroider'd vests, and arms of gold,
On sprightly prancing steeds, the martial train
Spread wide their ranks o'er all th' embattled plain.
The van with great Messapus at their head;
The deep'ning rear the sons of Tyrrheus led. 40
Brave Turnus flames in arms, supremely tall,
Tow'rs in the center, and outshines them all.

Ceu septem surgens sedatis amnibus altus 30
 Per tacitum Ganges, aut pingui flumine Nilus,
 Cum refuit campis, et se jam condidit alveo.
 Hic subitam nigro glomerari pulvere nubem
 Prospiciunt Teucri, ac tenebras insurgere campis.
 Primus ab adversa conclamat mole Caius : 35
 Qui globus, ô cives, caligine volvitur atra ?
 Ferte citi ferrum, date tela, et scandite muros.
 Hostis adest, eia. ingenti clamore per omnis
 Condunt se Teucri portas, et moenia complent.
 Namque ita discedens praeceperat optimus armis 40
 Aeneas : si qua interea fortuna fuisset,
 Neu fruiere auderent aciem, neu credere campo :
 Castra modo, ac tutos servarent aggere muros.
 Ergo, etsi conferre manum pudor iraque monstrat,
 Objiciunt portas tamen, et praecepta faceffunt, 45
 Armatique cavis exspectant turribus hostem.
 Turnus, ut ante volans tardum praecefferat agmen,
 Viginti lectis equitum comitatus, et urbi
 Inprovifus adest : maculis quem Thracius albis
 Portat equus, criftaque tegit galea aurea rubra. 50
 Ecquis erit mecum, juvenes, qui primus in hostem ?
 En, ait, et jaculum adtorquens emittit in auras,
 Principium pugnae, et campo sese arduus infert.

62. *But mighty Turnus rode, &c.*] The character of *Turnus* is constantly preserved, *qualis ab incepto procefferat*. I do not remember, that Virgil flags once in describing the resolute impetuosity, which this young hero every where exerts. He here begins the siege with a most spirited exclamation,

Ecquis erit mecum, juvenes, qui primus in hostem ?

He attempts every pass and avenue, as a hungry wolf in a tempestuous night tries to enter a fold, his rage and hunger being still further exasperated by the bleating of the lambs within : and, though he finds at last the fortrefs of the Trojans impregnable, he does not desist ; but instantly makes an attempt to burn the ships. This character is conducted with a truly poetical fire. The above simile is taken from Apollonius Rhod. Argonaut. B. i. 1243.

Silent they march beneath their godlike guide :
 So mighty Ganges leads, with awful pride,
 In seven large streams his swelling solemn tide :
 So Nile, compos'd within his banks again,
 Moves in slow pomp, majestic, to the main.

45 }

Troy saw from far the black'ning cloud arise :
 Then from the rampart's height Caius cries :
 See, see, my friends, yon dusky martial train,
 Involv'd in clouds, and sweeping o'er the plain.
 To arms—The foes advance—Your swords prepare ;
 Fly—Mount the ramparts, and repel the war.

50

With shouts they run ; they gather at the call ;
 They close the gates ; they mount ; they guard the wall.
 For so th' experienc'd prince had charg'd the host,
 When late he parted for the Tuscan coast ;
 Whate'er beset, their ardour to restrain,
 Trust to their walls, nor tempt the open plain.
 There, tho' with shame and wrath their bosoms glow,
 Shut in their tow'rs, they wait the embattled foe.
 But mighty Turnus rode with rapid speed,
 And furious spurr'd his dappled Thracian steed ;
 Eager before the tardy squadrons flew
 To reach the wall ; and soon appear'd in view
 (With twice ten noble warriors close behind) ;
 His crimson crest stream'd dreadful in the wind.
 Who first, he cry'd, with me the foe will dare ?
 Then hurl'd a dart, the signal of the war.

65

63. —*dappled Thracian steed.*] Virgil, says Catrou, seems to be particularly fond of Thracian horses, marked with spots of various colours. He has before mentioned this breed,

— *Quem Thracius albis*
Portat equis bicolor maculis.

Speaking of young Priam's horse, the son of Polites. See Turneb. L. 23. C. 14.

69. *Then hurl'd a dart, &c.*] The throwing a javelin into the air was a ceremony practised by the Romans, when they declared war against any nation. This they derived from the

Clamore excipiunt focii, fremituque sequuntur
 Horrisono: Teucrûm mirantur inertia corda; 55
 Non aequo dare se campo, non obvia ferre
 Arma viros, sed castra fovere. huc turbidus atque huc
 Lustrat equo muros, aditumque per avia quaerit.
 Ac veluti pleno lupus insidiatus ovili,
 Cum fremit ad caulas, ventos perpeßus et imbris, 60
 Nocte super media; tuti sub matribus agni
 Balatum exercent: ille asper et improbus ira
 Saevit in absentis: conlecta fatigat edendi
 Ex longo rabies, et ficcae sanguine fauces.
 Haud aliter Rutulo, muros et castra tuenti, 65
 Ignescunt irae: duris dolor ossibus ardet;
 Qua tentet ratione aditus, et qua via clausos
 Excutiat Teucros vallo atque effundat in aequor.
 Classẽm, quae lateri castrorum adjuncta latebat,
 Aggeribus septam circum et fluvialibus undis, 70
 Invadit: sociosque incendia poscit oantis:
 Atque manum pinu flagranti fervidus inplet.
 Tum vero incumbunt; urguet praesentia Turni:
 Atque omnis facibus pubes accingitur atris.
 Diripuerẽ focos: piceum fert fumida lumen 75
 Taeda, et commixtum volcanus ad astra favillam.
 Quis deus, ô Musae, tam saeva incendia Teucris
 Avertit? tantos ratibus quis depulit ignes?
 Dicite. prisca fides factõ est, et fama perennis.
 Tempore quo primum Phrygia formabat in Ida 80
 Aeneas classẽm, et pelagi petere alta parabat;
 Ipsa deũ fertur genetrix Berecynthia magnum

Greeks. Before this was done, it was unlawful to commit any acts of hostility. This declaration was made by the *pater patratus*, who was chief of the *faciales*. He used to pronounce with a loud voice the reasons for going to war, and then threw a javelin into the country of the new enemy. Numa was the first who introduced this custom. The declaring war was called *clarigatio*.

81. —*Now thirsts for blood.*] The original is *ficcae sanguine fauces*; where the word *ficcae* is elegantly used for *vacuae*, with an ablative case.

Loud shout his train; deep wonder seiz'd them all, 70
To see the Trojans skulk behind their wall;
Safe in their tow'rs their forces they bestow,
Nor take the field, nor meet th' approaching foe.

Now furious Turnus, thund'ring round the plain,
Tries every post and pass, but tries in vain. 75
As, beat by tempests, and by famine bold,
The prowling wolf attempts the nightly fold;
Lodg'd in the guarded field beneath their dams,
Safe from the savage, bleat the tender lambs;
The monster meditates the fleecy brood; 80
Now howls with hunger, and now thirsts for blood;
Roams round the fences that the prize contain,
And madly rages at the flock in vain:
Thus, as th' embattled tow'rs the chief descries,
Rage fires his soul, and flashes from his eyes: 85
Nor entrance can he find, nor force the train
From the close trench to combat on the plain.
But to their fleet he bends his furious way,
That, cover'd by the floods and ramparts, lay
Beside the camp—He calls for burning brands, 90
And rais'd a pine all-flaming in his hands.
His great example the bold troop inspires;
They rob the hearths; they hurl the missive fires;
The black'ning smokes in curling volumes rise,
With hov'ring clouds of cinders, to the skies. 95

O say, ye muses, what celestial pow'r
Preserv'd the navy in that dreadful hour,
And stopp'd the progress of the furious flame?
The tale is old, yet of immortal fame!

The Trojan chief, prepar'd to stem the tide, 100
Had built his fleet beneath the hills of Ide;
When thus to Jove, in heav'n's supreme abodes,
Spoke the majestic mother of the gods;

101. —*Hills of Ide.*] Æneas built his fleet at Antandros,
which was at the foot of the Phrygian, not the Cretan Ida.

— *Classemque sub ipsa*

Antandro, et Phrygiæ molimur montibus Idæ. Æn. 3. ver. 5.

Vocibus his adfata Jovem : Da, gnate, petenti ;
 Quod tua cara parens domito te poscit Olympo.
 Pineae silva mihi, multos dilecta per annos, 85
 Lucus in arce fuit summa, quo sacra ferebant,
 Nigranti picea trabibusque obscurus acernis :
 Has ego Dardanio juveni, cum classis egeret,
 Laeta dedi : nunc sollicitam timor anxius angit.
 Solve metus, atque hoc precibus sine posse parentem ; 90
 Neu cursu quassatae ullo, neu turbine venti
 Vincantur. prosit nostris in montibus ortas.
 Filius huic contra, torquet qui sidera mundi :
 O genetrix, quo fata vocas ? aut quid petis istis ?
 Mortaline manu factae immortale carinae 95
 Fas habeant ? certusque incerta pericula lustret
 Aeneas ? cui tanta deo permissa potestas ?
 Immo, ubi defunctae finem portusque tenebunt
 Ausonios olim, quaecumque evaserit undis,
 Dardaniumque ducem Laurentia vexerit arva, 100
 Mortalem eripiam formam, magnique jubebo
 Aequoris esse deas : qualis Nereia Doto,
 Et Galatea secant spumantem pectore pontum.
 Dixerat : idque ratum Stygii per flumina fratris,
 Per pice torrentis atraque voragine ripas 105
 Adnuit, et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.

110. *I bestow'd with joy.*] Virgil here, very artfully, saves Æneas from the imputation of impiety, which he certainly must have been guilty of, had he cut down Cybele's trees, without her consent. CATROU.

137. *Then gave the sanction.*] Virgil, it must be owned, has not here given us the same noble image of Jupiter nodding, which we find in his great Grecian pattern. Pope observes, that he has preserved the nod, with its stupendous effect, the making the heavens tremble. But he has neglected the description of the hair, and the eye-brows, those chief pieces of imagery, from whence Phidias (as Macrobius informs us) took the idea of a countenance proper for the king of gods and men, when he made his Olympian Jupiter. *Phidias, cum Jovem Olympium fingeret, interrogatus de quo exemplo divinam mutaretur effigiem, respondit archetypum Jovis in his se tribus Homeri versibus invenisse :*

Η καὶ κυανέην, &c. &c. &c.

Nam

Hear, and our first request, my son, accord,
 The first, since heaven has own'd you for her lord. 105
 To our great name, and honour'd by our love,
 On lofty Ida tow'rs a stately grove;
 Tall firs and maples there for years have stood,
 And waving pines, a venerable wood!
 To build his navy, I bestow'd with joy 110
 The hallow'd forest on the chief of Troy.
 Now anxious fears disturb my soul with care:
 But thou, my son, indulge a mother's pray'r:
 Bid seas and tempests spare the ships divine;
 Be this their safety, that they once were mine. 115

Thus she—and thus replies her son, who rolls
 The golden planets round the spangled poles:
 What would our mother's rash request intend?
 To turn the fates from their determin'd end?
 How! an immortal state would you demand 120
 For vessels labour'd by a mortal hand?
 And shall the chief in certain safety ride,
 O'er rocks, o'er gulphs, and o'er th' uncertain tide?
 A pow'r so high we never yet bestow'd;
 No—'tis a pow'r too boundless for a god! 125
 But this we grant—when, all his labours o'er,
 The Trojan prince shall reach the Latian shore,
 Whatever ships the friendly strand shall gain,
 Sav'd from the storms and the devouring main,
 Know, we will take the mortal form from these; 130
 Each ship shall launch, a goddess of the seas;
 And with her sister Nereids shall divide
 The silver waves, and bound along the tide.
 This said; the lord of thunder seal'd the vow
 By his dread brother's awful streams below; 135
 By the black whirlpools of the Stygian flood;
 Then gave the sanction of th' imperial nod;
 The heav'ns all shook, and fled before the god. }

*Nam de superciliis et crinibus totum se Jovis vultum collegisse;
 quod utrumque videtis a Virgilio prætermisum.* Macrob. Sa-
 turnal.

Ergo aderat promissa dies, et tempora Parcae
 Debita conplerant, cum Turni injuria matrem
 Admonuit ratibus sacris depellere taedas.
 Hic primum nova lux oculis offulsit, et ingens 110
 Visus ab Aurora caelum transcurrere nimbus,
 Idaei que chori : tum vox horrenda per auras
 Excidit, et Troum Rutulorumque agmina conplet :
 Ne trepidate meas, Teucrici, defendere navis,
 Neve armate manus : maria ante exurere Turno, 115
 Quam sacras dabitur pinus. vos ite solutae,
 Ite, deae pelagi ; genetrix jubet. et sua quaeque
 Continuo puppes abrumpunt vincula ripis,
 Delphinumque modo demersis aequora rostris
 Ima petunt. hinc virgineae (mirabile monstrum) 120
 Quot prius aeratae fletant ad litora prorae,
 Reddunt se totidem facies, pontoque feruntur.
 Obstupere animi Rutulis : conterritus ipse
 Turbatus Messapus equis : cunctatur et amnis
 Rauca sonans, revocatque pedem Tiberinus ab alto. 125
 At non audaci cessit fiducia Turno :
 Ultro animos tollit dictis, atque increpat ultro :
 Trojanos haec monstra petunt : his Juppiter ipse
 Auxilium solitum eripuit ; non tela, neque ignes

turnal. B. 5. Chap. 13. Scaliger's answer to Macrobius is entertaining. *Aut ludunt Phidiam, aut nos ludit Phidias : Etiam sine Homero puto illum scisse, Jovem non carere superciliis et caesarie.* Poet. B. 5. c. 3.

Mr. Spence would compound the matter between the two poets, by allowing (which is the very truth) that Virgil on this occasion has described Jupiter in the properest manner that could be among the Romans, and that Homer has described him in the noblest manner that could be among the Greeks.

POLYMET. D. 6. B. 2.

143. *First from the glowing orient.*] The previous appearances with which Virgil ushers in this extraordinary metamorphosis, are beautifully imagined, and finely painted. As to the metamorphosis itself, he undoubtedly introduced it, as an old tradition among the Romans : *Prisca fides facto.* I cannot but observe, that Virgil, in relating this transformation, has judiciously avoided that affectation of conceit and witticism to be found in Ovid's description of it, Met. 14. 535. & seq.

Now was the hour arriv'd, th' appointed date,
 Fixt by the high eternal laws of fate; 140
 When the great mother of the thund'rer came
 To guard her sacred vessels from the flame.

First from the glowing orient they descry
 A blazing cloud that stretch'd from sky to sky;
 The golden splendors doubly gild the day, 145
 And high in air the tinkling cymbals play.
 At length, with wonder, and religious fear,
 A deep majestic voice the list'ning nations hear :

Forbear, forbear, ye sons of Troy, nor lend
 Your needless aid, our vessels to defend. 150
 The proud Rutulian shall, with greater ease,
 Burn to their beds profound the watry seas ;
 Launch you, my ships ; be Nereids of the floods ;
 So wills the mighty mother of the gods !

Swift at the word, the sacred ships obey, 155
 From their loose anchors break, and bound away ;
 Like sportive dolphins plunge beneath the main,
 Then (wond'rous !) rise in female forms again.
 So many nymphs launch swiftly from the shore,
 As rode tall gallies in the port before. 160

The fierce Rutulians shook with wild affright,
 Ev'n brave Messapus trembled at the sight, }
 Nor could he rule his steeds, nor check their rapid flight. }
 Old murm'ring Tyber shrunk with sudden dread,
 And to his source the hoary father fled. 165

All, but the valiant Daunian hero, shook,
 Who rais'd their drooping souls, while thus he spoke :
 These omens threat our foes (O glorious day !) :
 Lo ! Jove has snatch'd their last relief away !

168. *These omens threat our foes, &c.*] The abruptness of the original is remarkable, and the whole speech is a noble instance of Turnus's violent and bold temper.

168. *These omens threat our foes.*] Thus the Trojans, II. B. 15. falsely interpret Jupiter's thunder in favour of themselves. Pope observes, that this self-partiality of men, in appropriating

Exspectant Rutulos. ergo maria invia Teucris, 130
 Nec spes ulla fugae : rerum pars altera adempta est ;
 Terra autem in nostris manibus : tot millia gentes
 Arma ferunt Italae. nil me fatalia terrent,
 Si qua Phryges prae se jactant responsa deorum.
 Sat Fatis Venerique datum, tetigere quod arva 135
 Fertilis Ausoniae Troës. sunt et mea contra
 Fata mihi, ferro sceleratam exscindere gentem,
 Conjuge praerepta : nec solos tangit Atridas
 Iste dolor, solisque licet capere arma Mycenis.
 Sed periisse semel satis est. peccare fuisset 140
 Ante fatis ; penitus modo non genus omne perosos
 Feminæum : quibus haec medii fiducia valli,
 Fossarumque morae, leti discrimina parva,
 Dant animos. at non viderunt moenia Trojae
 Neptuni fabricata manu confidere in ignis ? 145
 Sed vos, ô lecti, ferro qui scindere vallum
 Adparat, et mecum invadit trepidantia castra ?
 Non armis mihi Volcani, non mille carinis
 Est opus in Teucros. addant se protenus omnes
 Etrusci socios : tenebras et inertia furta 150
 Palladii, caesis summae custodibus arcis,
 Ne timeant ; nec equi caeca condemur in alvo,

to themselves the protection of Heaven, has always been natural to them. History furnishes many instances of oracles, which, by reason of this partial interpretation, have proved an occasion to lead men into great misfortunes : it was the case of Cræsus in his wars with Cyrus ; and a like mistake engaged Pyrrhus to make war upon the Romans.

185. *Will Troy then venture.*] Never were finer instances of a malicious sneer, than in this speech ;

“ One would think the Trojans had enough of women ; as they have already lost so much by them. Can they imagine a slight trench will protect them ? It is not long since they saw their own Troy, which was built by the hands of Neptune, burnt to the ground. Let us hasten to the attack ; I believe, we can easily overcome them, tho’ we have not the advantage of a thousand ships, and arms forged by Vulcan. We’ll deal fairly with them, they need not be afraid of our stealing their palladium, or concealing ourselves in the belly of an horse.

We

Lo ! from our dreaded arms their ships retire, 170
 And vanish swift before our vengeful fire ;
 To Troy, imprison'd in yon narrow coast,
 The wat'ry half of all the globe is lost.
 Their flight, the seas and hostile armies bar ;
 The land is ours ; and Italy from far 175 }
 Pours forth her sons, by nations, to the war.
 Her favouring oracles let Ilion boast :
 On Turnus all those empty vaunts are lost.
 To 'scape the seas, and reach the Latian land,
 Was all, their fates or Venus could demand. 180
 My fates now take their turn ; and 'tis in mine,
 For my lost spouse, to crush the perjur'd line.
 Like brave Atrides, I'll redeem the dame,
 The same my cause, and my revenge the same.
 Will Troy then venture on a rape once more, 185
 Who paid so dearly for the crime before ?
 Sure, they have long ago the thought declin'd,
 Forsworn the sex, and curst the costly kind !
 Fools ! will they trust yon feeble wall and gate,
 That slight partition betwixt them and fate, 190
 Who not long since beheld their Troy retown'd,
 Their god-built Troy, lie smoking on the ground !
 Fly then, my friends, and let us force the foe ;
 Seize, storm the camp, and lay their ramparts low.
 Nor want we, o'er these dastards to prevail, 195
 Arms forg'd by Vulcan, and a thousand sail ;
 Though to support their desp'rate cause should join
 Arcadia's sons with all the Tuscan line :
 Nor need the wretches fear, with vain affright,
 The sacred thefts or murders of the night, 200
 A robb'd palladium, and an ambush'd force
 Lodg'd in the caverns of a monstrous horse.

We disdain a conquest in the dark ; we'll set their fortrefs on
 fire in broad day-light. They'll soon find themselves engaged
 with a more powerful enemy, &c." See Note on ver. 508. B. II.

Luce palam certum est igni circumdare muros.
 Haud sibi cum Danaïs rem faxo et pube Pelasga
 Esse putent, decumum quos distulit Hector in annum. 155
 Nunc adeo, melior quoniam pars acta dici,
 Quod superest, laeti bene gestis corpora rebus
 Procurate, viri; ac pugnam sperate parari.
 Interea vigilum excubiis obsidere portas
 Cura datur Messapo, et moenia cingere flammis. 160
 Bis septem, Rutulo muros qui milite servant,
 Delecti; ast illos centeni quemque sequuntur
 Purpurei cristis juvenes auroque corusci:
 Discurrent, variantque vices, fusique per herbam
 Indulgent vino, et vertunt crateras ahenos. 165
 Conlucent ignes: noctem custodia ducit
 Insomnem ludo.
 Haec super e vallo prospectant Troës, et armis
 Alta tenent: nec non trepidi formidine portas
 Explorant, pontisque et propugnacula jungunt: 170
 Tela gerunt. instant Mnestheus acerque Sereftus:
 Quos pater Aeneas, si quando adversa vocarent,
 Rectores juveni et rerum dedit esse magistros.
 Omnis per muros legio, sortita periculum,
 Excubat, exercetque vices, quod cuique tuendum est. 175
 Nisus erat portae custos, acerrimus armis,
 Hyrtacides; comitem Aeneae quem miserat Ida
 Venatrix, jaculo celerem levibusque sagittis:
 Et juxta comes Euryalus, quo pulchrior alter
 Non fuit Aeneadum, Trojana neque induit arma; 180
 Ora puer prima signans intonsa juvena.

231. *The valiant Nisus*] The poet (says Trapp) with great judgment naturally slides into this episode, without any formal preparation. He was speaking of the several posts which were defended: and among the rest, one was committed to the care of these two friends, whose characters he here judiciously gives us.

A conquest in the dark my soul disclaims ;
No—let us gird by day their walls with flames.
Soon shall they find no Argive host appears, 205
Whom Hector baffled ten revolving years.
Now go, my valiant friends, and pass away
In due repast the small remains of day :
But rise, rise early with the dawning light,
Fresh from repose, and vig'rous for the fight. 210

Meantime it falls to great Messapus' care,
The ramparts to surround with fire and war.
Twice sev'n Rutulian leaders head the bands ;
An hundred spears each valiant chief commands :
Proudly they march, in gold and purple gay, 215
And crimson crests on every helmet play.
They watch, they rest by turns ; and, stretcht supine
On the green carpet, quaff the gen'rous wine.
The fires gleam round, and shoot a ruddy light ;
In plays and pleasures, pass the jovial night. 220

This scene the Trojans from their trenches view ;
All seiz'd their arms, and to their ramparts flew ;
In wild affright to guard the gates they pour,
Join bridge to bridge with speed, and tow'r to tow'r.
Thus while th' endanger'd bulwarks they maintain, 225
Mnestheus and brave Sereftus fire the train.
(The prince had left to their experienc'd care,
If aught befel, the conduct of the war.)
Now all the soldiers to their posts were flown,
And in their turns, successive, guard the town. 230

The valiant Nisus took his lot, to wait
Before the portal, and defend the gate.
From Ida's native woods the warrior came,
Skill'd with the dart to pierce the flying game :
With him Euryalus, who match'd in arms 235
Troy's bravest youths, and far excell'd in charms ;
So young, the springing down but just began
To shade his blooming cheeks, and promise man.

His amor unus erat, pariterque in bella ruebant :
 Tum quoque communi portam statione tenebant.
 Nisus ait, Dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,
 Euryale ? an sua cuique deus fit dira cupido ? 185
 Aut pugnam, aut aliquid janî dudum invadere magnum
 Mens agitat mihi ; nec placida contenta quiete est.
 Cernis, quae Rutulos habeat fiducia rerum.
 Lumina rara micant : somno vinoque soluti
 Procubuerè : silent late loca. percipe porro, 190
 Quid dubitem, et quae nunc animo sententia surgat.
 Aenean acciri omnes, populusque patresque,
 Exposcunt ; mittique viros, qui certa reportent.
 Si tibi, quae posco, promittunt, (nam mihi facti
 Fama fat est) tumulo videor reperire sub illo 195
 Possè viam ad muros et moenia Pallantea.
 Obstupuit magno laudum percussus amore
 Euryalus ; simul his ardentem adfatur amicum :
 Mene igitur socium summis adjungere rebus,
 Nise, fugis ? solum te in tanta pericula mittam ? 200
 Non ita me genitor bellis adfuetus Opheltes
 Argolicum terrorem inter Trojaeque labores
 Sublatum erudiit : nec tecum talia gessi,
 Magnanimum Aenean et fata extrema secutus.
 Est hic, est animus lucis contemtor, et istum 205
 Qui vita bene credat emi, quo tendis, honorem.

257. *An easy road, methinks.*] This obscure hint of his design comes with much more grace than if it had been delivered in full and plain terms, as it implies a decent and ingenuous diffidence in so young a warrior.

261. *And will my Nisus.*] Euryalus, suspecting that Nisus had but a mean opinion of his martial abilities, as he does not at first propose to admit him a sharer in his intended adventure, breaks forth into this beautiful vindication of his own courage. A natural instance, of the delicate sensibility of true friendship, and the tender reproaches that sometimes arise from that passion.

These boys in sacred friendship were ally'd,
And join'd in martial labours, side by side ; 240
In ev'ry danger, ev'ry glory shar'd ;
And both alike were planted on the guard.

Has Heav'n (cry'd Nisus first) this warmth bestow'd ?
Heav'n ? or a thought that prompts me like a god ?
This glorious warmth, my friend, that breaks my rest ? 245
Some high exploit lies throbbing at my breast.
My glowing mind what gen'rous ardors raise,
And set my mounting spirits on a blaze !
See the loose discipline of yonder train ;
The lights, grown thin, scarce glimmer from the plain :
The guards in slumber and debauch are drown'd ; 251
And mark !—a gen'ral silence reigns around :
Then take my thought ; the people, fathers, all,
Join in one wish, our leader to recall.
Now, wou'd they give to thee the prize I claim, 255
(For I cou'd rest contented with the fame—)
An easy road, methinks, I can survey
Beneath yon summit to direct my way.

The brave Euryalus, with martial pride,
Fir'd with the charms of glory, thus reply'd : 260
And will my Nisus then his friend disclaim ?
Deny'd his share of danger, and of fame ?
And can thy dear Euryalus expose
Thy life, alone, unguarded to the foes ?
Not so my father taught his gen'rous boy, 265
Born, train'd and season'd in the wars of Troy.
And, where the great Æneas led the way,
I brav'd all dangers of the land and sea.
Thou too canst witness that my worth is try'd ;
We march'd, we fought, we conquer'd side by side. 270
Like thine, this bosom glows with martial flame ;
Burns with a scorn of life, and love of fame ;
And thinks, if endless glory can be sought
On such low terms, the prize is cheaply bought.

Nisus ad haec : Equidem de te nil tale verebar :
 Nec fas : non. ita me referat tibi magnus ovantem
 Juppiter, aut quicumque oculis haec aspexit aequis.
 Sed si quis, quae multa vides discrimine tali, 210
 Si quis in adversum rapiat casusve deusve,
 Te superesse velim : tua vita dignior aetas.
 Sit, qui me raptum pugna, pretiove redemptum
 Mandet humo solita : aut, si qua id fortuna vetabit,
 Absenti ferat inferias, decoretque sepulcro : 215
 Neu matri miserae tanti sim causa doloris :
 Quae te sola, puer, multis e matribus ausa
 Persequitur, magni nec moenia curat Aesthae.
 Ille autem : Causas nequidquam necis inanis,
 Nec mea jam mutata loco sententia cedit. 220
 Adceleremus, ait. vigiles simul excitat. illi
 Succedunt, servantque vices : statione relicta
 Ipse comes Niso graditur, regemque requirunt.
 Cetera per terras omnis animalia somno
 Laxabant curas, et corda oblita laborum. 225

275. *Let no such.*] Nisus replies, that he never suspected his friend's courage ; but as the undertaking seemed to be attended with no small danger, he would not choose that his friend's life should be expos'd—*Te superesse velim* : and adds, that his younger years are a reason why he should not engage in so hazardous an enterprize ; *Tua vita dignior aetas* : which words, Trapp remarks, are extremely well contriv'd to add a pathos to the whole ; the more manly prudence and care of the one being oppos'd to the youthful fire and sprightliness of the other. But (says Nisus by a most beautiful transition) if you remain, there will then be one, who will redeem my body from the enemy, and bury it ; or at least build a tomb to my memory. Besides, continues he, think of your poor mother ! what must she feel for the loss of you, to accompany whom she left the rest of the Trojan matrons with Aesthes !

Neu matri miserae tanti sim causa doloris.

There is a kind of preface and anticipation in what Nisus objects concerning Euryalus's mother, which is inexpressibly fine.

303. *In silence.*] This is a beautiful military night-piece. Every thing is hush'd in sleep and silence, except the Trojans, who, leaning on their spears, are consulting how to recall their absent general : in the midst of this consultation, these two young adventurers are introduced, who voluntarily offer their

Let no such jealous fears alarm thy breast : 275

Thy worth and valour stand to all confess.

But let the danger fall (he cries) on me :

For this exploit, I durst not think on thee !

No :—as I hope the blest ethereal train

May bring me glorious to thy arms again ! 280

But should the gods deny me to succeed,

Should I—(which Heav'n avert !) but should I bleed ;

Live thou ;—in death some pleasure that will give ;

Live for thy Nisus' sake ; I charge thee, live.

Thy blooming youth a longer term demands ;— 285

Live, to redeem my corse from hostile hands ;

And decent to the silent grave commend

The poor remains of him who was thy friend :

Or raise at least, by kind remembrance led,

A vacant tomb in honour of the dead. 290

Why should I cause thy mother's soul to know

Such heart-felt pangs ? Unutterable woe !

Thy dear fond mother, who, for love of thee,

Dar'd every danger of the land and sea !

She left Acestes' walls, and she alone, 295

To follow thee, her only, darling son !

In vain, he cry'd, my courage you restrain ;

My soul's on fire, and you but plead in vain.

Haste—let us go—He said—and rais'd the guard ;

By turns their vacant posts the centries shar'd. 300

With eager speed the gen'rous warriors went,

Inflam'd with glory, to the royal tent.

In silence hush'd the whole creation lay,

And lost in sleep the labours of the day.

their service in the point debated. The reply of Alethes to their proposal is moving ; and the contrast between youth and age, produced in his speech and embrace, has a fine effect.

Ductores Teucrûm primi, delecta juvenus,
 Concilium summis regni de rebus habebant,
 Quid facerent, quisve Aeneae jam nuntius esset :
 Stant longis adnixa hastis, et scuta tenentes,
 Castrorum et campi medio. tum Nisus et una 230
 Euryalus confestim alacres admittier orant :
 Rem magnam, pretiumque morae fore. primus Iulus
 Accepit trepidos, ac Nisum dicere iussit.
 Tum sic Hyrtacides : Audite ô mentibus aequis,
 Aeneadae : neve haec nostris spectentur ab annis, 235
 Quae ferimus. Rutuli fomno vinoque soluti
 Conticuere. locum insidiis conspeximus ipsi,
 Qui patet in bivio portae, quae proxuma ponto.
 Interrupti ignes, aterque ad sidera fumus
 Erigitur. si fortuna permittitis uti ; 240
 Quaesitum Aenean ad moenia Pallantea,
 Mox hic cum spoliis, ingenti caede peracta,
 Adfore cernetis : nec nos via fallet euntis.
 Vidimus obscuris primam sub vallibus urbem
 Venatu adfiduo, ac totum cognovimus amnem. 245
 Hic annis gravis atque animi maturus Aletes :
 Dî patrii, quorum semper sub numine Troja est,
 Non tamen omnino Teucros delere paratis,
 Cum talis animos juvenum, et tam certa tulistis
 Pectora. sic memorans, humeros dextrasque tenebat 250
 Amborum, et voltum lacrimis atque ora rigabat :
 Quae vobis, quae digna, viri, pro laudibus istis,

306. *In solemn council.*]————

Concilium summis regni de rebus habebant.

This verse is borrow'd from Lucilius:

Concilium summis hominum de rebus habebant.

Book 9. THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL. 25

Not so the chiefs of Ilion, who debate 303

In solemn council on th' endanger'd state ;

Propp'd on their spears, their bucklers in their hand,

Amid the camp the hoary fathers stand,

And vote an instant message may be sent

To their great chief, their ruin to prevent. 310

The friends now beg admission of the court,

The business arduous, and of high import.

The prince commands them to inform the train ;

And first bade Nisus speak, who thus began :

Attend, nor judge, ye venerable peers ! 315

Our bold adventure by our tender years.

As yonder bands in sleep and wine are drown'd,

We, by kind chance, a secret path have found,

Close by the gate, that near the ocean lies ;

The fires are thinn'd, and clouds of smoke arise. 320

If you permit, since fair occasion calls,

Safe can we pierce to great Evander's walls.

Soon shall our mighty chief appear again,

Adorn'd with spoils, and striding o'er the slain,

Lord of the field ; nor can we miss the road, 325

But know the various windings of the flood ;

For, as we hunt, we see the turrets rise,

Peep o'er the vales, and dance before our eyes.

Then thus Alethes, an illustrious sage,

Renown'd for wisdom, and rever'd for age : 330

Ev'n yet, ye guardian gods, your pow'rs divine

Will spare the relics of the Trojan line,

Since you the bosoms of our youths inspire

With such high courage, such determin'd fire.

Then in his arms the boys by turns he took, 335

With tears of joy ; and panting, thus bespoke :

Oh ! what rewards, brave youths, can be decreed,

What honours, equal to so great a deed ?

Praemia posse reat solvi? pulcherrima primum
 Di moresque dabunt vestri: tum cetera reddet
 Aeternum pius Aeneas, atque integer aevi 255
 Ascanius, meriti tanti non inmemor umquam.
 Immo ego vos, cui sola salus genitore reducto,
 Excipit Ascanius, per magnos, Nise, Penatis,
 Affaracique Larem, et canae penetralia Vestae,
 Obteitor. quaecumque mihi fortuna fidesque est, 260
 In vestris pono gremiis, revocate parentem:
 Reddite conspectum. nihil illo triste recepto.
 Bina dabo argento perfecta atque aspera signis
 Pocula; devicta genitor quae cepit Arisba:
 Ac tripodas geminos, auri duo magna talenta, 265
 Cratera antiquum, quem dat Sidonia Dido.
 Si vero capere Italiam, sceptrisque potiri
 Contigerit victori, et praedae ducere sortem:
 Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis
 Aureus: ipsum illum clipeum cristasque rubentis 270
 Excipiam forti, jam nunc tua praemia, Nise.
 Praeterea bis sex genitor lectissima matrum
 Corpora captivosque dabit, suaeque omnibus arma:
 Insuper his, campi quod rex habet ipse Latinus.

354. *When low in dust.*] These words *Devicta genitor quae cepit Arisba*, are understood wrongly by most of the interpreters. They suppose, that Arisba was taken and pillaged by the Trojans: on the contrary, it was a Trojan town, and one of the new dynasties of Priam's kingdom. Virgil means, that these two bowls were saved by Aeneas, out of the sacking of Arisba, when it was taken by the Greeks. CATROU.

Trapp translates it,—Which my father took from sack'd Arisba.

359. *And, when these vanquish'd kingdoms.*] This presumption of Ascanius, that Aeneas would certainly succeed in gaining this new kingdom, is quite consistent with the warmth and levity of a young mind.

363. *What late thou saw'st.*] A beautiful horse, and fine armour,

The best and fairest, all th' applauding sky,
And your own conscious virtue, shall supply ; 340
The next, our great Æneas will bestow,
And young Ascanius' riper years shall owe.
Whatever boon such merit can receive,
The friend, the monarch, and the man, will give.
And I, brave Nisus ! cries the royal boy, 345
Swear by the sacred guardian pow'rs of Troy,
My hopes, my fortunes, are repos'd in you ;
Go then, your gen'rous enterprize pursue.
Oh ! to these longing eyes my fire restore ;
From that blest hour my sorrows are no more. 350
Two silver bowls, whose ample margins shine,
All rais'd with costly sculpture, shall be thine ;
The same my conqu'ring father brought away,
When low in dust the fair Arisba lay :
Two glitt'ring tripods, beauteous to behold, 355
And two large talents of the purest gold :
With these a goblet, which the queen of Tyre
Bestow'd in Carthage on my royal fire.
And, when these vanquish'd kingdoms are our own ;
When my great father mounts the Latian throne ; ' 360
When our victorious hosts by lot shall share
The rich rewards, and glorious spoils, of war ;
What late thou saw'st when Turnus took the field,
His prancing courser, helm, and golden shield ;
That courser, shield, and helm, of skill divine, 365
Exempt from lot, brave Nisus, shall be thine.
My fire will give twelve captives with their arms ;
Yet more—twelve females of distinguish'd charms ;
And, to complete the whole, the wide domain
Of the great Latian lord, a boundless plain. 370

armour, were objects which must naturally make an impression on the mind of one so young as Ascanius. He therefore promises these, esteeming them a very valuable reward.

Te vero, mea quem spatiis propioribus aetas 275
 Insequitur, venerande puer, jam pectore toto
 Accipio, et comitem casus complector in omnis.
 Nulla meis sine te quaeretur gloria rebus :
 Seu pacem, seu bella geram ; tibi maxima rerum
 Verborumque fides. Contra quem talia fatur 280
 Euryalus : Me nulla dies tam fortibus ausis
 Dissimilem arguerit : tantum fortuna secunda,
 Haud adversa cadat. sed te super omnia dona
 Unum oro : genetrix Priami de gente vetusta
 Est mihi, quam miseram tenuit non Ilia tellus 285
 Mecum excedentem, non moenia regis Acestae.
 Hanc ego nunc ignaram hujus quodcumque pericli est,
 Inque salutatam linquo ; Nox, et tua testis
 Dexterâ, quod nequeam lacrimas perferre parentis.
 At tu, oro, solare inopem, et succurre relictâ. 290
 Hanc sine me spem ferre tui : audentior ibo
 In casus omnis. Percussa mente dedere
 Dardanidæ lacrimas : ante omnis pulcher Iulus :
 Atque animum patriæ strinxit pietatis imago.
 Tum sic effatur : 295
 Sponde digna tuis ingentibus omnia coeptis,

381. *But one reward.*] The filial piety which Euryalus so passionately expresses, endears him to us, and prepossesses us greatly in his favour ; and by that means, contributes to interest us so much the more in the success of his hazardous adventure.

399. *Charm'd with.*] What an affecting picture is here ! The brevity and simplicity of

— Percussa mente dedere
 Dardanidæ lacrimas —

is in truth inimitable. And how artfully does the poet, from this instance of Euryalus, take an opportunity of extolling the filial piety of Ascanius !

Virgil, beside the other proofs of his humanity and goodness, appears to have a strong idea of that swell in a good man's breast, which fills the eye with tears, on his hearing any

But thee, dear youth, not yet to manhood grown,
Whose years but just advance before my own,
No fortune henceforth from my soul shall part,
Still at my side, and ever at my heart,
My dangers, glories, counsels, thoughts, to share ; 375
My friend in peace, my brother in the war !

All, all my life, replies the youth, shall aim,
Like this one hour, at everlasting fame.
Tho' fortune only our attempt can bless,
Yet still my courage shall deserve success. 380

But one reward I ask, before I go,
The greatest I can ask, or you bestow.
My mother, tender, pious, fond, and good,
Sprung, like thy own, from Priam's royal blood ;
Such was her love, she left her native Troy, 385
And fair Trinacria, for her darling boy ;
And such is mine, that I must keep unknown
From her, the danger of so dear a son :

To spare her anguish, lo ! I quit the place
Without one parting kiss, one last embrace ! 390
By night, and that respected hand, I swear,
Her melting tears are more than I can bear !
For her, good prince, your pity I implore ;
Support her, childless ; and relieve her, poor ;
Oh ! let her, let her find (when I am gone), 395
In you, a friend, a guardian, and a son !
With that dear hope, embolden'd shall I go,
Brave ev'ry danger, and defy the foe.

Charm'd with his virtue, all the Trojan peers,
But more than all, Ascanius melts in tears, 400
To see the sorrows of a duteous son,
And filial love, a love so like his own.
I promise all, heroic youth ! he said,
That to such matchless valour can be paid ;

any great or good moral action or resolution : And this is the more remarkable, because it is scarce ever mentioned or described by any other of the ancient writers. SPENCE.

Namque erit ista mihi genetrix, nomenque Creüsae
 Solum defuerit; nec partum gratia talem
 Parva manet; casus factum quicumque sequentur.
 Per caput hoc juro, per quod pater ante solebat: 300
 Quae tibi polliceor reduci rebusque secundis,
 Haec eadem matrique tuae generique manebunt.
 Sic ait inlacrimans: humero simul exuit ensen
 Auratum, mira quem fecerat arte Lycaon
 Gnosius, atque habilem vagina aptarat eburna. 305
 Dat Niso Mnestheus pellem horrentisque leonis
 Exuvias: galeam fidus permutat Aletes.
 Protenus armati incedunt: quos omnis euntis
 Primorum manus ad portas juvenumque senumque
 Prosequitur votis. nec non et pulcher Iulus, 310
 Ante annos animumque gerens curamque virilem,
 Multa patri portanda dabat mandata: sed aurae
 Omnia discerpunt, et nubibus inrita donant.
 Egressi superant fossas, noctisque per umbram
 Castra inimica petunt, multis tamen ante futuri 315
 Exitio. passim somno vinoque per herbam
 Corpora fusa vident, adrectos litore currus,

414. *Gave to the pious youth.]*

Humero simul exuit ensen in the orig.

Because the belt hung from his shoulder, tho' the sword by his side. So Book 8.

—— *Lateri atque humeris Tegeæum subligat ensen.*

429. *All drench'd in wine.]* This whole description of the camp, and of the slaughter in it, is a masterly piece of painting. These strokes particularly in the original.

—— *Passim somno vinoque per herbam, &c.*

—— *Ense superbum* ——

—— *Truncumque relinquit* ——

—— *Rhoetum vigilantem, & cuncta videntem, &c.*

Pectore in adverso totum cui conminus ensen

Condidit adsurgenti, & multa morte recepit.

Purpuream vomit ille animam; & cum sanguine mixta

Vina refert moriens. ——

To me, thy mother still shall be the same
Creüsa was, and only want the name. 405

Let fortune good or ill success decree;
'Tis merit, sure, to bear a son like thee!
Now by my head, my father's oath, I vow,
Whate'er rewards I purpose to bestow, 410
When safe return'd, on thee, the same shall grace
Thy mother, and thy whole surviving race.

So spoke the prince; and, weeping at the word,
Gave to the pious youth his costly sword:
The sword with wond'rous art Lycaon made; 415
An ivory scabbard sheath'd the shining blade.

To Nisus, Mnestheus gave a lion's hide;
And a new helm Alethes' care supply'd.
Thus arm'd, they quit the tent; th' assembly waits,
With high applause, their progress to the gates. 420
Mature in wisdom, far above his years,

The fair Iulus in the train appears,
And sends his father many an ardent pray'r;
All lost in wind, and scatter'd wide in air!

Now, favour'd by the shade, the warriors go, 425
Pass the deep trenches, and invade the foe.
But, ere their dang'rous enterprize is o'er,
With what large slaughter shall they bathe the shore!
All drench'd in wine and sleep, lie stretch'd around,
The careless soldiers on the verdant ground, 430

Especially in that verse, *Condidit adsurgenti*, &c. we see his breast rising full against the point of the sword, and meeting it half way.

But may not an objection be urged against this conduct? It is certainly none, to say (as some do) that it was cruel to kill so many men in their sleep: they were enemies in war, and but two against a whole army. The difficulty is in point of probability; how they were able to do it, without being discovered. 'Tis strange that the whole army should be dead drunk, or fast asleep, however debauched they had been. Nay, we are told, one was actually awake, and saw it all. 'Tis much he should not cry out to alarm his friends; at least after he was stabbed, if he was afraid before. It is likewise very strange that these two adven-
turers

Inter lora rotasque viros ; simul arma jacere,
 Vina simul. prior Hyrtacides sic ore locutus :
 Euryale, audendum dextra. nunc ipsa vocat res. 320
 Hac iter est. tu, ne qua manus se ad tollere nobis
 A tergo possit, custodi, et consule longe.
 Haec ego vasta dabo, et lato te limite ducam.
 Sic memorat, vocemque premit ; simul ense superbum
 Rhamnetem adgreditur : qui forte tapetibus altis 325
 Extructus toto proflabat pectore somnum ;
 Rex idem, et regi Turno gratissimus augur :
 Sed non augurio potuit depellere pestem.
 Tris juxta famulos temere inter tela jacentis,
 Armigerumque Remi premit, aurigamque sub ipsis 330
 Nactus equis ; ferroque secat pendentia colla.
 Tum caput ipsi aufert domino, truncumque relinquit
 Sanguine singultantem : atro tepefacta cruore
 Terra torique madent, nec non Lamyrumque Lamumque,
 Et juvenem Sarranum, illa qui plurima nocte 335
 Luferat, insignis facie, multoque jacebat
 Membra deo victus : felix, si protenus illum
 Aequâisset nocti ludum, in lucemque tulisset.
 Inpactus ceu plena leo per ovilia turbans
 (Suadet enim vefana fames) manditque trahitque 340

turers themselves should not think they would come off very well, if they could get safe through the enemy's camp ; without taking it into their thoughts to do so much execution among them. To all this I have nothing to answer, but that the thing, tho' very strange, is possible : and possible and probable in heroic poetry signify much the same. If we deny it this boldness, we take away its greatest beauty ; which is, the marvellous and surprising.

TRAPP.

Amidst a pile of traces, wheels and reins,
 And empty cars, incumbring all the plains.
 Here lie the scatter'd arms; the goblets there;
 A mad confusion of debauch and war.

Now, now, cries Nisus first, thy courage call: 435
 The place, the hour, my friend, demands it all.
 Here lies our road: while I the passage find,
 Stay thou, and cautious watch the foe behind.
 From side to side whole squadrons will I slay;
 Thro' death and horrors op'ning wide thy way. 440

With that, the youth in silence drew his sword,
 And stabb'd proud Rhamnes, a distinguish'd lord;
 In ev'ry deep prophetic art approv'd,
 A king and augur, and by Turnus lov'd:
 On the rich couch in slumbers deep he lay, 445
 And, labouring, slept the full debauch away.
 The fate of others he had still foreshown,
 But fail'd, unhappy! to prevent his own.

Then on the 'squire of Remus fierce he flew,
 And, as they slept, his three attendants flew. 450
 The driver next; and cut his neck in twain,
 As, midst the steeds, he slumber'd on the plain;
 Last on their lord employ'd the deadly steel;
 Swift flew the head; and mutter'd as it fell.
 The purple blood distains the couch around; 455
 The welt'ring trunk lies beating on the ground.
 Next Lamyrus and Lamus meet their doom:
 Serranus last, in ail his sprightly bloom:
 By the large draught o'erpow'r'd, outstretch'd he lay;
 Full half the night already spent in play; 460
 Far happier had it been if lengthen'd to the day.

Thus o'er th' unguarded fence by hunger bold,
 Springs the grim lion, and invades the fold.

Molle pecus, mutumque metu : fremit ore cruento.
 Nec minor Euryali caedes. incensus et ipse
 Perfurit, ac multam in medio sine nomine plebem,
 Fadumque, Herbesumque subit, Rhoetumque, Abárimque
 Ignaros ; Rhoetum vigilantem, et cuncta videntem : 345
 (Sed magnum metuens se post cratera tegebat)
 Pectore in adverso totum cui conminus ensem
 Condidit adsurgenti, et multa morte recepit.
 Purpuream vomit ille animam ; et cum sanguine mixta
 Vina refert moriens. hic furto fervidus instat. 350
 Jamque ad Messapi focios tendebat, ibi ignem
 Deficere extremum, et religatos rite videbat
 Carpere gramen equos : breviter cum talia Nisus,
 (Sensit enim nimia caede atque cupidine ferri)
 Abistamus, ait : nam lux inimica propinquat. 355
 Poenarum exhaustum satis est : via facta per hostis.
 Multa virum solido argento perfecta relinquunt
 Armaque craterasque simul, pulchrosque tapetas.
 Euryalus phaleras Rhamnetis, et aurea bullis
 Cingula, Tiburti Remulo ditissimus olim 360

475. *Plung'd the whole sword.*]

—— *Et multa morte recepit.*

Dr. Trapp's translation is remarkable,

—— And with abundant death
 Receiv'd him——

All the commentators (but one) apply *recepit* to the sword, not to the man, i. e. *retraxit ensem multa morte*, i. e. *multo cruore tinctum*. But the image is much nobler, and the expression far more poetical, as Trapp understands it, *recepit* [Rhoetum] *multa morte*. The other was rising up towards him, and he receives him with *abundance of death* ; meaning the full stroke which he had at his breast. Which (as observed in the foregoing note) is described by the very sound of the verse, Rhaesus rising full against the point of the sword, and meeting it half way. La Cerda is the only expositor, who interprets this expression like
 Dr.

All dreadful, growling in the midnight hours,
The trembling flock he murders and devours ; 465
While wrapt in silence lies the fleecy brood,
The savage rages in a foam of blood.

Nor with less rage Euryalus employ'd
The deadly sword ; but nameless crowds destroy'd.
Hebescus, Fadus, as they slept, he goar'd ; 470
But wakeful Rhæsus saw the slaught'ring sword ;
Behind a goblet he retir'd in vain ;
For as the foe, detected, rose again,
The furious youth, with all his force impress,
Plung'd the whole sword, deep-bury'd in his breast : 475
With blended wine and blood, the ground was dy'd ;
The purple soul came floating in the tide.

So vents the youth his vengeance on his foes,
And scatters death and slaughter as he goes.
Now when to brave Messapus' tents they came, 480
The fires just glimmer'd with a quiv'ring flame.
The train lie scatter'd, while the steeds, unbound,
Expatriate wide, and graze the verdant ground.
Then Nisus warn'd him ; for he saw the boy
Too fierce for blood, too eager to destroy ; 485
Enough of death—our swords have hew'd the way—
We stand detected by the dawning day.

They part ; and leave, in piles confus'dly roll'd,
Bright arms, embroider'd robes, and bowls of gold.
But yet the fond Euryalus would stay, 490
Resolv'd to seize one rich distinguish'd prey ;
The shining trappings Rhamnies' coursers bore,
And the broad golden belt the monarch wore,

Dr. Trapp, *Recepit diva hospitalitate*. Some read *inulta*, for which there is the authority of one MS. in Italy, as we are told by Waddelius, *in loc.*

Quae mittit dona, hospitio cum jungeret absens,
 Caedicus : ille suo moriens dat habere nepoti.
 Post mortem bello Rutuli praedaeque potiti.
 Haec rapit, atque humeris nequidquam fortibus aptat.
 Tum galeam Messapi habilem cristisque decoram 365
 Induit. excedunt castris, et tuta capeffunt.
 Interea praemissi equites ex urbe Latina,
 Cetera dum legio campis instructa moratur,
 Ibant, et Turno regi responsa ferebant,
 Tercentum, scutati omnes, Volscente magistro. 370
 Jamque propinquabant castris, murosque subibant,
 Cum procul hos laevo flectentis limite cernunt :
 Et galea Euryalum sublustri noctis in umbra
 Prodidit inmemorem, radiisque adversa refulsit.
 Haud temere est visum : conclamat ab agmine Volscens, 375
 State, viri. quae causa viae? quive estis in armis?
 Quove tenetis iter? Nihil illi tendere contra :
 Sed celerare fugam in silvas, et fidere nocti.
 Objiciunt equites sese ad divortia nota
 Hinc atque hinc, omnemque abitum custode coronant. 380
 Silva fuit, late dumis atque ilice nigra
 Horrida, quam densi conplerant undique sentes :

494. *Of old to Remulus.*] It was anciently a custom, says Pope [note ver. 313. Il. 10.], to make these military presents to brave adventurers. So Jonathan in the first book of Sam. stript himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David; and his garments even to his sword, and his bow, and his girdle, chap. viii. ver. 4.

496. *Which with his grandson.*]

Ille suo moriens dat habere nepoti : in the original;

This is a Greek mode of speaking, as, *ἐδωκεν ἐγγονῷ*.

510. *Euryalus' bright helm.*] The discovery of our adventurers is finely conducted. They are detected merely by so slight a circumstance, as that of an helmet reflecting the moonbeams. What can be more natural than this! The beauty of this discovery consists in the slightness of the accident which occasioned it. We are to remember too, that they are betray'd
 by

Of old to Remulus was sent the prize
 By Cædicus, the pledge of social ties ; 495
 Which with his grandson at his death remain'd,
 And last by war the fierce Rutulians gain'd.
 This belt he bore, exulting from the plain,
 And in gay triumph wore, but wore in vain !
 Next with Messapus' helm, his brows he spread, 500
 Adorn'd with plumes, that nodded o'er his head,
 Then, flush'd with slaughter and the glorious prey,
 They quit the camp, and seek a safer way.

Meantime, the Daunian hero to support,
 Advanc'd a legion from the Latian court ; 505
 Three hundred horse, while slow the foot succeed,
 Fly swift before, with Volscens at their head.
 Now to the camp the warriors bend their way,
 And, on the left, the hapless youths survey.
 Euryalus' bright helm the pair betray'd, 510
 On which the moon in all her glory play'd.
 'Tis not for nought, those youths appear ; declare
 (Cries the stern gen'ral) who and whence you are ;
 And whither bound ; and wherefore arm'd for war ? }
 Nought they reply, but took their sudden flight 515
 To the thick forests, and the shades of night.
 But the fierce warriors spurr'd their steeds, and stood
 All round, to guard the op'nings of the wood.
 O'ergrown and wild the darksome forest lay,
 And trees and brakes perplex'd the winding way. 520

by part of the spoil they had been just taking, Messapus's helmet ; which helmet it was very natural and in character that Euryalus should put on. See note on ver. 621. B. 7.

512. 'Tis not for nought.] *Haud temere*, &c. that is, *non otiose, segniter*, and consequently not in vain. Some refer *haud temere est visum* to the poet's narration ; but I think it comes with much more propriety from the mouth of this watchful leader.

520. *And trees and brakes.*]

Rara per occultos ducebat semita callis.

Rara per occultos ducebat semita callis.
 Euryalum tenebrae ramorum onerosaque praeda
 Impediunt, fallique timor regione viarum. 385
 Nisus abijt: jamque imprudens evaserat hostis,
 Atque lacus; qui post Albae de nomine dicti
 Albani: tum rex stabula alta Latinus habebat.
 Ut stetit, et frustra absentem respexit amicum:
 Euryale, infelix qua te regione reliqui? 390
 Quave sequar? rursus perplexum iter omne revolvens
 Fallacis silvae, simul et vestigia retro
 Observata legit, dumisque silentibus errat:
 Audit eques, audit strepitus et signa sequentum.
 Nec longum in medio tempus; cum clamor ad auris 395
 Pervenit, ac videt Euryalum: quem jam manus omnis
 Fraude loci et noctis, subito turbante tumultu,
 Oppressum rapit, et conantem plurima frustra.
 Quid faciat? qua vi juvenem, quibus audeat armis
 Eripere? an sese medios moriturus in enses 400
 Inferat, et pulchram properet per vulnera mortem?
 Ocius adducto torquens hastile lacerto,
 Suspiciens altam Lunam et, sic voce precatur:
 Tu, dea, tu praesens nostro succurre labori,
 Astrorum decus et nemorum Latonia custos; 405

Servius takes *semita* for a path made by men; *callis* for the tracks worn by cattle. *Rara semita* may signify either *paucae semitae*, according to Ruæus; like *Rara avis* in Juvenal, and *rarus emptor* in Pliny; or narrow; Trapp has taken both,

—few narrow paths, &c.

Servius says, *raro lucens*; for, instead of *ducebat*, some read *lucebat*, which I think a more elegant reading.

528. *There stood the mournful youth.*] Never was distress more strongly painted than this! He looks back for his beloved friend, but in vain: He retraces his steps thro' the mazes of the silent wood, *dumisque silentibus*, and on a sudden hears the sound of approaching horsemen: At last he perceives his friend
fur-

Hither, incumber'd with his gaudy prize,
 Distress'd Euryalus for shelter flies;
 But miss'd the turnings in his wild surprize.
 Not so, swift Nisus, who the foes declin'd,
 Nor knew th' endanger'd boy was left behind;
 Beyond the once-fam'd Alban fields he fled,
 Where the fleet coursers of Latinus fed.
 There stood the mournful youth; and from the plain,
 Cast a long look, to find his friend, in vain!
 Where is Euryalus, my only joy?
 Where shall I find (he cry'd) the hapless boy?
 Then he retrac'd his former steps, and trod,
 Once more, the winding mazes of the wood.
 The trampling steeds and warriors pour behind,
 And the loud cries come thick in every wind.
 Here, while he paus'd, a general shout he heard;
 And lo! his lov'd Euryalus appear'd,
 Surrounded by the foe: the gloomy night,
 And pathless thickets, intercept his flight.
 With joyful clamours crowd the gath'ring train
 Around the captive, who resists in vain.
 What can his friend attempt, what means employ,
 What arms, what succours, to redeem the boy?
 Or thro' th' embattled squadrons shall he fly,
 And, press'd by hostile numbers, nobly die?
 Then on the moon he cast a mournful look,
 And in his hand the pointed jav'lin shook;
 Great guardian goddesses of the woods! (he cries)
 Pride of the stars, and empresses of the skies!

surrounded by the enemy. *Quid faciat?* in this place, is finely introduced by the poet. His prayer to Diana, before he throws his spear, is affecting, and suitable to his circumstances.

Si qua tuis umquam pro me pater Hyrtacus aris
 Dona tulit, si qua ipse meis venatibus auxi,
 Suspendive tholo, aut sacra ad fastigia fixi;
 Hunc sine me turbare globum, et rege tela per auras.
 Dixerat: ac toto connixus corpore ferrum 410
 Conjicit. hasta volans noctis diverberat umbras,
 Et venit adversi in tergum Sulmonis, ibique
 Frangitur, ac fisso transit praecordia ligno.
 Volvitur ille vomens calidum de pectore flumen
 Frigidus, et longis singultibus ilia pulsat. 415
 Diversi circumspiciunt. hoc acior idem
 Ecce aliud summa telum librabat ab aure;
 Dum trepidant. it hasta Tago per tempus utrumque
 Stridens, traiectoque haesit tepefacta cerebro.
 Saevit atrox Volscens, nec teli conspicit usquam 420
 Auctorem, nec quo se ardens immittere possit.
 Tu tamen interea calido mihi sanguine poenas
 Perfolves amborum, inquit: simul ense recluso
 Ibat in Euryalum. tum vero exterritus amens
 Conclamat Nisus: nec se celare tenebris 425
 Amplius, aut tantum potuit perferre dolorem:
 Me, me, (adsum qui feci) in me convertite ferrum,
 O Rutuli. mea fraus omnis: nil iste neque ausus,

(424 sqq.) Obserua hic incallescere orationem cum ipso Nisi calore. Et illa *Me, me*, etc. quis non aestuet iuuenilis animus inter legendum!

562. *The crouds.*] This is a fine image, and an elegant expression, *Diversi circumspiciunt*; it is borrowed from the *Medea* of Pacuvius,

Diversi circumspicimus, horror percipit.

566. *Now, mad for vengeance.*] The rage of Volscens, upon the death of his soldiers, heightens our fear. But when Nisus sees him running upon his friend with his drawn sword, we are almost in as great a fright, and in as much confusion, as he.

TRAPP.

574. *Me, me, to me alone.*] Aristotle advises epic writers to intermix the tragic in their works. It is the epic poem, says he,

If e'er with gifts my father hung thy shrine 550
 For his dear son, and fought thy pow'r divine,
 Or I increas'd them with my sylvan toils,
 And grac'd thy sacred roof with savage spoils;
 Direct my lance, nor let it fly in vain,
 But, wing'd with death, disperse the hostile train. 555
 This said, with all his strength the spear he threw;
 Swift thro' the parting shade the weapon flew.
 In Sulmo's back the point all-quiv'ring stood,
 And pierc'd his heart, but left the broken wood.
 He pour'd a purple flood, as prone he lay; 560
 While in thick sobs he gasp'd his soul away.
 The crouds gaze round; when lo! a second flies,
 Fierce as the first, and sings along the skies.
 Thro' Tagus' temples, o'er the shrinking train,
 It flew, and sunk deep-bury'd in the brain. 565
 Now, mad' for vengeance, Volscens storm'd, nor found
 The daring author of the distant wound:
 But thy curs'd blood shall pay for both, he said;
 Then rush'd impetuous with the flaming blade
 Against the trembling boy---with wild affright, 570
 All pale, confus'd, distracted at the sight,
 From his close covert Nisus rush'd in view,
 And sent his voice before him, as he flew:
 Me, me, to me alone, your rage confine;
 Here sheath your javelins; all the guilt was mine. 575

he, which furnishes matter for tragedy; and Homer in his two poems has exhibited an infinity of actions, proper for the stage. He says likewise, that the dramatic species has great advantages over the epic. It is necessary, that a poem which is carried on by narration, and whose imitation is in words, should approach as near as possible to the dramatic manner of tragedy. Δει τες μυθας καθαυτες εν ταις τραγωδιας συνταλαι δραματικας. Virgil understood the importance of this precept. He has observed it in many parts of his Æneid; but one would think, he had made it his business to give this episode of Nisus and Euryalus all the beauties of tragedy. 1. His narrative is as busy

Nec potuit : caelum hoc et conscia sidera testor.
 Tantum infelicem nimium dilexit amicum. 340
 Talia dicta dabat : fed viribus ensis adactus
 Transabiit costas, et candida pectora rumpit.
 Volvitur Euryalus leto, pulchrosque per artus
 It cruor, inque humeros cervix conlapsa recumbit.
 Purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro 435
 Languescit moriens ; lassove papavera collo
 Demisere caput, pluvia cum forte gravantur.

busy and active, as that of the drama. The poet says but little in his own person, but makes his actors say a great deal. What he says himself, is only to make out the necessary connexions between the speeches which he puts into the mouth sometimes of Nisus, sometimes of Euryalus, and sometimes of his mother. Think that you see each of them delivering their sentiments on the stage. 2. He attributes to his heroes manners intirely agreeable to tragedy. To move compassion for the personages represented in the theatre, it is not proper to form their characters so perfect (says Aristotle), that their misery should provoke the indignation of the spectator against the gods, when he sees them fallen, or ready to fall, into misfortune. Nor must they be painted so vitious, that they may raise rather abhorrence for their persons, than pity for their misfortunes. Foibles and faults of a lighter kind, joined with a good deal of virtue, make the hero of a tragedy deserve our tears. Euryalus is here completely formed to become the object of our most tender compassion. His birth, his beauty, his youth, his valour, his fidelity to his friend ; his imprudence in wearing an helmet, by which he is discovered ; his loading himself with spoils, that retard his march ; so natural for a young warrior ; all these circumstances excite a compassion for him, not mingled or dashed with any other sentiment. 3. All the incidents of this tragic episode are prepared and conducted after the manner of the most regular drama. These two friends do not depart from the Trojan camp, till the poet has taken care to give us an insight into their characters. We are not ignorant of their friendship founded upon virtue, *Nisus amore pio pueri*, nor of the age of the young Euryalus, *Mea quem spatiis propioribus ætas insequitur* ; nor of his noble birth, his mother being descended from Priam, *Priami de gente vetusta*. We are informed of the subject of their departure, in which, without doubt, the whole colony is interested—*That of going to seek for Æneas*. Thus we have what Aristotle calls, the beginning of the poem, or the protasis ; which is employed

By yon bright stars, by each immortal god,
 His hands, his thoughts, are innocent of blood !
 Nor could, nor durst the boy the deed intend ;
 His only crime (and oh ! can that offend ?)
 Was too much love to his unhappy friend !

580

In vain he spoke, for ah ! the sword, addrest
 With ruthless rage, had pierc'd his lovely breast.
 With blood his snowy limbs are purpled o'er,
 And, pale in death, he welters in his gore.

As a gay flow'r, with blooming beauties crown'd,
 Cut by the share, lies languid on the ground ;
 Or some tall poppy, that o'er-charg'd with rain
 Bends the faint head, and sinks upon the plain ;
 So fair, so languishingly sweet he lies,
 His head declin'd and drooping, as he dies !

585

590

ed in acquainting us with the persons interested in the action. Next follows the plot, or complication of circumstances; this is accompanied with peripeties, that is to say, changes in the situation of the heroes. Our two friends march towards the camp of the Rutulians. Nothing is more happy than this beginning. Volscens comes upon them with a party of the enemy; Nisus and Euryalus are discovered: another peripetie changing good into bad. Soon after one of them finds himself in a forest, the night being very dark. Our apprehensions lest these two friends should be slain, are suspended by the hopes of seeing them escape. This is a second part of the drama, which the masters of that art term the epitafis. Lastly, Euryalus is surpris'd by an ambuscade; his friend endeavours to rescue him from the surrounding soldiers; but, overpowered by the Rutulians, he dies; and Nisus, to revenge his death, wounds Volscens, who had killed him; himself expires upon the body of Euryalus. This is the unravelling, and the catastrophe. Nothing is wanting to this tragic event, but the pomp of scenery. But that, says Aristotle, does not belong to the province of the poet. The musician and the artificer partake with the poet the honour of the drama, by the decorations, and the harmony of the chorus.

CATROU.

585. *Flow'r.*] This simile, copied from Homer, is finely improved by the Roman author (says Pope) with the particulars of, *Succisus aratro* (which is from Catullus) and *lasso collo*.

At Nifus ruit in medios, solumque per omnis
 Volscentem petit: in solo Volscente moratur.
 Quem circum glomerati hostes hinc conminus atque hinc
 Proturbant. instat non secius, ac rotat ensem 441
 Fulmineum; donec Rutuli clamantis in ore
 Condidit adverso, et moriens animam abstulit hosti.
 Tum super exanimem sese projecit amicum
 Confossus, placidaque ibi demum morte quievit. 445
 Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt,
 Nulla dies umquam memori vos eximet aevo:
 Dum domus Aeneae Capitoli immobile saxum
 Adcolet, imperiumque pater Romanus habebit.

But it may be observed in favour of Homer, that the circumstances of the head being oppress'd, and weighed down with the helmet, is so remarkably just, that it is a wonder Virgil omitted it; and the rather, because he had particularly taken notice before, that it was the helmet of Euryalus, that discovered and occasioned the death of this young hero, and his friend. Iliad. 8. 371. It may be added that this simile is also in Apollonius, Lib. 3. v. 1397.

603. *Hail, happy pair!*] Instead of lamenting their destiny, the poet breaks out into a noble congratulation of their fate, making it rather a cause of triumph than grief.

606. *Or Rome's majestic lord.*] — *Pater. Romanus* — *Pater, parens*, and *genitor*, are often used by the Roman writers for ruler or governor:

—— *Jupiter arces*
Temperat aethereas, & mundi regna triformis;
Terra sub Augusto; pater est & rector uterque.

Ov. Met. 15. 860.

Statius calls Domitian, *Parens Latius*, Sylv. 1, 2, 178.

Valerius Flaccus, *Genitor*.

—— *Cum jam, genitor, lucebis ab omni*
Parte poli—— Arg. 1. 17.

He had called him *sancte PATER* too before, ver. 11.

Thus Ovid to Augustus:

Sancte PATER patriæ, tibi plebs, tibi curia nomen
Hoc dedit; hoc dedimus nos tibi nomen eques.

Fast. 2. 126.

How

Now midst the foe, distracted Nisus flew;
 Volscens, and him alone, he keeps in view.
 The gath'ring train the furious youth surround;
 Dart follows dart, and wound succeeds to wound;
 All, all, unfelt; he seeks their guilty lord;
 In fiery circles flies his thund'ring sword;
 Nor ceas'd, but found, at length, the destin'd way;
 And, bury'd in his mouth, the faulchion lay.
 Thus cover'd o'er with wounds on ev'ry side,
 Brave Nisus slew the murd'rer as he dy'd;
 Then, on the dear Euryalus his breast,
 Sunk down, and slumber'd in eternal rest.
 Hail, happy pair! if fame our verse can give,
 From age to age, your memory shall live;
 Long as th' imperial Capitol shall stand,
 Or Rome's majestic lord the conquer'd world command!

How literally true, see Suetonius, in August. c. 58. The name of *reges* was generally used with some sort of contempt by the Roman writers. *Imperator* signified the same as a general, with us. *Pater* signified a ruler, a preserver, and father of the people.

Augustus was cautious of taking too high a title: *Non aliud discordantis patriæ remedium fuisse, quin ut ab uno regeretur: non regno tantum, neque dictatura, sed principis nomine constitutam rempublicam.* Tacitus (where he is speaking for and against Augustus) An. Lib. 1.

Virgil in other places uses *genitor* and *pater* for governor, Æn. 1. 154. G. 4. 382.

These words had long been used in that sense; perhaps ever since the first governments, which were by fathers. It was a mild humane name for a governor; and perhaps has a particular propriety for a Roman governor; for *pater* used by way of eminence, the senator, or chief senator, and *princeps senatus*, are almost univocal terms. To this may be added, that one of the most common inscriptions on Augustus's medals is, that of AUGUSTUS PATER. Thus Horace uses it of Augustus; *Hic ames dici pater atque princeps.* Od. 1. 2. 50. And of Jupiter, where too he is complimenting Augustus:

Gentis

Victores praeda Rutuli spoliisque potiti 450
 Volscentem exanimum flentes in castra ferebant.
 Nec minor in castris luctus, Rhamneta reperto
 Exsanguis, et primis una tot caede peremtis,
 Sarranoque Numaque. ingens concursus ad ipsa
 Corpora, femineque viros, tepidaque recentem 455
 Caede locum, et pleno spumantis sanguine rivos.
 Adgnosunt spolia inter se galeamque nitentem
 Messapi, et multo phaleras sudore receptas.
 Et jam prima novo spargebat lumine terras
 Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile : 460
 Jam sole infuso, rebus jam luce relictis,
 Turnus in arma viros, armis circumdatus ipse,
 Suscitatur, aeratasque acies in proelia cogit
 Quisque suos, variisque acuunt rumoribus iras:
 Quin ipsa adrectis (visu miserabile) in hastis 465
 Praefigunt capita, et multo clamore sequuntur,
 Euryali et Nisi.
 Aeneadae duri murorum in parte sinistra
 Opposuerunt aciem, (nam dextera cingitur amni)
 Ingentisque tenent fossas, ac turribus altis 470
 Stant maestis : simul ora virum praefixa movebant,
 Nota nimis miseris, atroque fluentia tabo.
 Interea pavidam volitans pennata per urbem
 Nuntia Fama ruit, matrisque adlabitur auris
 Euryali. at subitus miserae calor ossa relinquit. 475
 Excussi manibus radii, revolutaque pensa.

*Gentis humanæ pater atque custos !
 Orte Saturno ! tibi cura magni
 Cæsaris fatis data ! tu secundo
 Cæsare regnes.*

HOR. Od. 12. SPENCE.

But Heyne thinks that Pater Romanus means Jupiter Capitolinus.

635. *Now to the mother's ears.*] Though (says Trapp) what is commonly and strictly called the episode of Nisus and Euryalus, concludes with their death, yet the lamentation which is made

The victors first divide the gaudy prey ;
 Then to the camp their breathless chief convey :
 There too a scene of gen'ral grief appears ; 609
 There crouds of slaughter'd princes claim their tears.
 Stretch'd o'er the plain their hapless friends they found,
 Some pale, in death, some gasping on the ground.
 With copious slaughter all the field was dy'd,
 And streams of gore run thick on ev'ry side.
 All knew the belt and helm divinely wrought ; 615
 But mourn the fatal prize, so dearly bought.

Now, dappled streaks of light Aurora shed,
 And ruddy rose from Tithon's saffron bed :
 Then fiery Phœbus, with his golden ray,
 Pour'd o'er the op'ning world a flood of day. 620
 When furious Turnus gave the loud alarms ;
 First arm'd himself ; then call'd the host to arms.
 The chiefs their soldiers to the field excite,
 In flame their rage, and lead them to the fight.
 On pointed spears, a dreadful fight ! they bore 625
 The heads of both the hapless youths, before ;
 With barb'rous joy survey the bloody prize,
 And shout, and follow with triumphant cries.

The Trojans, on the left, sustain the fight
 From their high walls ; the river guards the right. 630
 They line the trenches, and the tow'rs maintain ;
 Thick on the ramparts stand the pensive train,
 And know the heads too well, tho' cover'd o'er
 With sanguine stains, and all deform'd with gore.

Now to the mother's ears the news had fled, 635
 Her son, her dear Euryalus, was dead :
 The vital warmth her trembling limbs forsook,
 She dropp'd the shuttle, and with horror shook ;

made by the mother of the latter, most agreeably brings us back to that subject, when we thought it was entirely ended. And whether we call it a part of that episode, or the sequel of it, is not at all material. However that be, it certainly equals, if not excels, any part of it.

Evolat infelix, et femineo ululatu,
 Scissa comam, muros amens atque agmina cursu
 Prima petit. non illa virum, non illa pericli
 Telorumque memor: caelum dehinc questibus inplet: 480
 Hunc ego te, Euryale, aspicio? tune illa senectae
 Sera meae requies potuisti linquere solam,
 Crudelis? nec te, sub tanta pericula missum,
 Adfari extremum miserae data copia matri?
 Heu, terra ignota canibus date praeda Latinis 485
 Alitibusque jaces! nec te tua funera mater
 Produxi, pressive oculos, aut volnera lavi,
 Veste tegens; tibi quam noctes festina diesque
 Urguebam, ac tela curas solabar anilis.
 Quo sequar? aut quae nunc artus avolsaeque membra 490
 Et funus lacerum tellus habet? hoc mihi de te,

643. *And is it thus.*] The manner, in which Euryalus's mother is affected, on hearing the fatal news of her son's death, is highly moving: but the speech which she breaks out into on the occasion is still more pathetic; the circumstances of distress are all finely chosen, and expressed in a most striking manner. What a beginning is that!

Hunc ego te, Euryale, aspicio?

Scaliger (says Trapp) had reason to be in raptures upon it; for there is nothing in the fourth book itself more moving and pathetic.

651. *Nor did thy mother.*]

——— *Nec te tua funera mater*
Produxi.——in the orig.

Catrou translates this passage, “*Nor was it permitted me to conduct you. — What have I said? to conduct your corpse to the tomb.*” In this interpretation he follows Donatus; who observes, that the afflicted mother is obliged by the violence of her grief, to make this abrupt stop in the middle of her speech, *Nec te* —: *Hic quoque aliud dictura fuit*, says he. To this explication of Donatus, Catrou subjoins, that she makes here a correction of what she had said, “*Nec te produxi, I did not conduct you; — what have I said? I would have said your dead body, immo tua funera.*” This interpretation is truly poetical; without recurring to the uncertain explication of the word *funera*, as some of the commentators have done.

With hair dishevell'd from the walls she flies,
 And rends the air with agonizing cries ; 640
 Breaks thro' the foremost troops in wild despair,
 Nor heeds the darts, or dangers of the war.

And is it thus, the comfort of my years,
 Thus, thus, my dear Euryalus appears ?
 And could'st thou fly, my child, to certain harms ? 645
 To death (oh cruel !) from thy mother's arms ?
 So fond a mother ?—nor thy purpose tell ?
 Nor let me take my last, my sad, farewell ?
 A prey to dogs, alas ! thy body lies,
 And ev'ry fowl that wings the Latian skies ! 630
 Nor did thy mother close thy eyes in death,
 Compose thy limbs, nor catch thy parting breath ;
 Nor bathe thy gaping wounds, nor cleanse the gore,
 Nor throw the rich embroider'd mantle o'er ;
 The work that charm'd the cares of age away, 655
 My task all night, my labour all the day ;
 The robe I wove, thy absence to sustain,
 For thee, my child ;—but wove, alas ! in vain.
 Where shall I find thee now ? what land contains
 Thy mangled members and thy dear remains ? 660
 How on thy face these longing eyes I fed !
 Ah ! how unlike the living is the dead !
 For that, o'er lands and oceans have I gone ?
 Is that, the sole sad relic of my son ?

653. *Nor bathe.*] Imitated from Ennius, in Cresphonte.

Neque terram injicere, neque cruenta

Convestire mihi corpora licuit ;

Neque miserae lavere lacrymae falsum sanguinem.

The Cresphon of Ennius was in all probability the story of Merope, so successfully handled by Maffei in Italian, and by Voltaire in French, and so miserably mangled by Hill in English.

Gnate, refers ? hoc sum terraque marique secuta ?
 Figite me, si qua est pietas ; in me omnia tela
 Conjicite, ô Rutuli. me primam absumite ferro :
 Aut tu, magne pater divôm, miserere, tuoque 495
 Invisum hoc detrude caput sub Tartara telo :
 Quando aliter nequeo crudelem abrumpere vitam.
 Hoc fletu concussi animi, maestusque per omnis
 It gemitus : torpent infractae ad proelia vires.
 Illam incendentem luctus Idaeus et Actor, 500
 Ilionei monitu et multum lacrimantis Iuli,
 Conripiunt, interque manus sub tecta reponunt.
 At tuba terribilem sonitum procul aere canoro
 Increpuit. sequitur clamor, caelumque remugit.
 Adcelerant acta pariter testudine Volsci, 505
 Et fossas implere parant, ac vellere vallum.
 Quaerunt pars aditum, et scalis adscendere muros ;
 Qua rara est acies, interlucetque corona
 Non tam spissa viris. telorum effundere contra
 Omne genus Teucris, ac duris detrudere contis, 510
 Adfueti longo muros defendere bello.
 Saxa quoque infestoolvebant pondere, si qua
 Possent tectam aciem perrumpere ; cum tamen omnis
 Ferre juvat subter densa testudine casus.
 Nec jam sufficiunt. nam, qua globus inminet ingens, 515
 Inmanem Teucris molem volvuntque ruuntque :

681. *Now the shrill.*] After this exquisite piece of pathos, and the damp struck into the Trojans by the lamentations of this distracted mother, how are we roused at the sudden sound of the trumpet !

At tuba terribilem, &c.

It is to be observed, that the warlike action (I mean what may be called the regular warlike action) begins with these fine lines.

683. *The deaf'ning clamours rise.*] It was customary with the Romans to begin the engagement with loud shouts. This practice was derived from the ancient Italians. Livy tells us, that the shouts of the Romans, in engaging the Carthaginians, so frightened the elephants of the enemy, that they turned back upon them.

685. *Strait, in a shell.*] See the testudo described in note on ver. 559. B. 2.

That bloody ball! —No more! —ye foes of Troy, 665

Come all, a poor abandon'd wretch destroy;

Here, here, direct, in pity, ev'ry dart,

Plant ev'ry jav'lin in this breaking heart:

Or with thy bolts, O Jove! conclude my woe;

And plunge me flaming to the shades below. 670

Strike—and I'll blest the stroke, that sets me free;

'Tis ease, 'tis mercy, to a wretch like me!

Her loud complaints the melting Trojans hear,

Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear for tear.

Their courage slackens: and the frantic dame 675

With her wild anguish damps the martial flame.

But young Ascanius, while his sorrows flow,

And his full eyes indulge the gush of woe,

With great Ilioneus, commands the train

To bear the matron to her tent again. 680

Now the shrill trumpet's dreadful voice from far,
With piercing clangors animates the war.

The troops rush on; the deaf'ning clamours rise,

And the long shouts run echoing round the skies.

Strait, in a shell, their shields the Volscians threw; 685

And the close cohorts march, conceal'd from view,

To fill the trenches which the camp surround,

And tug th' aspiring bulwarks to the ground.

Where thinly rang'd appear the op'ning pow'rs,

They fix their scaling engines in the tow'rs. 690

From far the Trojans missive weapons throw;

And with tough poles repel the rising foe;

Thus wont, of old, th' advancing Greeks to dare,

And guard the ramparts in their ten years war.

Long with huge pointed stones, they strove in vain, 695

To burst the cov'ring of the hostile train.

Yet still the bands maintain the fight, below

The brazen concave, and defy the foe.

At length the Trojans, with a mighty shock,

Roll'd down a pond'rous fragment of a rock; 700

Quae stravit Rutulos late, armorumque resolvit
Tegmina. nec curant caeco contendere Marte
Amplius audaces Rutuli, sed pellere vallo
Missilibus certant :

520

Parte alia horrendus visu quassabat Etruscam
Pinum, et fumiferos insert Mezentius ignis.

At Messapus equum domitor Neptunia proles
Rescindit vallum, et scalas in moenia poscit.

Vos, ô Calliope, precor adspirate canenti ;

525

Quas ibi tunc ferro strages, quae funera Turnus
Ediderit ; quem quisque virum demiserit Orco :

Et mecum ingentis oras evolvite belli.

Et meministis enim, divae, et memorare potestis.

Turris erat vasto suspectu et pontibus altis,

530

Opportuna loco : summis quam viribus omnes

Expugnare Itali, summaque evertere opum vi

Certabant : Troës contra defendere saxis,

Perque cavas densi tela intorquere fenestras.

Princeps ardentem coniecit lampada Turnus,

535

Et flammam adfixit lateri ; quae plurima vento

Conripuit tabulas, et postibus haesit aedem.

Turbati trepidare intus, frustra malorum

Velle fugam. dum se glomerant, retroque residunt

In partem, quae peste caret, tum pondere turris

540

Procubuit subito, et caelum tonat omne fragore.

713. *What foes each hero.]*

— *Quem quisque virum demiserit orco.*

This is a translation of Homer's,

Πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς αἰεὶ προΐαψεν.

Iliad. B. 1. ver. 3.

Virgil seems to have rendered the verb προΐαψεν in this place, by *demiserit* ; which in another place he renders by *miserit*. Therefore the Greek scholiasts upon Homer are mistaken, who interpret προΐαψεν ἀντὶ τῆς ἐμαρμένῃς ἐπέμψεν.

FULVIUS URSINUS.

715. *These mighty deeds.]* Catrou understands by *mecum ingentis*

Full where the thick-embod' d squadron spreads,
 Th' enormous mass came thund'ring on their heads,
 Broke thro' the shining arch, and crush'd the train;
 And with a length of slaughter smok'd the plain.
 In this blind fight no more the foes engage, 705
 But with their darts a distant combat wage.

There with a blazing pine Mezentius came,
 And tost within the works the dreadful flame;
 Tremendous chief!—while bold Messapus calls
 To scale the tow'rs; and thunders at the walls. 710

Ye sacred nine, inspire me to record
 What numbers fell by Turnus' slaught'ring sword.
 What foes each hero plung'd to hell, declare,
 Each death display, and open all the war!
 Those mighty deeds which you alone can know, 715
 Repeat, ye muses! to the world below.

Full o'er the wall a turret rose on high,
 Stage above stage, unrivall'd, to the sky.
 This fort to gain, the Latians bend their care,
 Point their full strength, their whole collected war. 720
 Vast fragments from above the Trojans throw,
 And through the walls their jav'lins gaul the foe.
 A blazing torch the mighty Turnus flung;
 Close to the sides the flaming mischief hung;
 Then, thund'ring thro' the planks, in fury grew, 725
 Swell'd in the wind, and round the structure flew.
 With headlong speed th' imprison'd troops retire,
 Throng'd in huge heaps, before the spreading fire.
 While on one side their weight incumbent lay,
 The beams all burst, the crackling walls give way, 730
 The pond'rous pile comes tumbling to the ground,
 And all Olympus trembled at the sound.

gentis oras evoluite belli, Conduct me to the end of the war; the whole expression is drawn from Ennius,

Quis potis ingentis oras evolvere belli?

Annal. B. 6.

Semineces ad terram, inmani mole secuta,
 Confixique suis telis, et pectora duro
 Transfossi ligno veniunt. vix unus Helenor,
 Et Lycus elabſi: quorum primaevus Helenor, 545
 Maconio regi quem ſerva Licymnia furtim
 Suſtulerat, vetitiſque ad Trojam miſerat armis,
 Enſe levis nudo, parmaque inglorius alba.
 Iſque ubi ſe Turni media inter millia vidit;
 Hinc acies, atque hinc acies adſtare Latinas. 550
 Ut fera, quae denſa venantum ſepta corona
 Contra tela furit, ſeſeque haud neſcia morti
 Injicit, et ſaltu ſupra venabula fertur:
 Haud aliter juvenis medios moriturus in hoſtis
 Inruit; et, qua tela videt denſiſſima, tendit. 555
 At pedibus longe melior Lycus inter et hoſtis,
 Inter et arma, fuga muros tenet, altaque certat
 Prendere teſta manu, ſociũmque adtingere dextas.
 Quem Turnus, pariter curſu teloque ſecutus,
 Increpat his victor: Noſtraſne evadere, demens, 560
 Speraviſti te poſſe manus? ſimul adripit ipſum
 Pendentem, et magna muri cum parte revellit:
 Qualis ubi aut leporem, aut candenti corpore cycnum
 Suſtulit alta petens pedibus Jovis armiger uncis:

741. *His beauteous ſlave.*] Virgil and Apollonius Rhodius (whom Virgil imitates) by an odd kind of affectation attribute more bravery to the illegitimate brother (for they have both introduced two brothers) than to the legitimate one.

CATROU.

746. *Light was his ſword.*] The original is, *Enſe levis nudo*. There is a difference to be made (ſays Catrou) between thoſe troops which were armed with a buckler and javelin, and thoſe which were only armed with a ſword. Virgil ſays above, ſpeaking of a ſquadron of horſe, *tercentum ſcutati omnes*: this was for diſtinction-ſake. Helenor was a ſoldier lightly armed, *levis*, and had no weapon beſides his ſword; for the word *nudo* is here to be underſtood *ſolo*. It is true that he wore a round buckler, called *parma*, but he did not make uſe either of arrows or a lance.

765. *So Jove's.*] Helenor is compared to a tiger, or a leopard,

With the proud structure fall the Trojan train,
Wrapp'd in the smoky ruins, to the plain.
Their souls crush'd out, the warriors bury'd lie ; 735
Or on the points of their own lances die.
Sav'd from the gen'ral fate, but two remain,
And ah ! those hapless two were sav'd in vain !
Unblest'd Helenor, most advanc'd in years,
At once encompass'd by the foe appears ; 740
Him to the Lydian king, his beauteous slave
Lycimnia bore ; unfortunately brave.
Tho' born of servile blood, the gen'rous boy
In arms forbidden fought the wars of Troy.
With glory fir'd he took the dang'rous field ; 745
Light was his sword ; and unadorn'd his shield.
At first with wild surprize the youth descry'd
The gath'ring Latian troops on ev'ry side ;
Then (bent on death) where thick the jav'lins rise,
Fierce on the close embattled war he flies. 750
So the stern savage, whom the train surrounds
Of shouting hunters, steeds, and op'ning hounds,
On death determin'd, and devoid of fears,
Springs forth undaunted on a grove of spears.
But swifter Lycus urg'd his rapid way, 755
Tho' jav'lins hiss, and swords around him play ;
Flies to the walls and battlements again,
Leaps high, and reaches at his friends in vain.
For close behind the furious Turnus flew :
Fool ! couldst thou hope to 'scape when I pursue, 760
Tho' swifter than the wind ? (aloud he cries)
Then by the foot he seiz'd his trembling prize ;
And, as he hung aloft in dire dismay,
Tugg'd him with half the shatter'd wall away,
So Jove's imperial bird, thro' fields of air, 765
Snatches the snowy swan or quiv'ring hare :

Quaesitum aut matri multis balatibus agnum 565
 Martius a stabulis rapuit lupo. undique clamor
 Tollitur. invadunt, et fossas aggere complent.
 Ardentis taedas alii ad fastigia jactant.
 Ilioneus saxo atque ingenti fragmine montis
 Lucetium, portae subeuntem, ignisque ferentem; 570
 Emathiona Liger, Corynaeum sternit Asylas:
 Hic jaculo bonus, hic longe fallente sagitta.
 Ortygium Caeneus, victorem Caenea Turnus:
 Turnus Ityn, Cloniumque, Dioxippum, Promolumque,
 Et Sagarim, et summis stantem pro turribus Idan: 575
 Privernum Capys. hunc primo levis hasta Themillae
 Strinxerat: ille manum projecto tegmine demens
 Ad vulnus tulit. ergo alis adlabsa sagitta,
 Et laevo infixae lateri manus, abditaque intus
 Spiramenta animae letali vulnere rumpit. 580
 Stabat in egregiis Arcantis filius armis,
 Pictus acu chlamydem, et ferrugine clarus Hibera,
 Insignis facie: genitor quem miserat Arcens,
 Eductum Martis luco, Symaethia circum
 Flumina: pinguis ubi et placabilis ara Palici. 585
 Stridentem fundam, positae Mezentius hastis,
 Ipse ter adducta circum caput egit habena;

leopard, who makes his way thro' the weapons of the hunters: Lycus is compared to an hare, or a lamb. These comparisons are proportioned to the bravery of the one, and the cowardice of the other. CATROU.

795. *Palicus' loaded altars.*] Palicus, or rather the Palici, were two brothers, whom the Sicilians ranked among the gods; they were the sons of Jupiter and Thalia, one of the daughters of Vulcan; or rather of Vulcan himself, and the nymph Aetna. These Palici gave oracles, and were reputed, in doubtful matters, to have the power of distinguishing between the man who spoke truth, and the impostor. They were very favourable to the Sicilians during a famine, and ever afterwards their altars were loaded with gifts. Macrobius relates the history of the Palici at large, Saturn. B. 5. C. 19.

So the grim prowling wolf, amidst her play,
Leaps on the lamb, and rends the tender prey ;
Wild roams the bleating mother round the plain,
Seeks, and laments her slaughter'd child in vain. 770
Now with loud shouts they rend the tortur'd air,
Fill the deep trench, and lay the bulwarks bare.
Some load with hostile fires their vengeful hands,
And at the turrets tofs the blazing brands.

As to the gates the bold Lucetius came, 775
Tow'r'd in the front, and shook the waving flame ;

The great Ilioneus with vigour threw
A rocky fragment, and the warrior flew.
Young Liger's certain spear, Emathion sped ;
Asylas' shaft laid Chorinæus dead. 780

Ortygius bleeds by Cæneus' fatal steel,
But by great Turnus' hand the victor fell ;
Clonius with him, and Dioxippus falls,
And hapless Idas, while he guards the walls.
Sagar, the next, with Promulus was slain ; 785

And Capys stretch'd Privernus on the plain ;
First slightly wounded by Themilla's dart ;
(The shield thrown by) to mitigate the smart,
His hand the warrior to the wound apply'd ;
Swift flew the second dart, and nail'd it to his side : 790
Its fatal course thro' all his vitals held ;
And the pale corpse lay panting on the field.

All-bright in arms, the son of Arcens stood,
Bred in the grove of Mars the warrior god ;
From where Palicus' loaded altars flame, 795
In gold and purple gay, the blooming hero came.
Mezentius mark'd him, as he tow'r'd on high ;
Then seiz'd a sling, and laid the jav'lin by ;
Thrice whirl'd around, the whistling bullet threw ;
The glowing metal melted as it flew ; 800

Et media adversi liquefacto tempora plumbo
 Diffidit, ac multa porrectum extendit arena.
 Tum primum bello celerem intendisse sagittam 590
 Dicitur, ante feras solitus terrere fugaces,
 Ascanius, fortemque manu fuisse Numanum;
 Quoi Remulo cognomen erat; Turnique minorem
 Germanam nuper thalamo sociatus habebat.
 Is primam ante aciem digna atque indigna relatu 595
 Vociferans, tumidusque novo praecordia regno
 Ibat, et ingentem sese clamore ferebat:
 Non pudet obsidione iterum valloque teneri,
 Bis capti Phryges, et morti praetendere muros?
 En, qui nostra sibi bello connubia poscunt! 600
 Quis deus Italiam, quae vos dementia adegit?
 Non hic Atridae, nec fandi fictor Ulixes.

803. *Then first in fight.*] What Mr. Segrain has observed concerning the age of Ascanius, does not seem to be satisfactory. Trapp has endeavoured to adjust the matter, whose words I shall transcribe.

If the *Aeneis* takes up no more than a year, how could Ascanius, who was a child carry'd in Venus's arms in the first book, be so wise a counsellor, and so considerable a warrior, in the ninth? Mr. Segrain answers the objection at large, in his last remark upon this book; and tho' what he says may be defended, yet I am not wholly of his opinion. He makes Ascanius betwixt thirteen and fourteen years of age, when he was at Carthage. But sure such an one must be too big a boy, and too near a man, to be carry'd to bed in arms, as this prince was by Venus; or kiss'd and dandled upon a lady's lap, as Cupid in his shape was by Dido. Nor is there any necessity of allowing him so many years at that time. It was seven years, says Mr. Segrain, since the destruction of Troy; and then he was big enough to walk by his father's side: this, continues he, cannot be said of a child in a cradle. True; but it may be said of a child of two years old: however, we will allow him three; so that at Carthage, he shall be ten: and in Italy, between ten and eleven. The caresses of Dido may well enough agree with that age; nor is there any thing in the idea, at all incongruous, or unnatural. Venus's carrying him in her arms, and laying him asleep, was upon an extraordinary occasion.

Thro' both his temples cut its dreadful way ;
And, roll'd in dust, the beauteous warrior lay.

Then first in fight the young Ascanius bore
His bow ; employ'd on beasts alone before.
His vengeful shafts a royal victim found, 805
And stretch'd the bold Numanus on the ground.
Not long before the haughty chief had led
Brave Turnus' sister to his bridal bed :
Now, of his high alliance vain and proud,
He stalks before the troops, and vaunts aloud : 810

What shame, ye Phrygians, ye twice-vanquish'd train,
To lie beleaguér'd in your walls again !
All pale and trembling, in yon tow'rs to wait !
That rise, ye cowards, between you and fate !
Brave chiefs ! bold heroes these !—who come so far 815
To gain their brides by violence and war !
From Troy what god, what madness, call'd you o'er,
To fall and perish on a foreign shore ?
Far other foes than Atreus' sons appear ;
No crafty talking Ithacus is here. 820

occasion. At the same age, he might very well be considerable enough to be inform'd of the state of things by his father :

Ascanio ferat hæc—

And strong and bold enough to ride a hunting :

*At puer Ascanius, mediis in vallibus, acri
Gaudet Equo.—*

And here in Italy, he may be supposed (as an extraordinary person, and the son of a demigod) to have discretion enough, to discourse, as he does, upon the expedition of Nisus and Euryalus ; and strength and skill enough to draw a bow, and kill a man : the thing is possible ; for the rest, it ought to be extraordinary, and was intended to be so.

813. *In yon tow'rs.*] *Morti prætereendere muros.* Hence Milton's expression, which is a plain Latinism,

— Lest that too heav'nly form pretended
To hellish falshood, snare them.—Par. L. 10. 872.

Durum ab stirpe genus, gnatos ad flumina primum
 Deferimus, saevoque gelu duramus et undis :
 Venatu invigilant pueri, silvasque fatigant : 605
 Flectere ludus equos, et spicula tendere cornu.
 At patiens operum parvoque adsueta Juventus
 Aut rastris terram domat, aut quatit oppida bello.
 Omne aevom ferro teritur, versaque juvencum
 Terga fatigamus hasta : nec tarda senectus 610
 Debilitat vires animi, mutatque vigorem.
 Canitiem galea premimus ; semperque recentis
 Conportare juvat praedas, et vivere raptō.
 Vobis picta croco et fulgenti murice vestis,
 Desidiaē cordi ; juvat indulgere choreis : 615
 Et tunicae manicas, et habent redimicula mitrae.
 O verē Phrygiae, neque enim Phryges, ite per alta
 Dindyma ; ubi adfuetis biformem dat tibia cantum.
 Tympana vos buxusque vocat Berecynthia matris
 Idaeae. finite arma viris, et cedite ferro. 620
 Talia jactantem dictis, ac dira canentem
 Non tulit Ascanius ; nervoque obversus equino
 Intendit telum, diversaque brachia ducens
 Constitit, ante Jovem supplex per vota precatus :
 Juppiter omnipotens, audacibus adnue coeptis. 625
 Ipse tibi ad tua templa feram sollemnia dona,
 Et statuam ante aras aurata fronte juvencum
 Candentem, pariterque caput cum matre ferentem ;
 Jam cornu petat, et pedibus qui spargat arenam,

821. *Plunge our infants*] He applies a custom of the ancient Germans and Gauls to the first inhabitants of Italy. But indeed most uncivilized nations have this custom, probably a healthy one.

837. *Warm purple robes.*] Homer originally makes use of this kind of scoff, *Iliad* ω. and *Odyss.* θ. Milton has put it likewise into the mouth of Satan, where he is speaking against Abdiel, and his party :

We plunge our infants in the hard'ning streams,
 And season in the frost their tender limbs.
 Our boys the forest range, and lead the course,
 Bend the tough bow, and break the prancing horse.
 Long thirst, long hunger, our bold youths can bear, 825
 Plow, fight, or shake embattled towns with war.
 We live in steel; in arms our hinds appear;
 And the turn'd jav'lin goads the lab'ring steer.
 Nor flags our gen'rous warmth, by years declin'd;
 Still flames the noble ardour of the mind. 830
 Ev'n the grave fire with martial vigour glows,
 And crushes with the casque his hoary brows.
 All, all, engag'd alike in warlike toils,
 Subsist on rapine, and divide the spoils.
 While you, the fugitives, the dregs of Troy, 835
 Your hours in pleasures, and the dance employ:
 Warm purple robes defend (ye dastard bands!)
 Your heartless breasts and unperforming hands.
 Your female souls the manly form disgrace—
 Hence then, ye women, to your native place— 840
 Hence—to your Phrygian Dindymus away!—
 With eunuchs there on pipes and timbrels play!
 Go—the great mother's rites attend you there—
 But leave to men the bus'ness of the war.

Thus while he spoke in scornful strains, no more 845
 The young Ascanius the proud boaster bore.
 He fits an arrow to the well-strung bow;
 But first to Jove address'd his solemn vow:
 My bold attempt, almighty fire, succeed;
 A milk-white heifer at thy shrine shall bleed; 850
 Majestic shall he stalk, and paw the ground,
 Push with his gilded horns, and spurn the sands around.

I see that most thro' sloth had rather serve,
 Minist'ring spirits, train'd up in feast and song:
 Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of heaven.

P. L. B. 6. 165.

847. *He fits an arrow.*] *Diversaque brachia ducens*, in the original, very aptly and elegantly expresses the disposition of both arms in drawing a bow.

Audiit, et caeli genitor de parte serena 630
 Intonuit laevom : sonat una fatifer arcus.
 Effugit horrendum stridens adducta sagitta :
 Perque caput Remuli venit, et cava tempora ferro
 Trajicit. I, verbis virtutem inlude superbis.
 Bis capti Phryges haec Rutulis responsa remittunt. 635
 Hoc tantum Ascanius. Teucri clamore sequuntur,
 Laetitiaque fremunt, animosque ad sidera tollunt.
 Aetherea tum forte plaga crinitus Apollo
 Desuper Ausonias acies urbemque videbat
 Nube sedens ; atque his victorem adfatur Iulum : 640
 Maeste nova virtute, puer. sic itur ad astra ;
 Dis genite, et geniture deos. jure omnia bella
 Gente sub Assaraci fato ventura resident :
 Nec te Troja capit. simul haec effatus, ab alto
 Aethere se mittit, spirantis dimovet auras, 645
 Ascaniumque petit. formam tum vertitur oris
 Antiquom in Buten. hic Dardanio Anchisae
 Armiger ante fuit, fidusque ad limina custos.
 Tum comitem Ascanio pater addidit. ibat Apollo
 Omnia longaevo similis, vocemque, coloremque, 650
 Et crinis albos, et saeva sonoribus arma :
 Atque his ardentem dictis adfatur Iulum :
 Sit fatis, Aeneida, telis inpune Numanum

859. *Go—and once more.*]

Trajicit. I, verbis virtutem inlude superbis.

It is remarkable, that we have here a very fair monkish rhyme. A learned critic thinks Virgil designed it, as proper for the mouth of a boy. But I am rather apt to imagine, that the poet overlooked it.

868. *The son, and father.*] The gods, from whom Ascanius was descended, were Jupiter the father of Dardanus, and Venus the mother of Æneas; the gods, to whom he was, as it were, to give birth, were Romulus, Julius Cæsar, and Augustus. *Diis genite, & geniture Deos*, is happily concise.

869. *Who, great in arms.*] Virgil (says Catrou) takes all opportunities of flattering Augustus. He makes Apollo predict, even in the time of Ascanius, the happiness which the world was to enjoy under this emperor; that he was to put an

He said—and, to the left, the fire on high
 Roll'd the big thunder thro' an azure sky.
 At once his twanging bow Ascanius drew, 855
 And, hissing fierce, the feather'd arrow flew;
 Nor flew the winged wrathful shaft in vain,
 But pierc'd his head, and stung him to the brain.
 Go—and once more a valiant race defy!
 Thus the twice-vanquish'd Phrygians, thus reply. 860
 No more he said;—loud shouts and clamours rise;
 And transport lifts the Trojans to the skies.

High on a cloud, inthron'd in open air,
 Apollo sat, and thence survey'd the war.
 Then to the conqu'ring royal boy he cries; 865
 Rise, glorious youth; in valour ever rise;
 Rise thus in time to Heav'n's supreme abodes,
 The son, and father, of a race of gods!
 Who, great in arms, victorious by their swords,
 Shall rule mankind, the world's majestic lords! 870
 Go—mount from fame to fame, auspicious boy;
 Proceed, and scorn the narrow bounds of Troy!

He said; then down th' etherial road he flies
 With rapid speed, and cleaves the liquid skies;
 Assumes old Butes' figure and attire, 875
 Anchises' long-try'd friend and faithful 'squire
 In fields of old; and now the chief of Troy
 Had trusted to his care the royal boy.
 Like this sage guardian to the youth he came;
 His voice, his visage, and his arms the same. 880

Then to the victor boy aloud he cries;
 Enough, young warrior—Let it now suffice
 That unreveng'd the great Numanus dies: }

end to war throughout the world, and shut the temple of Janus.

How sublime are those expressions of the Psalmist on the like subject! “He maketh wars to cease through all the world; he breaketh the bow, and knappeth the spear asunder, and burneth the chariots in the fire.” Psalm xlv. ver. 9.

Oppetiisse tuis. primam hanc tibi magnus Apollo
 Concedit laudem, et paribus non invidet armis. 655
 Cetera parce, puer, bello. sic orsus Apollo
 Mortalis medio adspectus sermone reliquit,
 Et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram.
 Adgnovêre deum procures divinaque tela
 Dardanidae, pharetramque fuga sensere sonantem. 660
 Ergo avidum pugnae, dictis ac numine Phoebi,
 Ascanium prohibent : ipsi in certamina rursus
 Succedunt, animasque in aperta pericula mittunt.
 It clamor totis per propugnacula muris :
 Intendunt acris arcus, amentaue torquent. 665
 Sternitur omne solum telis : tum scuta cavaeque
 Dant sonitum flictu galeae : pugna aspera surgit.
 Quantus ab occasu veniens pluvialibus Haedis
 Verberat imber humum : quam multa grandine nimbi
 In vada praecipitant ; cum Juppiter horridus austris 670
 Torquet aquosam hiemem, et caelo cava nubila rumpit.
 Pandarus et Bitias Idaeo Alcanore creti,
 Quos Jovis eduxit luco silvestris Hiera,
 Abietibus juvenes patriis et montibus aequos,
 Portam, quae ducis imperio conmissa, recludunt 675

896. *And jav'lin's.*] By *amenta* we are to understand thongs, which were tied to a kind of javelin, and by which they were darted, and, as it were, slung out of the soldier's hand. *Itaque* (says De la Cerda) *ut fundæ dicebantur torqueri, ita amenta.* Catrou renders *amenta*, darts fix'd to long straps or thongs.

906. *When Jove discharges.*] A noble image is here represented of the *Jupiter pluvius* dispensing storms and tempests. This is utterly lost, or rather burlesqued, in Dryden's translation :

Or patt'ring hail comes pouring o'er the main,
 When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain ;
 Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,
 And with an armed winter strew the ground.

Apollo, pleas'd thy first attempts to crown,
 Gives to thy bow the glories of his own : 885
 Now tempt no more the dangers of the war,
 Too daring youth—he said ; and past in air,
 Past in a moment from his wond'ring eye ;
 And the loose shape dissolv'd into the sky.
 The sounding shafts the leaders heard, o'er-aw'd 890
 With the loud quiver, and confest the god ;
 Then urge the fiery youth, no more to dare,
 Since great Apollo's voice forbade the war.

While, prodigal of life, to fight they fly,
 All nobly fixt, to conquer or to die ; 895
 Stones, spears, and jav'lins, from the works they flung ;
 From tow'r to tow'r the shouts and clamours rung ;
 Helms clash with helms, the rattling shields resound ;
 Thick fly the darts, and cover all the ground ; 899 }
 While loud the battle roars, and thunders all around :
 Thick, as from western clouds, all charg'd with rain,
 Pours the black storm, and smokes along the plain ;
 Thick as the gather'd hail, tempestuous, flies
 O'er the wide main, and rattles down the skies,
 When all the frowning Heav'ns are blacken'd o'er ; 905 }
 When Jove discharges all his wrathful store,
 And, deep from ev'ry cloud, the bursting thunders roar ! }

Pand'rus and Bitias at the portal stood,
 Two giant brethren, born in Ida's wood ;
 From great Alcanor and Hiera sprung, 910
 The champions rose conspicuous o'er the throng.
 The mighty champions, of prodigious frame,
 Tow'r'd like the groves and mountains whence they came.
 Their prince, when parting from the Tuscan state,
 Appointed these, the guardians of the gate. 915

908. *Pand'rus and Bitias.*] Macrobius tells us, that this passage is taken from the 15th book of Ennius's annals. Virgil (says Fulvius Ursinus) has here, according to custom, expressed Homer's ideas, in the words of Ennius. The passage of Ennius is lost.

Freti armis, ultroque invitant moenibus hostem.
 Ipſi intus dextra ac laeva pro turribus adſtant
 Armati ferro, et criſtis capita alta coruſci :
 Quales aëriæ liquentia flumina circum,
 Sive Padi ripis, Atheſim ſeu propter amoenum, 680
 Conſurgunt geminae quercus, inſonſaque caelo
 Adtollunt capita, et ſublîmi vertice nutant.
 Inrumpunt, aditus Rutuli ut videre patentis.
 Continuo Quercens, et pulcher Aquicolus armis,
 Et praeceps animi Tmaros, et Mavortius Haemon, 685
 Agminibus totis aut verſi terga dedere,
 Aut ipſo portae poſuere in limine vitam.
 Tum magis increſcunt animis diſcordibus irae,
 Et jam conleſti Troës glomerantur eodem,
 Et conferre manum, et procurrere longius audent. 690
 Ductori Turno, diverſa in parte furenti,
 Turbantique viros, perſertur nuncius, hoſtem
 Fervere caede nova, et portas praebere patentis.
 Deſerit inceptum, atque inmani concitus ira
 Dardaniâ ruit ad portam, fratresque ſuperbos : 695
 Et primum Antiphaten (is enim ſe primus agebat)
 Thebana de matre nothum Sarpedonis alti,
 Conjeſto ſternit jaculo. volat Itala cornuſ
 Aëra per tenerum, ſtomachoque infixâ ſub altum
 Pectus abit : reddit ſpecus atri vulneris undam 700
 Spumantem, et fixo ferrum in pulmone tepescit.

922. *So where the fields.*] Imitated from the 11th book of the Iliad. Dryden's two laſt lines of this compariſon, are, to the laſt degree, mean and ridiculous.

And overpreſs'd with nature's heavy load,
 Dance at the whiſtling winds, and at each other nod.

922. *Fair Atheſis.*] This is now called the river Adige; which riſes in the Tirol, and diſcharges itſelf into the Adriatic ſea.

Proud of their strength, the daring heroes throw
 Th' enormous folds wide open to the foe.
 Within, all bright in arms, on either hand
 Before the tow'rs the haughty warriors stand :
 On their bright helms sat horror plum'd ; on high 920
 Their nodding erefts float dreadful in the sky.

So where the fields fair Athesis divides,
 Or Po tumultuous rolls his swelling tides,
 With heads unshorn, two mighty oaks appear,
 Wave to the winds, and nod sublime in air ! 925

Soon as the foes an open entrance spy,
 The war breaks in ; but soon their leaders fly,
 Repell'd by hosts ; or in the portal die. }

Quercens, Equicolus all-bright in steel,
 Hæmon, and daring Tmarus, fled, or fell. 930

To dire extremes the rising rage proceeds ;
 The slaughter swells, and the fierce battle bleeds.
 No more imprison'd in their walls they wait ;
 All Troy at once came pouring to the gate :
 Now, flush'd with blood, in bold excursion far 935
 Rush the stern bands, and mix in clofer war.

But in a distant quarter long engag'd,
 Amidst the foes the Daunian hero rag'd :
 When to the prince a messenger relates,
 That Troy had open'd wide her massy gates ; 940
 And, heaps on heaps the late imprison'd train
 Broke forth, and stretch'd the slaughter o'er the plain.

This heard, with fury sparkling in his eyes,
 Fierce to engage the giant chiefs he flies.
 First, by his lance, Antiphates lay dead, 945

Sarpedon's off-spring by a Theban bed ;
 The whizzing lance, with all his force address'd,
 Transfix'd the foe, and panted in his breast :
 Warm'd in the lungs the heaving jav'lin stood :
 Wide gapes the wound, and pours a purple flood. 950

Tum Meropem atque Erymantha manu, tum sternit
Aphidnum :

Tum Bitian ardentem oculis, animisque frementem,
Non jaculo : neque enim jaculo vitam ille dedisset ;
Sed magnum stridens contorta phalarica venit, 705

Fulminis acta modo : quam nec duo taurea terga

Nec duplici squama lorica fidelis et auro
Sustinuit : conlapsa ruunt inmania membra.

Dat tellus gemitum, et clipeum superintonat ingens.

Qualis in Euboico Baiarum litore quondam 710

Saxea pila cadit ; magnis quam molibus ante

Constructam ponto jaciunt : sic illa ruinam

Prona trahit, penitusque vadis inlisa recumbit.

Miscent se maria, et nigrae adtolluntur arenae.

Tum sonitu Prochyta alta tremit, durumque cubile 715

Inarime Jovis imperiis inposita Typhoëo.

958. *A spear that roar'd.*] Catrou renders *phalarica*, *pertuisane*, a kind of halberd. Servius tells us, it is a vast dart, with a turned handle ; its iron is a cubit long, above which is a kind of ball plated with lead ; this sometimes is wrapped round with pitch and tow, for firing buildings, &c. With this dart they used to fight from a sort of turrets called *phalæ*. Hence, in the circus, the divisions between the *euripi* and the *metæ*, are called *phalæ* ; because turrets were there erected, from whence they fought with this weapon. Juvenal says,

Consultit ante phalas, delphinorumque columnas.

Hence *hasta phalarica*, as *hasta muralis*. It is plain from Lucan, that the *phalarica* was thrown by slings, or some machine :

*Hunc aut tortilibus vibrata phalarica nervis
Obruat.*——B. 1.

Livy thus describes this weapon. “ *FALARICA erat Saguntinis missile telum, hastili oblongo, et cætera tereti, præterquam ad extremum, unde ferrum extabat : id, sicut in pilo, quadratum : stuppâ circumligabant, linebantque pice : ferrum autem jus in longum habebat pedes, et cum armis transfigere corpus possit.*” Decad. 3. Lib. 1. It does not appear that Turnus threw this weapon with his hand. It is said—*Phalarica venit*. The remark of Servius is therefore groundless, who says, that Virgil meant to extol the strength of Turnus, and represents him throwing it from his hand.

Now Erymanthus, now brave Merops fell ;
 Then sunk Aphydnus to the shades of hell.
 Next, while he threats revenge with fiery eyes,
 Beneath the chief the mighty Bitias dies :
 No vulgar lance the valiant victor tost 955
 (In that huge bulk a vulgar lance was lost) ;
 A strong, vast, weighty spear, the hero threw,
 A spear that roar'd like thunder as it flew.
 Not two bull-hides, within the buckler roll'd,
 Nor double pond'rous plates, and scales of gold, 960
 Th' impetuous weapon, wing'd with death, could stay ;
 But stretch'd in dust the giant warrior lay :
 As the huge champion falls, the fields resound,
 And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
 So from the Baian mole, whose structures rise 965
 High o'er the flood, a massy fragment flies ;
 The rapid rolling pile all-headlong sweeps,
 With one vast length of ruin, to the deeps ;
 Thick boil the billows ; and on ev'ry side,
 Work the dark sands, and blacken all the tide : 970
 The trembling shores of Prochyta resound,
 And burning Arime shakes wide around ;
 The mafs, by Jove, o'er huge Typhœus spread ;
 The giant hears the peal ; and, seiz'd with dread,
 Starts, turns, and bellows on his fiery bed. 975 }

965. *So from the Baian mole.*] Now called *Castella di Baia*, in the *Terra Lavora*. It was the place the Romans chose for their winter retreat; and which they frequented upon account of its warm baths. Some few ruins of the beautiful villas, that once covered this delightful coast, still remain: and nothing can give one an higher idea of the prodigious expence and magnificence of the Romans in their private buildings, than the manner in which some of these were situated. It appears from a letter of Pliny, Book 9. and from several other passages of the classic writers, that they actually projected into the sea; being erected upon vast piles sunk for that purpose. Virgil draws a beautiful simile from this custom, where he compares the massy spear which Turnus let fly at Bitias, to one of those enormous piles thrown into the Baian sea. MELMOTH'S notes to his elegant translation of Pliny's epistles, p. 510.

971. *The shores of Prochyta resound.*] *Prochyta alta tremis* is

Hic Mars armipotens animum viresque Latinis
 Addidit, et stimulos acris sub pectore vertit :
 Inmisitque fugam Teucris, atrumque timorem.
 Undique conveniunt ; quoniam data copia pugnae, 720
 Bellatorque animos deus incidit.
 Pandarus, ut fuso germanum corpore cernit,
 Et quo sit fortuna loco, qui casus agat res,
 Portum vi multa converso cardine torquet
 Obnixus latis humeris, multosque suorum 725
 Moenibus exclusos duro in certamine linquit,
 Ast alios secum includit recipitque ruentis :
 Demens, qui Rutulum in medio non agmine regem
 Viderit inrumpentem, ultroque incluserit urbi :
 Inmanem veluti pecora inter inertia tigrin. 730
 Continuo nova lux oculis offulsit, et arma
 Horrendum sonuere : tremunt in vertice cristae
 Sanguineae, clipeoque micantia fulgura mittunt.

difficult enough to be understood. *Alta* could not be used as an epithet for that island ; because it is all one flat : and to understand it of its trembling deeply, or to its foundations, is scarce a true Virgilian way of speaking.

Perhaps there was a *pharos*, or high light-house on that island formerly ; and the island itself might be called *high* from its *pharos* appearing at such an height, and shewing it at a great distance. The same epithet is used by Ausonius, in speaking of a vale near the Moselle ; who adds five or six lines to tell his reader, that he calls that vale *high* on account of the *pharos* standing upon it.

Tho' I don't know any writer, that mentions the little island of Prochyta's having ever had a *pharos* on it, 'tis certain, at least, that *pharos*'s were common in that part of the Tyrrhene sea.

Pliny, Nat. Hist. l. 36. c. 12, speaks of a very considerable one at Puzzuoli : Statius Sylv. lib. 3. 5. 10. of another in the island of Capreae, which fell down a few days before the death of Tiberius, Sueton. in Tiber. c. 74. And Seneca says there were several destroyed thereabouts a few days after : *Vastavit ignis colles, per quos elucebat. Erofit quondam altissimos vertices, solatia navigantium, ac speculas ad humilem arenam deduxit*, lib. 14. epist. 92.

SPENCE.

993. *Like some fierce tyger.*] This puts me in mind of a simile conceived in the genuine spirit of the ancients, where

Now Mars himself inspires the Latian band,
 Warms ev'ry heart, and strengthens ev'ry hand;
 And, while he turns their trembling foes to fight,
 The kindling legions gather to the fight;
 Danger nor death their furious course controuls, 980
 And all the god came rushing on their souls!

His brother slain when Pandarus beheld,
 And saw the changing fortune of the field,
 He sets his ample shoulders to the weight,
 And turns th' enormous hinges of the gate; 985
 But left, unmindful, as the folds he clos'd,
 A croud of friends to certain death expos'd;
 And, with himself, includes the trembling train
 Of troops, who rush'd tumultuous from the plain.
 Fool! not to see the dreadful Turnus there, 990
 Mix'd with the crouds amidst the flying war;
 But in the walls the furious chief to hold,
 Like some fierce tyger midst the trembling fold!
 Loud clash his arms; and, as he tow'rs on high,
 Flash the keen flames from his tremendous eye; 995
 Nods his proud crest, and formidably plays;
 And from his shield the streamy lightnings blaze.

Spenser represents the gods looking on MUTABILITY with surprise,

—— Like a * sort of steers,
 'Mongst whom some beast of strange and foreign race
 Unwares is chanc'd, far straying from his peers.

Fa. Qu. B. 7. C. 6. St. 28.

994. *Loud clash.*] This is prodigiously noble: one would have thought that as he was shut in single among his enemies, his courage should, at first at least, have failed him: But instead of that,

*Continuo nova lux oculis offulsit, et arma
 Horrendum sonuere, &c.*

I cannot help observing, that the spirit of the original is fully kept up by the translator.

If it be objected, that this, with what follows, is more noble than probable; we must consider, first, that it is allowable to

* *A herd.*

F 4

paint

Adgnoscent faciem invisam atque inmania membra
 Turbati subito Aeneadae. tum Pandarus ingens 735
 Emicat, et mortis fraternae fervidus ira
 Effatur: non haec dotalis regia Amatae,
 Nec muris cohibet patriis media Ardea Turnum.
 Castra inimica vides: nulla hinc exire potestas.
 Olli subridens sedato pectore Turnus: 740
 Incipe, si qua animo virtus, et consere dextram:
 Hic etiam inventum Priamo narrabis Achillem.
 Dixerat. ille rudem nodis et cortice crudo
 Intorquet summis adnexus viribus hastam.
 Excepere aurae vulnus; (Saturnia Juno 745
 Detorsit veniens) portaeque infigitur hasta.
 At non hoc telum, mea quod vi dextera versat,
 Effugies: neque enim is teli nec vulneris auctor.
 Sic ait, et sublatus alte confurgit in enssem,
 Et mediam ferro gemina inter tempora frontem 750
 Dividit, impubesque inmani vulnere malas.
 Fit sonus: ingenti concussa est pondere tellus.
 Conlabros artus atque arma cruenta cerebro
 Sternit humi moriens: atque illi partibus aequis
 Huc caput atque illuc humero ex utroque pependit. 755
 Diffugiunt versi trepida formidine Troës.
 Et si continuo victorem ea cura subisset,
 Rumpere claustra manu sociosque inmittere portis;
 Ultimus ille dies bello gentique fuisset.
 Sed furor ardentem caedisque insana cupido 760
 Egit in adversos.
 Principio Phalerim, et succiso poplite Gygen

paint bigger than the life: Secondly, that this hero, in his
 amazing exploits, is assisted by a divine power.

Junò vires animumque ministrat.

TRAPP.

1019. *His cheeks.*] *Impubes malas.* Servius observes, there
 is a *pathos* produced by the epithet *impubes*. *Pathos ex ætate*
movit.

Too soon, with dire surprize, the Trojans know
The dreadful front of their victorious foe.

Straight fir'd with vengeance for his brother slain, 1000
Springs forth fierce Pandarus, and thus began :

Behold the Trojan camp, a fatal scene !

No bridal palace of the Latian queen,
No native Ardea, prince, you here descry,
But hostile walls ; and 'tis in vain to fly. 1005

In that vast bulk if any soul reside,
Come, try thy might (the prince sedate reply'd) ;
Go, and old Priam's trembling spirit tell,
A new Achilles plung'd thy soul to hell.

Then, first, his knotted spear the Trojan threw ; 1010
Rough with the bark the pond'rous weapon flew ;
But mighty Juno caus'd it far to glance,
And in the portal fix'd the quiv'ring lance.

But hope not thou to 'scape this sword of mine,
Aim'd by a surer, stronger hand than thine, 1015
The hero cry'd—Then flies against the foe
With the bright blade ; and rises to the blow ;
Sudden the sword tempestuous cleaves in twain
His cheeks, and sinks deep-bury'd in the brain.
Distain'd with blood, his clashing arms resound, 1020
And, as he fell, he shook the purpled ground :
There, as the mighty bulk lay stretch'd along,
In equal shares the parted visage hung.

Pale with new horror at the dreadful sight,
On ev'ry side the Trojans urge their flight. 1025
Then had the victor broke the barriers down,
And call'd his social troops to storm the town,
That day had seen their warlike labours o'er ;
And ruin'd Troy had been a name no more.
But the mad chief with boundless slaughter glows, 1030
And rage insatiate drives him on the foes.
First, valiant Phalaïs ; next, Gyges fell ;
Deep thro' his knee he drove the pointed steel.

Excipit : hinc raptas fugientibus ingerit hastas
 In tergus. Juno vires animumque ministrat.
 Addit Halyn comitem, et confixa Phegea parma ; 765
 Ignaros deinde in muros Martemque cientis
 Alcandrumque Haliumque Noëmonaque Prytaninque.
 Lyncea tendentem contra, sociosque vocantem,
 Vibranti gladio connixus ab aggere dexter
 Occupat : huic uno dejectum conminus ictu 770
 Cum galea longe jacuit caput. inde ferarum
 Vastatorem Amycum, quo non felicior alter
 Unguere tela manu, ferrumque armare veneno :
 Et Clytium Aeoliden, et amicum Crethea Musis ;
 Crethea Musarum comitem, cui carmina semper 775
 Et citharae cordi, numerosque intendere nervis :
 Semper equos, atque arma virum, pugnasque canebat.
 Tandem ductores, audita caede fuorum,
 Conveniunt Teucris, Mnestheus acerque Sereffus ;
 Palantisque vident socios, hostemque receptum. 780

1038. *Alexander, Prytanis.*

Alcandrumque Haliumque Noëmonaque Prytaninque.

This is an echo to Homer's line, *Iliad B. 5.*

Αλεξανδρον, Αλιοντε, Νοημονατε, Πρυτανιντε.

By which it appears, says Servius, that these names are not real, and taken from history, but introduced merely to fill up the poem, *ad ornatum poematis.*

1044. *At one just stroke.]*

Cum galea longe jacuit caput.

To express the quickness of this action, Virgil makes use of the preterperfect tense, *jacuit.* SERVIUS.

1054. *Arms, and the toils.]* Virgil hints, that this poet and musician did not employ his art in celebrating low and illiberal subjects, but those of an important and noble nature.

DONATUS.

Upon this account we are more concerned for his death.

This puts me in mind of the following fine passage in Glover's *Leonidas* :

Him Dithyrambus lov'd, a sacred bard,
 Rever'd for justice, for his verse renown'd,

Which

Then from the dead the reeking darts he drew,
 And in their backs transfix'd the flying crew. 1035
 New strength, new courage, Juno still supply'd ;
 And now brave Halys and great Phegeus died :
 Alcander, Prytanis, Noemon fall,
 With warlike Halius, on th' embattled wall,
 High on the works engag'd in other fight— 1040
 Next flew his flaming faulchion to the right,
 And struck bold Lynceus as he call'd around
 For aid, and brav'd him on the lofty mound.
 At one just stroke his head and helmet fly
 Before the sword, and far at distance lie. 1045
 Then fierce, on Amycus the warrior came,
 Whose fatal arrow pierc'd the savage game ;
 Who dipp'd th' envenom'd steel with matchless art,
 And double arm'd with death the pointed dart.
 Next Clytius fell, tho' sprung of race divine ; 1050
 Soft Cretheus last, the darling of the nine ;
 Well was he skill'd in sacred strains to sing,
 Tune the sweet lyre, and sweep the trembling string ;
 Arms, and the toils of heroes, to recite,
 The plunging furious steeds, and thunder of the fight. 1055
 Now heard the chiefs, who led the Trojan band,
 What numbers fell by Turnus' conqu'ring hand ;
 Fierce they advance ; when soon appear in fight,
 The slaught'ring hero, and their troops in flight.

Which sung the deeds of heroes, those who fell,
 Or those who conquer'd, in their country's cause,
 Th' inraptur'd soul inflaming with the thirst
 Of glory won by virtue—His high strain
 The muses favour'd from their neighb'ring groves,
 And blest'd with heav'nly melody his lyre.
 No more from Thespia shall his feet ascend
 The shady steep of Helicon.

Book 4. v. 213.

If on its first publication, *Leonidas* was perhaps too extravagantly commended, yet certainly at present it is not regarded suitably to its merits ; which are elegance, perspicuity, learning, lively description, and simplicity of design, particularly book 3.

Et Mnestheus : Quo deinde fugam, quo tenditis ? inquit.
 Quos alios muros, quae jam ultra moenia habetis ?
 Unus homo, et vestris, ô cives, undique septus
 Aggeribus, tantas strages impune per urbem
 Ediderit ? juvenum primos tot miserit Orco ? 785
 Non infelicis patriae, veterumque deorum,
 Et magni Aeneae, segnes miseretque pudetque ?
 Talibus accensi firmantur, et agmine denso
 Consistunt. Turnus paullatim excedere pugna,
 Et fluvium petere, ac partem, quae cingitur unda. 790
 Acrius hoc Teucris clamore incumbere magno,
 Et glomerare manum : saevom ceu turba leonem
 Cum telis premit infensis ; at territus ille
 Asper, acerba tuens, retro redit : et neque terga
 Ira dare aut virtus patitur : nec tendere contra 795
 Ille, quidem hoc cupiens, potis est per tela virosque.
 Haud aliter retro dubius vestigia Turnus
 Inproperata refert, et mens exaequuat ira.
 Quin etiam bis tum medios invaserat hostis :
 Bis confusa fuga per muros agmina vertit, 800
 Sed manus e castris propere coit omnis in unum :
 Nec contra vires audet Saturnia Juno
 Sufficere, aëriam caelo nam Juppiter Irin
 Demisit, germanae haud mollia jussa ferentem ;
 Ni Turnus cedat Teucrorum moenibus altis, 805

1084. *So Turnus.*] The retreat of Turnus is noble : tho' attacked by the whole army of the Trojans, he doth not fly, but moves off by degrees ; and still keeps up his courage, till he perceives himself deserted by Juno.

And where? (great Mnestheus rais'd his voice on high)
Where, to what other ramparts would you fly? 1061
Shall one, and he inclos'd within your wall,
One rash, imprison'd warrior vanquish all?
With rage resistless half an host destroy;
And open every bleeding vein of Troy? 1065
Calm you look on, and see the furious foe
Plunge crowds of heroes to the shades below:
Still shall your king, ye base abandon'd train,
Your country, and your gods, demand your aid in vain?
Rous'd by these words, they rally from afar, 1070
Breathing revenge, and gath'ring to the war:
The Daunian chief shrinks backward from the foes,
Where round the works the mighty river flows:
The Trojans shout; and with new transport fir'd,
Rush on embody'd, as the prince retir'd. 1075
As when with tilted spears the clam'rous train
Invade the brindled monarch of the plain,
The lordly savage from the shouting foe
Retires, majestically stern, and slow.
Tho' singly impotent the croud to dare, 1080
Repel, or stand their whole collected war;
Grim he looks back; he rolls his glaring eye;
Despairs to conquer; and disdains to fly.
So Turnus paus'd; and by degrees retir'd;
While shame, disdain, and rage, the hero fir'd. 1085
Yet twice, ev'n then, he flew amid the train,
And twice he chas'd them o'er their walls again.
But now from all the camp their forces ran
Full on the chief; an army on a man!
Nor longer heav'n's great empress from on high 1090
Dares with new strength th' exhausted prince supply:
For winged Iris from the realms above
Brought the severe decree of angry Jove,
That bade, with threats, th' imperial queen recall
Her favour'd hero from the Trojan wall. 1095

Ergo nec clipeo juvenis subsistere tantum,
 Nec dextra valet: injectis sic undique telis
 Obruitur. strepit adfido cava tempora circum
 Tinnitu galea, et saxis solida aera fatiscunt;
 Discussaeque jubae capiti: nec sufficit umbo
 I&ibus: ingeminant hastis et Troës et ipse
 Fulmineus Mnestheus. toto tum corpore sudor
 Liquitur, et piceum (nec respirare potestas)
 Flumen agit: fessos quatit acer anhelitus artus.
 Tum demum praeceps saltu sese omnibus armis
 In fluvium dedit. ille suo cum gurgite flavo
 Accepit venientem, ac mollibus extulit undis;
 Et laetum fociis abluta caede remisit.

810

815

1098. *The stones.*] The whole description is copied from
 Homer, Iliad 16. Ennius has a passage like this: lib.
 Ann. 15.

*Undique conveniunt, velut imber, tela tribuno:
 Confligunt parmam; tinnit hastilibus umbo
 Arato sonitu galeæ: sed nec pote quisquam
 Undique nitendo corpus discerpere ferro.
 Semper abundantes hastas frangitque quatitque:
 Totum sudor habet corpus, multumque laborat:
 Nec respirandi fit copia præpete ferro:
 Histri tela manu jacentes sollicitabant.*

Tasso imitates it, B. ç. 97.

Meantime the soldan in this latest charge,
 Had done as much as human force was able:
 All sweat and blood appear'd his members large,
 His breath was short, his courage wax'd unstable;
 His arm grew weak to bear his mighty targe,
 His hand to rule his heavy sword unable:
 Which bruis'd, not cut, so blunted was the blade,
 It lost the use for which a sword was made.

FAIRFAX.

The translator seems not to have done justice to the original,
 which is as follows.

Fatto intanto hà il Soldan ciò che è concesso
 Far à terrena forza: hor più non puote,
 Tutto e sangue, e sudore, e un grave, e spesso
 Anhelar gli ange il petto, e i fianchi scote.
 Langue sotto lo scudo il braccio oppresso,
 Gira la destra il ferro in pigre rote,

Spezza,

Now his tir'd arm refus'd the sword to wield ;
 Now flew the darts, and planted all his shield.
 The stones now rattle ; now the jav'lins sing,
 Indent his arms, and on his helmet ring.
 A thousand weapons round his temples lay, 1100
 And strike the honours of his crest away.
 Thick and more thick the foes their lances sped,
 With mighty Mnestheus thund'ring at their head.
 Pale, breathless, faint, and black with dust, in streams
 The sweat descends from all his trembling limbs, 1105
 Arm'd as he was (thus press'd on ev'ry side),
 He plung'd at last, undaunted, in the tide.
 The sacred river, for the welcome load,
 Spreads his wide arms, and wafts him down the flood :
 The hero to his host the surges bear, 1110
 Cleans'd from the horrid stains of slaughter, blood, and
 war.

Spezza, e non taglia, e divenendo ottuso
 Perduto il brando homai di brando hà l'uso.

Such a passage as this, and many that might be mentioned
 both from Tasso, Ariosto, and Dante, is sufficient to confute
 that vulgar criticism, that the Italian language wants energy
 and strength, and is unfit to be used in describing lofty and
 sublime images.

THE END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

E X C V R S V S I.

IX, 638. *A*Etheria tum forte plaga crinitus Apollo Desuper
Ausonias acies urbemque videbat. Non placet quod in inducendis Diis Virgilius, nec de opportunitate et artificio iuncturae nec de varietate sollicitus fuit. nam quoties ad deos redit oratio et ad partes, quas ipsi in rebus gerendis tuendas habent, fere satis habet inferre illam particulam, initio facto a vocula *interea* v. c. X, 1. *Panditur interea* v. 6c6. *Iunonem interea* XI, 532. *Velocem interea.* ad quem locum Servius quoque abruptum et vituperabilem transitum notavit. Aliam rationem poeta h. l. sequitur, verum et in hac fere eadem semper chorda oberrat: Apollo tum forte desuper pugnam ad novam Troiam spectabat. Atqui nec aliter Aen. I, 223. *Et iam finis erat, cum Iupiter aethere summo Despiciens mare:—Constitit et Libyae defixit lumina regnis.* Iterum lib. VII, 286. Iuno ab Argis redux forte prospicit Aeneam ad Italiae littus classem appellentem et XII, 134. *At Iuno e summo Prospiciens tumulo* etc. Defendi forte possunt loca inf. lib. XI, 725 sqq. XII, 792 sqq. Et sunt alia felicius instituta, vt lib. IV, 219 sq. V, 604 sq. Apud Homerum deos sedere et Achiuorum Troianorumque praelia prospicere non miramur, cum partes deorum quisque suas tuendas sustineat: at Apollo hic otiosus plane sedere, nec poeta satis provide curasse videri potest, vt eius sollicitudinem de exitu rerum commodo loco commemoraret. Si tamen subtilius ac diligentius deliberes, statim animo occurrent haec: Apollo non modo vaticiniorum de Aeneae et posteritatis in Italia sede auctor, idemque

idemque iam apud Homerum Troianis rebus et Aeneae studens, fuit: verum ille etiam inter deos inprimis erat, qui gentem Iuliam insigni fauore, insigniter per pugnam Actiacam declarato, (v. sup. VIII, 704 sqq.) amplecteretur; idemque Palatino templo ornatus fuit. Sed et aliis locis meliorem rationem reperit Maro, vt lib. I, 124 sqq. vbi *Neptunus magno misceri murmure pontum Emissamque hiemem sensit*; lib. IV, 219. audit Iupiter preces Iarbae et sic Didonem Aeneamque respicit. Vt tamen h. l. Apolline vteretur, inductus maxime Homericis aliquot locis videri potest; inprimis Il. E, 433. 445. P, 323 sq. vbi Apollo Aeneae occurfat, priore loco etiam ex praelio vulneratum seruat, vt h. l. Ascanium a praeliando dehortatur.

Ceterum idem Apollo paullo post vsq. 659. 660. agnoscitur: *agnouere deum procures diuinaque tela Dardaniae pharetramque fuga sensere sonantem*. Ergo in fuga h. in discessu, Butae formam exuerat Apollo, diuinam receperat. Conf. Exc. XIII. ad Aen. I. vbi poetarum hujus phantasmatis ornamenta, tractandorumque eorum modi ac viae a me expositae sunt. Originem et causam huius phantasmatis hominum mentibus subnati qui a me desiderat, non videtur legisse, quae eodem loco p. 121. praemisera. Quae enim ibi dicta sunt, sapienti, vt vulgare dictum fert, satis esse poterant. Nimium disertus esse in talibus equidem nolim, quae quis in inuidiam adducere possit. Tum facile est ad intelligendum, quamdiu speciem diuinae naturae ad humanam attemperauit antiquitas, ei debuisse opinionem de occurfu, apparitione et contubernio deorum familiarem esse; inprimis cum locis adeo, terris et vrbibus, deos suos tutelares assignarent. Nihil in his esse video, quod tam mirum videri debeat, quomodo in hominum animos venerit; sed probabili aliquo iudicio humanis ingeniis insidere ea opinio vbique et omni tempore debuit, et adhuc infidet barbaris populis, quotquot diuinae naturae forma humana animos ha-

bent imbutos, modo non ab omni humanitatis cultu alieni sint. Graeci autem veteres multo magis proclives ad eam opinionem amplectendam esse debuerunt, quandoquidem iis hoc tanquam proprium tribuitur ab Herodoto I, 131. τοὺς θεοὺς ἀνθρώποφυσας εἶναι, quem locum accurate expositum nuper vidimus ab Abb. Foucherio V. Cl. in Mem. de l' Acad. des Inscr. To. XXXV. pr. Neque vero ea opinio praesentiae numinis inter istos quidem populos tolli potuit, nisi ex quo philosophorum subtilior disputatio, et sanctorum vatum accuratior doctrina, ab omni corpore segregavit diuinam naturam.

The ARGUMENT.

Jupiter calls a council of the gods, and forbids them to engage in either party. At the return of Æneas there is a bloody battle. Turnus kills Pallas: Æneas, Lausus and Mezentius. Mezentius is described as an atheist; Lausus as a pious and virtuous youth. The different actions and death of these two are the subject of a noble episode.

P. VIRGILII MARONIS
A E N E I D O S
L I B E R X.

PANDITUR interea domus omnipotentis Olympi,
Conciliumque vocat divôm pater atque hominum rex,
Sideream in sedem : terras unde arduus omnis,
Castraque Dardanidûm adspectat, populosque Latinos.

* Those who have carefully perused these last books of the *Æneid* cannot doubt of the valour of *Æneas* : for in these, the poet omits nothing that belongs to the wisdom of a great general, or the courage of a brave soldier, to make the character of his hero complete. I have already remarked, how much these matters, tho' similar in general, are nevertheless different in the detail. For tho' these three books contain in general only combats, yet how different are these combats the one from the other? And even how different are the wounds, the deaths, and the surprising events, which happen in this war? This tenth book chiefly is that, wherein the *peripeties* are the most beautiful. Aristotle, according to F. Mambrun, defines this part of a poem to be, *A change of things into their contraries, which happens either probably or necessarily*. For tho' the epic writers ought to make use of *peripeties* more sparingly than the writers of romance, it would nevertheless be a great defect in their works, if these changes were not sometimes to be found there; and if a poet was to represent the party of his hero always triumphant, and every where victorious. Virgil distributes with so much address the favours of fortune, that one cannot enough admire his conduct throughout this whole book. If *Æneas* conquers on his side, Turnus likewise performs several brave exploits on his. This last kills the young Pallas, who had just killed Hæfusus, one of the principal

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE

TENTH BOOK.*

NOW wide unfold th' eternal gates of Jove :
 Th' ethereal king convenes the pow'rs above.
 Beneath his eye, both hosts, in full survey,
 The spacious world, and vast creation lay ;

pal leaders, and some other of the bravest, of the Latin army. Æneas immediately hastens to revenge the death of Pallas, and kills Lausus and Mezentius. But as the single combat of Turnus and Æneas must make the unravelling of the poem, the address of the poet is worthy observation ; who makes use of the mediation of Juno, to hinder these two men, who were so brave, and so much animated one against the other, from meeting. For without doubt, according to the rules of probability, they would seek for each other ; and it would be difficult, that they should not meet, as they are so eagerly desirous of it. The complaints of Turnus in the vessel which carries him off, and the two harangues of Juno and Venus, are master-pieces of eloquence : and all that passes in the deaths of Lausus and Mezentius is described with equal art.

SEGRAIS.

1. *Now wide unfold.*] Dr. Trapp translates *omnipotentis* everlasting ; and remarks, that he could think of no better word to answer it : for it cannot (continues he) be properly translated. Some think that by Olympus is meant Jupiter, and then *omnipotentis* must be taken in its proper sense. But if by the former he meant heaven ; either the latter must be a metonymy (omnipotent heaven, because the omnipotent Deity inhabits it), or it is called so, because, according to the heathen doctrine, the influence of the heavenly bodies commands

Confidunt tectis bipatentibus. incipit ipse : 5
 Caelicolae magni, quianam sententia vobis
 Versa retro, tantumque animis certatis iniquis ?
 Abnueram bello Italiam concurrere Teucris.
 Quae contra vetitum discordia ? quis metus aut hos
 Aut hos arma sequi, ferrumque laceßere suasis ? 10
 Adveniet justum pugnae (ne arceßite) tempus,
 Cum fera Carthago Romanis arcibus olim
 Exitium magnum atque Alpes inmittet apertas :
 Tum certare odiis, tum res rapuisse licebit.
 Nunc finite ; et placitum laeti componite foedus, 15
 Juppiter haec paucis : at non Venus aurea contra
 Pauca refert.
 O pater, ô hominum divômque aeterna potestas ;
 (Namque aliud quid sit, quod jam inplorare queamus ?)

mands every thing below. Trapp is for this last, because, in another place, Virgil distinguishes Jupiter from heaven, even where this epithet is added to it :

— *Rex omnipotentis Olympi.*

B. 11. ver. 791.

The conciseness of,

Confidunt tectis bipatentibus,—

and afterwards of,

— *Incipit ipse,*

is very majestic.

17. *When Carthage.*]

Cum fera Carthago Romanis arcibus olim

Exitium magnum atque Alpes inmittet apertas.

He alludes to Hannibal's forcing his way thro' the Alps, which were, according to Livy's expression, *muri vice* to Italy. No more can be implied by the word *exitium* than that Hannibal drove the Romans into very great streights. Dr. Trapp thinks, perhaps improperly, that we ought to understand by *Alpes* the inhabitants of the Alps; the place for the people, as *ultima Baëtra*, B. 8. And the word *apertas* (says he) is added, to insinuate the image of Hannibal's bursting them, or opening his way thro' them. Juvenal says of Hannibal,

— *Montem rupit aceto.*

Sat. 10.

This Livy said before.

There in the starry courts, inthron'd on high, 5
 Sate the majestic senate of the sky,
 Rank'd by degrees, along the bright abodes ;
 To whom the king of men, and father of the gods :
 What discord fires your minds, celestial train ?
 Why was our sacred mandate urg'd in vain ; 10
 Did not your sov'reign lord his will declare,
 That Troy and Latium should not wage the war ?
 Why are we disobey'd ? What vain alarms
 In flame their souls to slaughter, blood, and arms ?
 The destin'd time will wing its fatal way, 15
 (Nor need your rage anticipate the day)
 When Carthage, with her proud victorious pow'rs,
 Shall burst, like thunder, o'er the Roman tow'rs,
 Break the strong Alpine adamantine chains,
 Pour down the hills, and deluge all the plains. 20
 Then, with full licence, your unbounded hate
 And stern revenge may crush the Trojan state.
 Till then, ye pow'rs, from wrath and discord cease,
 And let the nations join in leagues of peace.
 Thus, from the throne, in short, almighty Jove ; 25
 And thus, at large, the beauteous queen of love:
 O fire of men below, and gods on high !
 (For to what other pow'r can Venus fly ?)

Our translator strongly expresses what is meant by *Apertas*,

Break the strong Alpine adamantine chains.

27. *O fire of men.*] The art and address which Venus makes use of in her speech, is finely contrasted by the haughtiness which runs thro' that of Juno. Venus begins with the greatest reverence and modesty.

O pater, O hominum, &c. &c.

Juno begins like a Fury,

— *Quid me alta silentia cogis
 Rumpere ?*

This abrupt beginning, in the middle of a verse, is quite in character.

Cernis ut insultent Rutuli; Turnusque feratur 20
 Per medios insignis equis, tumidusque secundo
 Marte ruat? non clausa tegunt jam moenia Teucros:
 Quin intra portas atque ipsis proelia miscent
 Aggeribus moerorum, et inundant sanguine fossae.
 Aeneas ignarus abest. numquamne levare 25
 Obsidione fines? muris iterum imminet hostis
 Nascentis Trojae: nec non exercitus alter:
 Atque iterum in Teucros Aetolis surgit ab Arpis
 Tydides. equidem (credo) mea volnera restant:
 Et tua progenies mortalia demoror arma. 30
 Si sine pace tua atque invito numine Troës
 Italiam petiere; luant peccata: neque illos
 Juveris auxilio. sin tot responsa secuti,
 Quae Superi Manesque dabant; cur nunc tua quisquam
 Vertere iussa potest? aut cur nova condere fata? 35
 Quid repetam exustas Erycino in litore classis?
 Quid tempestatum regem, ventosque furentis
 Aeolia excitos? aut actam nubibus Irin?
 Nunc etiam Manis (haec intentata manebat
 Sors rerum) movet, et superis inmissa repente 40
 Alecto, medias Italum bacchata per urbis.

44. *To bleed once more.*] Catrou blames our poet in alluding
 to one of the most extravagant fictions of Homer, Diomed's
 wounding Venus: in which censure there is a false delicacy.

Dost thou not see yon fierce Rutulian train ?
With what success proud Turnus sweeps the plain ! 30
Rapt by his steeds, triumphant on his car,
The dreadful hero rules the storm of war.
Not walls can guard my Trojans now from fate ;
For, lo ! grim slaughter rages in the gate !
With hostile bands the walls are cover'd o'er, 35
And the deep trenches float with tides of gore !
My son is absent, while his subjects bleed ;
But must we never from a siege be freed ?
For, lo, great fire ! a second army falls
On rising Troy, and thunders at her walls. 40
In Latian fields against the Dardan train,
Behold the stern Tydides rise again !
Sprung tho' I am from thee, prepar'd I stand
To bleed once more—and by a mortal hand !
Yet, if against thy will the Phrygian host 45
Have left their Troy, and fought the Latian coast,
Withdraw thy potent aid, O sov'reign god !
And bid the guilty nation mourn in blood !
But since so many signs their course compel,
The voice of Heav'n, and oracles of hell ; 50
Why dares another pow'r thy will debate,
Or thwart th' unalterable course of Fate ?
Her boundless vengeance why should I repeat ?
How on Sicilian shores she fir'd the fleet ?
How she dispatch'd to yonder world below, 55
With that dire charge, the goddess of the bow ?
How the grim tyrant of th' Æolian reign
Let loose th' imprison'd whirlwinds o'er the main ?
Hell and th' infernal pow'rs were yet untry'd ;
All hell now arms, and rises on her side. 60
The fiends, the furies range the realms above,
And act well worthy of the queen of Jove !
Thro' all the Latian towns Alecto flies,
And her black visage blasts the golden skies !

Nil super imperio moveor : speravimus ista,
 Dum fortuna fuit : vincant, quos vincere mavis.
 Si nulla est regio, Teucris quam det tua conjux
 Dura ; per everfae, genitor, fumantia Trojae 45
 Excidia obtestor : liceat dimittere ab armis
 Incolumem Ascanium, liceat superesse nepotem.
 Aeneas fane ignotis jactetur in undis ;
 Et, quamcumque viam dederit fortuna, sequatur.
 Hunc tegere, et dirae valeam subducere pugnae. 50
 Est Amathus, est celsa mihi Paphos, atque Cythera,
 Idaliaeque domus. positis inglorius armis
 Exigat hic aevom. magna ditione jubeto
 Carthago premat Aufoniam. nil urbibus inde
 Obstabit Tyriis. quid pestem evadere belli 55
 Juvit, et Argolicos medium fugisse per ignis ?
 Totque maris vastaeque exhausta pericula terrae,
 Dum Latium Teucris recidivaque Pergama quaerunt ?
 Non satius cineres patriae insedisse supremos,
 Atque solum, quo Troja fuit ? Xanthum et Simoënta

90. *Th' exhausted dangers.*] As she began with moving pity, so she concludes. Servius observes, that it is one of the grand rules in rhetoric, to handle the exordium and peroration after the same manner: *Ut epilogi & principia pari argumentatione tractentur.* The same rule is likewise observed in Juno's speech.

93. *O! give their Xanthus.*] The conclusions of both speeches are as remarkable as the beginnings:

— Xanthum & Simoënta

Redde, oro, miseris : iterumque revolvete casus

Da, pater, Iliacos Teucris.

The humblest and lowest petition (says Trapp) which could be conceived.

How differently does Juno conclude !

Tunc decuit metuisse tuis ; nunc sera querelis

Haud justis adsurgis, & inrita jurgia jactas.

In those last words (says Trapp) *inrita jurgia jactas*, the very cadence of them tells us, that she strikes her hands one against another, and sits down in the same abrupt rage with which she rose. They are distinguished too by this circumstance ; that Venus all along applies herself to Jupiter ; and

reflects

No hopes of empire now my thoughts employ 65
(These were my hopes, when fortune smil'd on Troy).

Let Troy and Latium fight on yonder plains,
And fall or conquer as thy will ordains :
Since to the Phrygian race your haughty spouse
No spot, no corner, of the world allows. 70

Yet I implore thy grace, almighty fire,
By ruin'd Troy, yet smoking from the fire !
Give me, at least, the royal youth to bear
(My dear Ascanius) from the rage of war !
(And let the father, where your vengeful bride
Or fortune points, still wander o'er the tide !) 75

Th' Idalian realm and Amathus are mine ;
Cythera fair, and Paphos the divine ;
There he may live defended from the foes,
Lost to the charms of fame, in soft repose. 80

Then to Aufonia led proud Carthage come,
And hold that empire once decreed to Rome,
O'er the wide world extend her boundless pow'r ;
Our hopes, and Jove's own promises, no more !
What now avails it, that my godlike heir 85

Broke thro' the hostile fires, and 'scap'd the war ;
Led my poor exiles to the Latian plain,
And rais'd a city, doom'd to fall again ?
What has it now avail'd him, to withstand
Th' exhausted dangers both of sea and land ? 90
His lot were happier had he scorn'd a crown,
And slumber'd o'er his ruin'd native town.

O ! give their Xanthus to the wretched train,
Give them their Simois, with their wars again !

reflects upon Juno only in the third person ; and that too, but once, only by hints and insinuations ; and when she does name her, 'tis as softly, tho' as invidiously, as possible.

Si nulla est regio, Teucris quam det tua conjux.

Juno on the contrary speaks to her adversary directly, and attacks her in person.

Redde oro miseris : iterumque revolvere casus 61
Da, pater, Iliacos Teucris. Tum regia Juno
Acta furore gravi : Quid me alta silentia cogis
Rumpere, et obductum verbis volgare dolorem ?
Aenean hominum quisquam divômque subegit 65
Bella sequi, aut hostem regi se inferre Latino ?
Italiam fatis petiit auctoribus : esto :
Cassandrae impulsus furiis. num linquere castra
Hortati sumus, aut vitam committere ventis ?
Num puero summam belli, num credere muros ? 70
Tyrrenamque fidem, aut gentis agitare quietas ?
Quis deus in fraudem, quae dura potentia nostri
Egit ? ubi hic Juno, demissave nubibus Iris ?
Indignum est, Italos Trojam circumdare flammis
Nascentem, et patria Turnum consistere terra : 75
Cui Pilumnus avus, cui diva Venilia mater.
Quid face Trojanos atra vim ferre Latinis ?
Arva aliena jugo premere, atque avertere praedas ?
Quid soceros legere, et gremiis abducere pactas ?
Pacem orare manu, praefigere puppibus arma ? 80
Tu potes Aenean manibus subducere Graiûm,
Proque viro nebulam et ventos obtendere inanis :
Et potis in totidem classem convertere Nymphas :
Nos aliquid Rutulos contra juvisse, nefandum est.

Let Greece in arms her vengeful hosts employ 95

Ten long years more, and storm a second Troy !

To whom, with fury sparkling in her eyes,

Reply'd the haughty empress of the skies :

And why, say, why, O goddess ! am I prest

To wake the wrath, that slumber'd in my breast ? 100

What god, or mortal, bad your son declare,

Against the Latian lord, so rash a war ?

Suppose, Fate call'd him to the Latian plains,

Or (far more likely) mad Cassandra's strains !

Say, did we bid him leave his town behind, 105

And trust the mercy of the sea and wind ?

Commit the war, and his forsaken Troy,

To such an head, an unexperienc'd boy ?

To court the Tuscans, and with vain alarms

To rouse whole nations from repose to arms ? 110

What god, or what perverse intent of ours

Mov'd the wise prince to leave his rising tow'rs ?

Say, does the goddess of the bow appear,

Or the keen spite of vengeful Juno, here ?

'Tis hard, you urge, the Latians should conspire 115

To wrap th' unfinish'd walls of Troy in fire :

That Turnus lives, and holds his native place

(And yet he sprung from our immortal race) ;

Was it less hard, that Troy embattled came,

To waste the Latian lands with sword and flame ? 120

O'er foreign realms to propagate her sway,

Join fraud to force, and bear their spoils away ?

From their own lords the plighted brides to tear ?

To proffer peace, and yet to wage the war ?

You, from the foe, your darling son could shroud, 125

And, for a man, present a figur'd cloud.

You from your navy could the fires restrain,

And change your ships to Nereids of the main.

Yet in her friends defence is Juno seen ?

'Tis a high crime in Jove's imperial queen ! 130

Aeneas ignarus abest : ignarus et absit. 85
 Est Paphos Idaliumque tibi, sunt alta Cythera.
 Quid gravidam bellis urbem et corda aspera tentas ?
 Nosne tibi fluxas Phrygiae res vertere fundo
 Conamur ? nos ? an miseros qui Troas Achivis
 Objecit ? quae causa fuit consurgere in arma 90
 Europamque Asiamque, et foedera solvere furto ?
 Me duce Dardanius Spartam expugnavit adulter ?
 Aut ego tela dedi, fovive Cupidine bella ?
 Tunc decuit metuisse tuis : nunc fera querelis
 Haud justis adsurgis, et inrita jurgia jactas. 95
 Talibus orabat Juno, cunctique fremebant
 Caelicolae adsensu vario. ceu flamina prima,
 Cum deprensa fremunt silvis, et caeca volutant
 Murmura, venturos nautis prodentia ventos.
 Tum pater omnipotens, rerum cui prima potestas, 100
 Infit. eo dicente deum domus alta filescit,
 Et tremefacta solo tellus ; filet arduus aether :
 Tum Zephyri posuere : premit placida aequora pontus.
 Accipite ergo, animis atque haec mea figite dicta.
 Quandoquidem Ausonios conjungi foedere Teucris 105
 Haud licitum ; nec vestra capit discordia finem :

152. *So, pent in woods, &c.*] Milton has finely improved upon this hint :

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
 Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
 The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long
 Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
 Sea-faring men, o'erwatch'd ; whose bark, by chance,
 Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay,
 After the tempest : such applause was heard
 As Mammon ended.—

Par. L. B. 2. ver. 284.

158. *Tb' attentive winds.*] This is truly sublime, but is taken from Ennius, in Scipione :

*Mundus coeli vastus constitit silentio ;
 Et Neptunus saevus undis asperis pausam dedit :
 Sol equis iter repressit ungulis volitantibus :
 Constitere amnes perennes, arbores vento vacant.*

Your son, belike, is absent, while the foe
 Invades his tow'rs ;—and let him still be so !—
 Cythera's isle, and Amathus, are yours ;
 The Paphian realms, and soft Idalian shores.
 Why shouldst thou then to fights a race incline, 135
 Long since inur'd to rougher wars than thine ?
 Did we conspire your empire to destroy ?
 Did we urge vengeful Greece to ruin Troy ?
 We ?—or your Paris ? your adult'rous boy ?
 Who did that black destructive crime inspire ? 140
 Who fann'd the flame, that set two worlds on fire ?
 Did the lewd youth, at Juno's call, convey,
 From injur'd Sparta's walls, his beauteous prey ?
 Did we procure ? did we retain the fair ?
 And, for his lust, support a ten years war ? 145
 Then, partial goddess, then had been your time,
 To fear for Troy, on that perfidious crime ;
 But now, too late, unjustly you complain,
 Now vent your anger, and your grief, in vain.

Thus spoke the wrathful queen ; the gods divide, 150
 And in mixt murmurs vote on either side :
 So, pent in woods, at first with sullen sound
 The wind, low-murm'ring, rolls, the forest round ;
 A dreadful signal to the naval train,
 Of the loud storms impending o'er the main. 155

Then spoke th' almighty father, as he sate
 Inthron'd in gold, and clos'd the great debate.
 (Th' attentive winds a solemn silence keep ;
 The wond'ring waves lie level on the deep ;
 Earth to her centre shook ; high heav'n was aw'd ; 160
 And all th' immortal thrones stood trembling at the god.)

Hear then our sacred will, ye pow'rs above ;
 And mark th' unalterable word of Jove.
 Since you refuse to bid your discord cease,
 And join the nations in the bonds of peace ; 165

Quae cuique est fortuna hodie, quam quisque secat spem,
Tros Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebō :
Seu fatis Italūm castra obsidione tenentur,
Sive errore malo Trojae monitisque finistris. 110
Nec Rutulos solvo. sua cuique exorsa laborem
Fortunamque ferent. rex Juppiter omnibus idem.
Fata viam invenient. Stygii per flumina fratris,
Per pice torrentis atraque voragine ripas
Adnuit, ac totum nutu tremefecit Olympum. 115
Hic finis fandi. folio tum Juppiter aureo
Surgit, caelicolae medium quem ad limina ducunt.
Interea Rutuli portis circum omnibus instant
Sternere caede viros, et moenia cingere flammis.
At legio Aeneadūm vallis obsessā tenetur : 120
Nec spes ulla fugae. miseri stant turribus altis
Nequidquam, et rara muros cinxere corona.
Afius Inbrāsides, Hicētaoniusque Thymoetes,
Assaracique duo, et senior cum Castore Thybris,
Prima acies. hos germani Sarpedonis ambo 125
Et Clarus et Haemon Lycia comitantur ab alta.
Fert ingens toto connixus corpore saxum,
Haud partem exigua montis, Lyrnessius Acmon,
Nec Clytio genitore minor, nec fratre Menestheo.
Hi jaculis, illi certant defendere saxis, 130
Molirique ignem, nervoque aptare sagittas.

Whatever schemes or hopes the parties frame,
 Latium and Troy to Jove are both the same ;
 Whether in yon fierce leaguer 'tis decreed
 That hapless Ilion, or Hesperia bleed.
 The stern Rutulians too their toils shall know, 170
 And ev'ry hand shall work its weal or woe.
 Your king, inclin'd to neither side, shall wait
 The great event, and leave the whole to fate.
 This by his brother's awful floods he swore,
 That thro' the black infernal regions roar ; 175
 Gave the dread signal of the solemn nod,
 With his bent brows ; the sanction of the god !
 From sky to sky the strong concussion rolls ;
 And all Olympus trembled to the poles.
 Thus did the fire the high contention close ; 180
 Then from the throne majestically rose ;
 With him at once the sacred senate rise,
 And to his palace wait the sov'reign of the skies.
 Meanwhile, at ev'ry gate, the Latian pow'rs
 Croud to destroy their foes, and fire the tow'rs. 185
 By hosts surrounded, in despair to fly,
 Close in their trench, the helpless Trojans lie.
 Yet some undaunted on the ramparts stand,
 And guard the works ; a brave, but slender band.
 There, sprung from Imbrafus, bold Asius shone : 190
 Thymoetes next, fam'd Hicetaon's son.
 The dread Assaraci their succour bring ;
 With them, two brothers of the Lycian king.
 Thybris and Castor next, a martial pair,
 Full in the front repel the rising war, 195
 These Acmon join'd, from fair Lyxneffus' shore ;
 With all his strength a broken rock he bore :
 He match'd his brother Mnestheus' wond'rous might,
 And his great father Clytius in the fight.
 Some, pond'rous stones, some, pointed jav'lins aim, 200
 And gaul the foe with shafts, or missive flame.

Ipse inter medios, Veneris justissima cura,
 Dardanius caput ecce puer detectus honestum :
 Qualis gemma micat, fulvom quae dividit aurum,
 Aut collo decus aut capiti : vel quale per artem 135
 Inclusum buxo aut Oricia terebintho
 Lucet ebur : fusos cervix cui lactea crinis
 Accipit, et molli subnectens circulus auro.
 Te quoque magnanimae viderunt, Ismare, gentes
 Volnera dirigere, et calamos armare veneno, 140
 Maeonia generose domo : ubi pingua culta
 Exercentque viri, Pactolosque inrigat auro.
 Adfuit et Mnestheus, pulsi quem pristina Turni
 Aggere moerorum sublimem gloria tollit ;
 Et Capys : hinc nomen Campanae ducitur urbi. 145
 Illi inter sese duri certamina belli
 Contulerant : media Aeneas freta nocte secabat.
 Namque ut ab Euandro castris ingressus Etruscis
 Regem adit, et regi memorat nomenque genusque ;
 Quidve petat, quidve ipse ferat, Mezentius arma 150
 Quae sibi conciliet, violentaque pectora Turni,
 Edocet : humanis quae sit fiducia rebus
 Admonet, inniscetque preces. haud fit mora : Tarcho
 Jungit opes, focusque ferit : tum libera fati
 Classem conscendit jussis gens Lydia divom, 155
 Externo commissa duci. Aeneia puppis
 Prima tenet, rostro Phrygios subjuncta leones :
 Inminet Ida super, profugis gratissima Teucris.

202. *Amid the train.*] How artfully is this graceful description of the appearance of Ascanius introduced, amidst the tumultuous and shocking scenes of the battle ! He is represented bare-headed (says Donatus), because he was forbidden by Apollo to fight ; *Caput detectus*, i. e. *non pugnaturus*. Some commentators think, that Virgil alluded to the custom of the Romans, who were always bare-headed, but during the Saturnalia. I rather think, especially from the description that follows immediately, that he is painted bare-headed, merely to make the more amiable appearance.

234. *Her sculptur'd Ide.*] " The Roman poets scarce say any thing

Amid the train, bright Venus' darling care,
 Ascanius shone; his beauteous head was bare;
 A golden chain constrains his locks that deck,
 In glossy sable curls, his lovely neck : 205
 So shines a gem, illustrious to behold,
 On some fair virgin's neck enchas'd in gold :
 So the surrounding ebon's darker hue
 Improves the polish'd ivory to the view.

Thee too, stern Ismarus, O chief divine ! 210
 A great descendant of the Lydian line,
 (Born where the peasants turn the costly mould,
 Enrich'd by bright Pactolus' tides of gold)
 The hosts admir'd ; while fierce thy twanging bow
 Discharg'd thy poison'd arrows at the foe. 215
 Brave Capys next succeeds, a chief of fame,
 From whom proud Capua since deriv'd her name.
 Great Mnestheus clos'd the band, of high renown,
 Since late he cast bold Turnus from the town.

These all the rigid toils of fight sustain ; 220
 Meantime, by night, their gen'ral plows the main.
 For when the prince had left th' Arcadian coast,
 And fought the leader of the Lydian host ;
 With pray'rs declar'd his bus'ness, race, and name,
 And with what force their vengeful tyrant came ; 225
 How the Rutulian rag'd ; what turns of fate
 And chance of war attend the mortal state ;
 Strait with the league propos'd the chief complies,
 And joins his forces to his new allies.

Now, uncontroll'd by fate, the martial train, 230
 Led by a foreign hero, cleave the main.
 In pomp, before, Æneas' gally past ;
 His lofty stern the Phrygian lions grac'd ;
 There, banish'd Troy's delight, her sculptur'd Ide,
 Hangs o'er the foamy surge, and shades the tide. 235

thing in a personal manner of mount Ida ; unless possibly
 Virgil may be understood in that manner, where he is speaking

Hic magnus sedet Aeneas, secumque volutat
 Eventus belli varios : Pallasque sinistro 160
 Adfixus lateri jam quaerit sidera, opacae
 Noctis iter, jam quae passus terraque marique.
 Pandite nunc Helicon, deae, cantusque movete ;
 Quae manus interea Tuscis comitetur ab oris
 Aenean, armetque rates, pelagoque vehatur. 165
 Massicus aerata princeps secat aequora Tigri :
 Sub quo mille manus juvenum, qui moenia Clusi,
 Quique urbem liquere Cofas : quîs tela sagittae,
 Corytique leves humeris, et letifer arcus.
 Una torvus Abas. huic totum insignibus armis 170
 Agmen, et aurato fulgebat Apolline puppis.
 Sexcentos illi dederat Populonia mater
 Expertos belli juvenes : ast Ilva trecentos
 Insula, inexhaustis Chalybum generosa metallis.
 Tertius, ille hominum divômque interpret Asylas, 175
 Cui pecudum fibrae, caeli cui sidera parent,
 Et linguae volucrum, et praefagi fulminis ignes,
 Mille rapit densos acie atque horrentibus hastis.
 Hos parere jubent Alpheia ab origine Pisae,

of the figures wrought in the fore part of Æneas's ship,

Imminet Ida super, &c."

SPENCE's Polymet. Dial. 15. B. 3.

242. *Ye muses! now unlock your sacred spring.*] I have observed concerning the catalogue in B. VII. how different this is from that. Macrobius has made an objection to Virgil, upon the subject of the catalogue in this tenth book. He thinks, that Virgil ought not to have made it without order, as we see it is done ; and that Homer, having treated of the same thing, passes from one subject to another, according to the neighbourhood of the countries whose inhabitants he has celebrated. Instead of which, Virgil has not observed any rule, but jumps from one subject to another, without any exactness. A certain Jesuit takes Virgil's part on this subject, and justifies him by the example of Thucydides ; who, tho' he is an historian, and consequently more ty'd down to the regularity which Macrobius wishes for, has followed it no more than Virgil in many of his descriptions.—This example does not seem to me sufficient for the defence of Virgil ; for if he has done wrong, it will be no excuse that Thucydides had done so

Here fate the chief with various thoughts oppress,
 The fate of war revolving in his breast;
 Close by his side th' Arcadian prince inquires
 Of the swift motions of the heavenly fires;
 What seas he measur'd; and what lands he fought; 240
 What storms he suffer'd, and what fields he fought.

Ye muses! now unlock your sacred spring,
 Inspire the bard, and teach him how to sing,
 What ships, what heroes, what auxiliar hosts,
 Sail'd with Æneas from the Tuscan coasts. 245

The Tiger first the foamy flood divides,
 And bears a thousand warriors thro' the tides,
 Who came beneath great Mæcæus' command,
 From Cosa's turrets, and the Clusian land.
 Close to their sides their polish'd quivers fate; 250
 Strung were their bows; their arrows wing'd with fate.

Six hundred move beneath fierce Abas' care,
 From Populonia to the field of war.
 Rich in her endless beds of steely ore,
 The rugged Ilva sends three hundred more; 255
 All, train'd to fight; all, glorious to behold;
 And, on the stern, Apollo flam'd in gold.

With groves of waving spears, in thick array,
 From Pisa's walls a thousand took their way;
 They march embattled from the Tuscan land, 260
 And great Asylas leads the martial band;
 Asylas, skilful sage! whose piercing eyes
 Discern'd all signs on earth, or in the skies.
 His heart from entrails certain omens drew,
 From stars and birds, and lightnings as they flew. 265

so before him, since we see that Dionysius Halicarnassæus
 blames Thucydides for this very fault. But we may remark,
 that as the poet strives to delight his reader, and above all
 aims at the beauty of surprize, it is not necessary that he
 should confine himself to that exactness, which would be of no
 ornament, but on the contrary, by discovering his own arti-
 fice, would take off all the surprize from his narration, so
 that he would interest the reader the less. For as we before

Urbs Etrusca solo. sequitur pulcherrimus Astur, 180
 Astur equo fidens, et versicoloribus armis.
 Tercentum adjiciunt, (mens omnibus una sequendi)
 Qui Caerete domo, qui sunt Minionis in arvis.
 Et Pyrgi veteres, intempestaeque Graviscae.
 Non ego te, Ligurum ductor fortissime bello, 185
 Transferim, Cinyra, ac paucis comitate, Cupavo,
 Cujus olorinae surgunt de vertice pennae :
 Crimen amor vestrum, formaeque insigne paternae.
 Namque ferunt, luctu Cycnum Phaëthontis amati,
 Populeas inter frondis umbramque sororum 190
 Dum canit, et maestum musa solatur amorem,
 Canentem molli pluma duxisse senectam ;
 Linquentem terras et sidera voce sequentem.
 Filius, aequalis comitatus classe catervas,
 Ingentem remis Centaurum promovet : ille 195
 Instat aquae, saxumque undis inmane minatur
 Arduus, et longa fulcat maria alta carina.
 Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet Ocnus ab oris,
 Fatidicae Mantus et Tusci filius amnis :

observed, if Virgil had placed in a genealogical order all those heroes, which Anchises celebrates in his prediction, this prediction had been less pleasing. It would be the same with this catalogue ; if those who are there mentioned, were ranged according to the order of their respective places, the reader would prevent the artifice of the poet ; and would find fewer graces in such an arrangement, than what he finds in this miscellaneous manner, which nevertheless, as we may observe, is without disorder or confusion.

SEGRAIS.

292. Next, warlike Ocnus, &c.] Ocnus built the walls of Mantua ; but the colony for whom he built them were by far more ancient than his time. This colony was originally made up of Thebans (says Servius) afterwards re-inforced by the Tuscans, and lastly by the Gauls, or, as some will have it, by the Sarsinates. This mixture of different nations is implied in the *non genus omnibus unum* ; and hence too the *genus illi* [*Mantuae*] *triplex* is made out. By the *populi sub gente quaterni* is to be understood, that beside the city of Mantua, there were three other cities in the Mantuan territories all respectively governed by their lucumones, or petty kings ; of all these Mantua was the chief,—*Ipse caput populus*. But tho'

Mantua

Next beauteous Astur plow'd the watry field,
 Proud of his bounding steed and sculptur'd shield;
 From where old Pyrgus' lofty turrets rise,
 And rank Graviscan marshes taint the skies,
 Where Cære groan'd beneath Mezentius' reign, 270
 And gurgling Minio glitters o'er the plain;
 Three hundred march beneath the leader's care,
 Breathing revenge, and eager all for war.

Nor thou unsung, brave Cinyras, shalt pass,
 The martial chief of the Ligurian race; 275
 Nor thou, Cupavo, under whose command,
 Advanc'd to fight a small, but valiant band.
 White plumes adorn thy crest, and wave above,
 Expressive of thy fire *, transform'd by love,
 While for his Phaeton his sorrows flow, 280
 And soft harmonious strains beguile his woe;
 While in the dusky poplar grove he made
 His melting moans, beneath the sisters shade,
 O'er all the man the snowy feathers rise,
 And in a tuneful swan he mounts the skies. 285
 Now his great off-spring with his social train,
 In the hugh Centaur plow'd the roaring main.
 High on the prow the figur'd monster stood,
 And shook a rocky fragment o'er the flood.
 The sounding keel the thronging waves disjoin'd, 290
 That foam, and whiten, in long tracks behind.

Next warlike Ocnus brought his troops along,
 From prescient Manto and great Tyber sprung;

Mantua was compos'd of three different lucumonies or nations,
 yet the mightiest of them all were the Tuscans, *Tusco de san-*
guine vires. Thus Virgil in four lines has sketch'd out the pre-
 sent state, and the complicated genealogy, of his country.
 The Ocnus above-mentioned is Bianor, whose tomb is spoken
 of in the third eclogue,

—*Jamque sepulchrum*
Incipit apparere Bianoris.—

• *Cycnus.*

H 4

Qui muros matrisque dedit tibi, Mantua, nomen; 200
 Mantua dives avis. sed non genus omnibus unum.
 Gens illi triplex, populi sub gente quaterni :
 Ipsa caput populis : Tusco de sanguine vires.
 Hinc quoque quingentos in se Mezentius armat,
 Quos patre Benaco velatus arundine glauca 205
 Mincius infesta ducebat in aequora pinu.
 It gravis Aulestes, centenaque arbore fluctum
 Verberat adsurgens : spumant vada marmore verso.
 Hunc vehit inmanis Triton, et caerulea concha
 Exterrens freta : cui laterum tenuis hispida nanti 210
 Frons hominem praefert, in pristina definit alvus ;
 Spumea semifero sub pectore murmurat unda.
 Tot lecti procures ter denis navibus ibant
 Subsidio Trojae, et campos salis aere secabant.
 Jamque dies caelo concesserat : almaque curru 215
 Noctivago Phoebe medium pulsabat Olympum :
 Aeneas (neque enim membris dat cura quietem)
 Ipse sedens clavomque regit velisque ministrat.
 Atque illi medio in spatio chorus ecce suarum
 Occurrit comitum : nymphae (quas alma Cybebe 220
 Numen habere maris, nymphaeque e navibus esse
 Jusserat) innabant pariter, fluctusque secabant,
 Quot prius aeratae steterant ad litora prorae :
 Adgnoscent longe regem, lustrantque choreis :

322. *Fixt at the stern.*] The leader of a colony (says Catrou) should be equal to every task which that business requires. Aeneas does not disdain to pilot his own vessel in the night. This he had done before, after Palinurus fell into the sea. B. 5.

By him, fair Mantua rose ; immortal town !
And from his mother's name deriv'd her own. 295
Her mighty walls, illustrious founders grace,
Of diff'rent countries, and a diff'rent race.
Three tribes distinct possess her fertile lands,
And four fair cities every tribe commands.
Proud of her Tuscan line, with glory crown'd, 300
She reigns the mistress of the nations round.

Next, gen'rous hate to stern Mezentius draws
Five hundred more, in freedom's sacred cause.
Where, crown'd with reeds, the Mincio takes his course
From old Benacus' venerable source, 305
In one vast ship he pours the warlike train,
Down thro' his native channel to the main.
Fierce for revenge, the great Auletes guides
Th' enormous bulk, that labours thro' the tides.
An hundred pines the boiling ocean sweep, 310
Plow the white waves, and lash the bellowing deep.
A mighty Triton, figur'd on the prow,
With his loud trump alarms the sea below.
Down to his waist the human form descends,
But in a whale th' amphibious monster ends. 315
Swift as he swims, the waters fly before ;
And, dash'd beneath the god, the frothy surges roar.

So many chiefs in thirty vessels ride
To Troy's defence, and cleave the sparkling tide.
Now radiant Cynthia, thro' th' ethereal height, 320
Rode in the solemn chariot of the night.
Fixt at the stern, the helm Æneas plies ;
No creeping slumber seals his careful eyes.
Amid the seas, he meets the wond'rous train
Of ships transform'd to Nereids of the main ; 325
As many goddesses, as stood before,
With brazen beaks, tall vessels on the shore.
They know the chief from far, and in a ring
The dancing nymphs inclose their wond'ring king.

Quarum quae fandi doctissima, Cymodocea 225
 Pone sequens dextra puppim tenet, ipsaque dorso
 Eminent, ac laeva tacitis subremigat undis.
 Tum sic ignarum adloquitur : Vigilasne, deum gens,
 Aenea ? vigila, et velis inmitte rudentes.
 Nos sumus Idaeae sacro de vertice pinus, 230
 Nunc pelagi nymphae, classis tua. perfidus ut nos
 Praecipites ferro Rutulus flammaque premebat ;
 Rupimus invitae tua vincula, teque per aequor
 Quacrimus. hanc genetrix faciem miserata refecit,
 Et dedit esse deas, aevomque agitare sub undis. 235
 At puer Ascanius muro fossisque tenetur
 Tela inter media atque horrentis Marte Latinos.
 Jam loca jussa tenent forti permixtus Etrusco
 Arcas eques. medias illis obponere turmas,
 Ne castris jungant, certa est sententia Turno. 240
 Surge age, et Aurora focios veniente vocari
 Primus in arma jube, et clipeum cape : quem dedit ipse
 Invicturn ignipotens, atque oras ambiit auro.
 Craftina lux, mea si non inrita dicta putaris,
 Ingentes Rutulae spectabit caedis acervos. 245
 Dixerat : et dextra discedens inpulit altam,
 Haud ignara modi, puppim. fugit illa per undas
 Ocior et jaculo et ventos aequante sagitta.

340. *We burst our anchors.*] Catrou mentions this part of Cymodocea's speech as a specimen of the politeness of a sea nymph. Nothing (says the refined Frenchman) can be more polite than the language of this new nymph. She gives Aeneas to understand, that she was turned into a goddess solely against her own will, and that she had rather still have continued in his service under her original shape.

358. *This said; the goddess.*] Dryden justly observes, that the transformation of the ships, as violent a machine as it is, serves here to carry on the main design. These new-made divinities not only tell Aeneas what had pass'd in his camp during his absence ; and what was the present distress of his besieged people ; and that his horsemen, whom he had sent by land, were ready to join him at his descent ; but warn him to provide for battle next day, and foretell him good success :

The first * whose eloquence excell'd the rest, 339
 Above the waves advanc'd her ivory breast ;
 Held with one hand the stern, while one divides,
 With many an easy stroke, the silent tides :
 And dost thou wake, great off-spring of the skies ?
 Wake still, and open ev'ry sail (she cries :) 335
 Thy ships are we that once on Ida stood,
 Now chang'd by Heav'n to Nereids of the flood.
 When the perfidious proud Rutulian came
 With the dread sword, and the devouring flame,
 We burst our anchors, by the foe compell'd, 340
 And fought our master o'er the watry field.
 These forms the mother of the skies bestow'd,
 And made each ship a goddess of the flood :
 Low in the sacred seas our court we keep,
 And dwell beneath the roarings of the deep. 345
 Shut in the town, remains thy royal heir,
 Midst all the terrors of the Latian war.
 The brave Arcadian horse, and Tuscan host,
 Have reach'd the land, and seiz'd th' appointed post.
 The Daunian chief has sent a squadron down 350
 To stop their destin'd progress to the town.
 Rise, hero ! rise ; and with the dawning light,
 Lead all th' impatient warriors to the fight.
 With thy Vulcanian orb invade the field,
 That golden, bright, impenetrable shield. 355
 The morning sun (nor think my promise vain !)
 Shall see vast heaps of fierce Rutulians slain.
 This said ; the goddess (for she knew the way)
 Push'd the light vessel o'er the glassy sea :
 Swift as a jav'lin, or a storm she flew ; 360
 And, wing'd with rival speed, her course the rest pursue.

so that this episodical machine is properly a part of the great poem ; for besides what I have said, they push on his navy with celestial vigour, that it might reach the port more speedily, and take them more unprovided to resist his landing.

* *Cymodocea.*

Inde aliae celerant cursus. stupet inscius ipse
 Tros Anchisiades: animos tamen omine tollit. 250
 Tum breviter supera adspectans convexa precatur;
 Alma parens Idaea deum, cui Dindyma cordi,
 Turrigeraeque urbes, bijugique ad frena leones;
 Tu mihi nunc pugnae princeps, tu rite propinques
 Augurium, Phrygibusque adsis pede, diva, secundo. 255
 Tantum effatus: et interea revoluta ruebat
 Matura jam luce dies, noctemque fugarat.
 Principio fociis edicit, signa sequantur,
 Atque animos aptent armis, pugnaeque parent se.
 Jamque in conspectu Teucros habet, et sua castra, 260
 Stans celsa in puppi: clipeum cum deinde sinistra
 Extulit ardentem. clamorem ad fidera tollunt
 Dardanidae e muris. spes addita fuscitat iras.
 Tela manu jaciunt: quales sub nubibus atris
 Strymoniae dant signa grues, atque aethera tranant 265
 Cum sonitu, fugiuntque notos clamore secundo.
 At Rutulo regi ducibusque ea mira videri
 Aufoniis; donec versas ad litora puppes
 Respiciunt, totumque adlabi classibus aequor.
 Ardet apex capiti, cristisque a vertice flamma 270
 Funditur, et vastos umbo vomit aureus ignis;

382. *High in his hand.*] Gabriel Faernus conjectures that Virgil wrote, *tristisque* for *cristisque*; which (says Fulvius Urfinus) is a very plausible reading, tho' it is not found in the old MSS. I think *tristis* heightens the sublimity of the description; and it must be allowed that *cristis* is superfluous. See Homer's Il. B. 5. *sub init.* Δάε δ' οἱ ἐν κορυφῇ, &c.

While at the fight the hero stood amaz'd,
 The prosp'rous sign his bounding spirits rais'd.
 Then, as he fix'd on heav'n his joyful eyes,
 To potent Cybele the warrior cries :

365

Great guardian queen of Ida's hills and woods,
 Supreme, majestic mother of the gods !
 Whose strong defence proud tow'ring cities share,
 While roaring lions whirl thy mighty car !
 Oh ! kindly second this auspicious sign,
 And grace thy Phrygians with thy aid divine.
 Inspir'd by thee, the combat I require,
 My bosom kindles, and my soul's on fire !

370

He said ; and now the bright revolving day
 Blaz'd o'er the world, and chas'd the shades away ;
 When first the hero bade the train prepare,
 All rang'd beneath their banners, for the war ;
 Rouse for the charge their courage, and excite
 Their martial ardor, to provoke the fight.

375

As on his stern the godlike warrior stands,
 And views distinct his camp and social bands ;
 High in his hand the golden shield he rais'd :
 Wide o'er the flood the strong effulgence blaz'd.
 Fir'd with new hopes, the joyful Trojans spy
 The shining orb ; their darts and jav'lins fly ;
 And their loud clamours tempest all the sky.
 Less loud the thick-embod'ed cranes repair,
 In ranks embattled, thro' the clouds of air ;
 When, at the signal giv'n, they leave behind,
 With rapid flight, the pinions of the wind.

380

385 }

Amaz'd stood Turnus, and their Latian foes,
 Nor knew from whence the sudden transport rose ;
 Till all th' advancing navy they survey,
 A floating scene, that cover'd half the sea.
 From great Æneas' crest the lightnings stream,
 And his bright helmet darts a ruddy gleam ;
 A length of flames the mighty shield displays,
 Shoots fires on fires, and pours a boundless blaze.

390

395

Non secus, ac liquida si quando nocte cometae
 Sanguinei lugubre rubent, aut Sirius ardor :
 Ille sitim morbosque ferens mortalibus aegris
 Nascitur, et laevo contristat lumine caelum. 275
 Haud tamen audaci cessit fiducia Turno
 Litora praecipere, et venientis pellere terra.
 Quod votis optastis, adest, perfringere dextra :
 In manibus Mars ipse, viri. nunc conjugis esto
 Quisque suae tectique memor : nunc magna referto 280
 Facta, patrum laudes. ultro occurramus ad undam,
 Dum trepidi, egressisque labant vestigia prima.
 Audentis Fortuna juvat.
 Haec ait, et secum versat, quos ducere contra,
 Vel quibus obsessos possit concredere muros. 285
 Interea Aeneas socios de puppibus altis
 Pontibus exponit; multi servare recursus
 Languentis pelagi, et brevibus se credere saltu :
 Per remos alii. speculatus litora Tarcho,
 Qua vada non spirant, nec fracta remurmurat unda, 290
 Sed mare inoffensum crescenti adlabitur aestu ;
 Advertit subito proras, sociosque precatur :
 Nunc, ô lecta manus, validis incumbite remis ;
 Tollite, ferte rates ; inimicam findite rostris
 Hanc terram, sulcumque sibi premat ipsa carina. 295
 Frangere nec tali puppim statione recuso ;
 Adrepta tellure semel. quae talia postquam

399. *So the dire.*] Virgil has finely improved this simile from Homer. See *Il. x.* Milton has copied it, and exceeded both his originals in sublimity.

——— Like a comet burn'd
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
 In th' Arctic sky ; and from his horrid hair
 Shakes pestilence and war. ———

P. L. B. 2. ver. 709.

This comparison is applied with greater propriety by Milton, than by either Homer or Virgil, as he is speaking of a being more than human.

So the dire comet, with portentous light
And baleful beams, glares dreadful in the night : 400
So the red dog-star, when he mounts on high,
And with his fatal splendor fires the sky,
Scares the pale nations ; for his burning breath
Darts down disease, blue pestilence, and death.
But still, undaunted, Turnus urg'd the train, 405
To seize the shore, and drive them to the main.

Lo ! what you long have wish'd, to prove your might,
The hour !—the place !—the foe !—the promis'd fight !—
Your wives, your sons, your country calls you on,
Your great forefathers' glories and your own. 410
Now while, with slidd'ring steps, to gain the land
The Trojans toil ; descend we to the strand ;
Soon as on yonder shore our bands appear,
One noble stroke, my friends, shall end the war :
The brave command succeeds.—The hero said ; 415
Then with himself for one cool moment weigh'd,
To the bold task what chosen troops to call,
And to what bands entrust the leaguer'd wall.

Meantime the hero lands his warlike train ;
Some watch, impatient, the retreating main ; 420
Then vault, and seize the half-recover'd shores ;
Some slide, more vent'rous, down the bending oars.
A place at length the daring Tarchon spy'd,
Where in smooth swellings roll'd an easy tide ;
There, as no waters break, no billows roar, 425
He fears no shoals, but hopes a friendly shore,
Thither his vessels from the deep he drew,
And eager thus exhorts the naval crew :
Now, now, my friends, exert your utmost force,
Ply, ply your oars, and urge the furious course. 430
Push, heave your desp'rate gallies to the strand ;
Plow with your beaks and keels the hostile land.
My sole ambition is to gain the coast :
And then—no matter—let the ship be lost.

Effatus Tarcho, socii confurgere tonfis,
 Spumantisque rates arvis inferre Latinis :
 Donec rostra tenent siccum, et sedere carinae 300
 Omnes innocuae. sed non puppis tua, Tarcho.
 Namque inflicta vadis dorso dum pendet iniquo,
 Anceps, sustentata diu, fluctusque fatigat,
 Solvitur, atque viros mediis exponit in undis :
 Fragmina remorum quos et fluitantia transtra 305
 Inpediunt, retrahitque pedem simul unda relabens.
 Nec Turnum segnis retinet mora : sed rapit acer
 Totam aciem in Teucros, et contra in litore sistit.
 Signa canunt. primus turmas invasit agrestis
 Aeneas, omen pugnae; stravitque Latinos, 310
 Occiso Therone, virum qui maximus ultro
 Aenean petit. huic gladio perque aerea sueta,
 Per tunicam squalentem auro, latus haurit apertum.
 Inde Lichan ferit, exsectum jam matre peremta
 Et tibi, Phoebe, sacrum; casus evadere ferri 315
 Quod licuit parvo. noc longe Cissea durum,
 Inmanemque Gyan, sternentes agmina clava,
 Dejecit leto: nil illos Herculis arma,
 Nil validae juvere manus, genitorque Melampus,
 Alcidae comes, usque gravis dum terra labores 320

439. *Safe to the shelving beach.*] *Innocuae*, says Ruæus, is here to be taken passively for *illae sae*. Thus Lucan uses the word *innoxia*, Lib. Pharf. 9. ver. 895. speaking of the *Psyllæ*:

— *Gens unica terris*

Incolit a saevo serpentum innoxia morsu.

Catrou thus understands the word.

450. *When great Aeneas charg'd the Latian swains.*] By the *turmas agrestes*, we are to understand, men levied in the country by the Latins. These were much better soldiers than the militia rais'd in towns. The army of the Latins was made up in an hurry, and did not consist of regular troops.

CATROU.

So spoke th' impatient chief; and, as he spoke, 435
 They ply their oars, and rise to ev'ry stroke.
 Full on the land the rushing vessels bore,
 Till with their prows they cleave the sandy shore.
 Safe to the shelving beach the gallies run;
 All 'scap'd the shock, brave Tarchon, but thy own. 440
 Thy own amid the shallows rush'd, and there
 Dash'd on the rock, and sloping hung in air:
 Prest by a war of waves, her shatter'd sides
 Burst, and the crew plunge headlong in the tides.
 They swim, incumber'd with their broken oars: 445
 The floods supplant their feet, and bear them from the
 shores.

Meantime against the Trojans, on the coast,
 Brave Turnus led his close-embattled host.
 The sprightly trumpets sound with martial strains,
 When great Æneas charg'd the Latian swains; 450
 The valiant Theron slew, with matchless might,
 The first auspicious omen of the fight;
 A giant chief; his furious course he held
 Against the prince, the foremost of the field.
 Fierce thro' his shield and mail (an op'ning wide!) 455
 Flew the swift sword, and pierc'd the warrior's side.
 Then Lycas bled, and stain'd the thirsty shore,
 To Phœbus sacred from his natal hour;
 Ripp'd from the womb, the infant 'scap'd the steel!
 The man, unhappy! by the faulchion fell. 460
 Gyas and Cisseus next the hero slew,
 As their huge clubs whole armies overthrew.
 Vain was their strength, their bulk, their martial fire,
 Vain their Herculean arms, and boasted fire,
 Alcides' friend; whose glorious steps he trod, 465
 While earth supply'd new monsters for the god.

459. *Ripp'd from.*] It was a custom to consecrate to Apollo,
 the god of medicine, the infants that came into the world in
 this extraordinary manner.

Praebuit. ecce Pharo, voces dum jactat inertis,
 Intorquens jaculum clamanti sistit in ore.
 Tu quoque, flaventem prima lanugine malas
 Dum sequeris Clytium infelix nova gaudia, Cydon ;
 Dardania stratus dextra, securus amorum, 325
 Qui juvenum tibi semper erant, miserande, jaceres :
 Ni fratrum stipata cohors foret obvia Phorci
 Progenies numero septem, septenaque tela
 Conjiciunt. partim galea clipeoque refultant
 Inrita ; deflexit partim stringentia corpus 330
 Alma Venus. fidum Aeneas adfatur Achaten :
 Suggere tela mihi, non ullum dextera frustra
 Torserit in Rutulos steterunt quae in corpore Graium
 Iliacis campis. magnam tum conripit hastam,
 Et jacit. illa volans clipei transverberat aera 335
 Maconis, ac thoraca simul cum pectore rumpit.
 Huic frater subit Alcanor, fratremque ruentem
 Sustentat dextra : trajecto missa lacerto
 Protinus hasta fugit, servatque cruenta tenorem :
 Dexteraque ex humero nervis moribunda pendit. 340
 Tum Numitor, jaculo fratris de corpore raptō,
 Aenean petiit : sed non et figere contra
 Et licitum, magnique femur perstrinxit Achatae.
 Hic Curibus, fidens primaevo corpore, Clausus
 Advenit, et rigida Dryopen ferit eminus hasta, 345
 Sub mentum graviter pressa, pariterque loquentis
 Vocem animamque rapit trajecto gutture : at ille

478. *Turn'd by Venus.*] How came Venus to interfere in the combat, says Donatus, after Jupiter's prohibition?—Jupiter had only exhorted the gods to concord ; and Juno, Venus, and Juturnus, took party.

480. *Achates.*] Our hero's friend must be allowed to make but an inconsiderable figure in these three last books. He is no Patroclus.

As loudly-vaunting, haughty Pharos stood,
Fixt in his throat, the jav'lin drank his blood.
On Cydon next, who, fir'd with lawless joy,
Fair Clytius courted and caress'd the boy, 470
With all his force the mighty hero drove,
And soon had finish'd his prepos't'rous love;
Soon had the youth, expiring on the shore,
Sunk, and indulg'd his guilty flames no more;
But Phorcus' sons, seven valiant warriors, flew, 475
And all at once their vengeful jav'lins threw;
Some from his buckler and his helm rebound,
Some, turn'd by Venus, glance upon the ground.
Thus press'd, thus compass'd round on ev'ry side,
The wrathful prince to brave Achates cry'd; 480
Bring, bring those darts (not one shall fly in vain)
That pierc'd the Grecians on the Trojan plain.
Then a long lance with all his might he cast,
Thro' Mæon's shield the furious weapon pass'd;
Thro' the strong cuirass pierc'd the hissing dart, 485
Transfixt his breast, and quiver'd in his heart.
The good Alcanor lends his friendly hand,
To raise his grov'ling brother from the sand;
But, wing'd with death, a second jav'lin flies,
Swift as the first, and sings along the skies; 490
Thro' his extended arm the spear was flung;
And by the nerves the dying member hung.
His brother Numitor the weapon drew
From the pale corse, and at the victor threw;
The whizzing dart glanc'd innocently by, 495
But slightly raz'd Achates' manly thigh.
Next Clausus, flush'd with youthful strength and grace,
(Clausus, the leader of the Sabine race)
Beheld the mighty Dryops from afar,
And launch'd his pointed spear aloft in air, 500
Which pierc'd his throat; the purple hand of death
Suppress'd the voice, and stopp'd the vital breath.

Fronte ferit terram, et crassum vomit ore cruorem.
 Tris quoque Threïcios Boreae de gente suprema,
 Et tris, quos Idas pater et patria Ismara mittit, 350
 Per varios sternit casus. adcurrit Halaesus
 Auruncaeque manus : subit et Neptunia proles,
 Insignis Meffapus equis : expellere tendunt
 Nunc hi, nunc illi : certatur limine in ipso
 Aufoniae. magno discordes aethere venti 355
 Proelia ceu tollunt, animis et viribus aequis.
 Non ipse inter se, non nubila, non mare cedunt ;
 Anceps pugna diu ; stant obnixa omnia contra.
 Haud aliter Trojanae acies aciesque Latinae
 Concurrunt : haeret pede pes, densusque viro vir. 360
 At parte ex alia, qua saxa rotantia late
 Impulerat torrens, arbuſtaque diruta ripis,
 Arcades, infuetos acies inferre pedestris,
 Ut vidit Pallas Latio dare terga sequaci,
 Aspera quis natura loci dimittere quando 365
 Suafit equos ; unum rebus quod restat egenis,
 Nunc prece, nunc dictis virtutem accendit amaris :
 Quo fugitis, focii ? per vos et fortia facta,
 Per ducis Euandri nomen, devictaque bella,
 Spemque meam, patriae quae nunc subit aemula laudi, 370

506. *Three sons of Boreas blud.*] These words *Boreae de gente suprema* may have two significations ; viz. that these three first Thracians were of the divine family of Boreas ; that is to say, sons of Zethus or Calais, who were the off-spring of Boreas and Orythia ; but this interpretation is the most simple ; viz. That these three brothers were of the most northern part of Thrace, where Boreas reigns.

Headlong he falls ; he grovels on the shore,
 And his pale mouth ejects a flood of gore.
 Still rushing on, the chief the slaughter spread ; 505
 By various deaths three sons of Boreas bled.
 As many more, poor hapless youths ! expire ;
 Their country Thrace, and Idas was their fire.
 Against the prince his bands Halesus leads,
 And fierce Messapus lash'd his fiery steeds. 510
 In furious conflict mix'd, both armies stand
 On the first verge, and margin of the land ;
 They meet, they fight ; but neither gain, nor yield ;
 And level hung the balance of the field,
 As when the winds from different quarters rise, 515
 Pour to the charge, and combat in the skies,
 In due suspense the struggling tempests keep
 The balanc'd clouds, and poise the rolling deep ;
 The winds and waves oppos'd with equal might,
 Still undecided hangs th' aerial fight : 520
 So join both armies in the dubious fray ;
 These scorn to yield, nor those can win the day ;
 All, man to man, exert the martial fire ;
 All, foot to foot, or conquer, or expire.
 But, in a diff'rent quarter, where the floods 525
 Had spread the ground with shatter'd rocks and woods,
 Th' Arcadian squadrons from their steeds alight,
 And wage on foot an unaccustom'd fight,
 Now to an open rout their ranks inclin'd,
 And close their foes came thund'ring from behind. 530
 This saw their chief, brave Pallas, with despair ;
 He saw, and strove to stop the flying war ;
 And thus the troops, as headlong they retir'd,
 With pray'rs he mov'd, or with reproaches fir'd :
 Whither, ah, whither would you turn your flight ? 535
 By your past deeds ! by ev'ry former fight !
 By all your triumphs ! by your sov'reign's name !
 By my own hopes to match my father's fame !

Fidite ne pedibus. ferro rumpenda per hostis
 Est via, qua globus ille virum densissimus arguet :
 Hac vos et Pallanta ducem patria alta reposcit.
 Numina nulla premunt : mortali urguemur ab hoste
 Mortales : totidem nobis animaeque manusque. 375
 Ecce, maris magna claudit nos objice pontus :
 Deest jam terra fugae. pelagus Trojamne petemus ?
 Haec ait, et medius denfos prorumpit in hostis.
 Obvius huic primum, fatis adductus iniquis,
 Fit Lagus : hunc, vellit magno dum pondere saxum, 380
 Intorto figit telo, discrimina costis
 Per medium qua spina dabat : hastamque receptat
 Ossibus haerentem. quem non super occupat Hisbo,
 Ille quidem hoc sperans : nam Pallas ante ruentem,
 Dum furit incautum crudeli morte sodalis, 385
 Excipit, atque enses tumido in pulmone recondit.
 Hinc Sthenelum petit, et Rhoeti de gente vetusta
 Anchemolum, thalamos ausum incestare novercae,
 Vos etiam gemini Rutulis cecidistis in arvis,
 Daucia Laride, Thymberque, simillima proles, 390
 Indiscreta suis, gratulque parentibus error.
 At nunc dura dedit vobis discrimina Pallas :
 Nam tibi, Thymbre, caput Euandrius abstulit ensis :
 Te decisa suum, Laride, dextera quaerit ;
 Semanimesque micant digiti, ferrumque retractant. 395

563. *So like your features.*] Thus Claudian speaking of the resemblance between Castor and Pollux.

— *Juvat ipse tonantem*

Error, & ambiguae placet ignorantia matri.

This description of our poet is simple and chaste enough, considering, that the subject is purely epigrammatical.

571. *The dying fingers.*] It must be owned, that there is not that great variety of wounds, and different manners of dying, described by our poet as by Homer.

Trust not your feet ; your hands must hew your way
Thro' yon black body, and that thick array. 540
Here, here, your country calls you all, to share
With your young chief the glories of the war.
Rush to the fight ; no gods our arms oppose ;
Men, like ourselves, and mortal, are our foes.
In us an equal strength and soul appears, 545
Our hands and spirits are as bold as theirs.
Lo ! there the foes our bands imprison'd keep !
And here th' eternal barriers of the deep !
Back on the seas, ye dastards, would ye fall ?
Or hide your shameful heads in yon beleaguerr'd wall ? 550
He said ; and, rushing on the hostile bands,
First in his way ill-fated Lagus stands ;
Low as he stoop'd, a mighty stone to rear,
Full in the reins descends the pointed spear ;
Then, as he disengag'd the dart with pain, 555
Fir'd at the sight, bold Hisbon rush'd in vain
Against the prince ; the prince his bosom gor'd,
And plung'd into the lungs his thund'ring sword :
Next, lewd Anchemolus his faulchion sped,
Who dar'd to stain his stepdame's sacred bed. 560
You too, ye Daucian twins, unhappy pair !
Laris and Thymber ! perish'd in the war :
So like your features, that your parents look
On either face, but each for each mistook.
Puzzled, yet pleas'd, they gaz'd on either child, 565
And fondly in the dear delusion smil'd.
Now clears brave Pallas, in the dire debate,
The nice distinction by a different fate.
Thy head, fair Thymber, flies before the sword ;
Thy hand, poor Laris, sought its absent lord ; 570
The dying fingers, quiv'ring on the plain,
With starts convulsive grasp the steel in vain.

Arcadas accensos monitu, et praeclara tuentis
 Facta viri, mixtus dolor et pudor armat in hostis.
 Tum Pallas, bijugis fugientem Rhoetea praeter
 Trajicit. hoc spatium, tantumque morae fuit Ilo;
 Ilo namque procul validam direxerat hastam : 400
 Quam medius Rhoeteus intercipit, optime Teuthra,
 Te fugiens, fratremque Tyren : curruque volutus
 Caedit semanimis Rutulorum calcibus arva.
 Ac velut optato, ventis aestate coortis,
 Dispersa inmittit silvis incendia pastor : 405
 Conreptis subito mediis, extenditur una
 Horrida per latos acies Volcania campos :
 Ille sedens victor flammās despectat ovantis.
 Non aliter sociū virtus coit omnis in unum :
 Teque juvat, Palla. sed bellis acer Halaeus 410
 Tendit in adversos, seque in sua conligit arma.
 Hic maētat Ladona, Pheretaque, Demodocumque :
 Strymonio dextram fulgenti deripit ense
 Elatam in jugulum : saxo ferit ora Thoantis,
 Ossaque dispersit cerebro permixta cruento. 415
 Fata canens silvis genitor celārat Halaesum ;
 Ut senior leto canentia lumina solvit.
 Injecere manum Parcae, telisque sacrarunt

606. *The fatal sisters.*] Virgil (says Catrou) here alludes to two customs, the one belonging to the civil law, and the other to the pontifices. By the words *injecere manum parcae*, we are to understand what the lawyers signify by the *manus injectio*, that is, seizing or taking possession. The *telis sacrarunt* alludes to the practice of the pontifices when they destined a victim to the altar.

The Arcadian squadrons, by their prince inspir'd,
Rous'd by his words, by his example fir'd,
Disdain to fly, and arms to arms oppose; 575
Grief, shame, and fury, drive them on the foes,
From Teuthras and from Tyres, on his car
Pale Rhœteus shoots impetuous thro' the war;
While Pallas his swift dart at Ilus threw,
It pierc'd the hapless warrior as he flew. 580
The winged death the hapless warrior stay'd,
And for a space, poor Ilus' fate delay'd;
He tumbles from the car, distain'd with gore,
And, grim in death, lies foaming on the shore.
As, when the summer glows with fervid rays, 585
The shepherd sets the forest in a blaze,
The groves all kindle, while the winds conspire,
And with their breath enrage the roaring fire:
Wide and more wide the conflagration flies,
Pours o'er the fields, and thunders to the skies: 590
On some steep mountain sits the joyful swain,
While the victorious flames devour the plain.
So pleas'd, brave Pallas sees th'Arcadian pow'rs,
All fir'd with vengeance, sweep along the shores.
Halefus flew to meet the conqu'ring foe; 595
Sheath'd in bright arms, he rose to ev'ry blow.
First Ladon sunk beneath his pointed steel;
Then great Demodocus and Pheres fell.
While bold Strymonius flies before the band
To seize his throat; the faulchion lops his hand: 600
Hurl'd from his arm, a stone descended full
On Thoas' head, and crush'd the batter'd skull.
His old prophetic fire, with tender care,
Conceal'd, and warn'd Halefus from the war.
But when in death he clos'd his aged eyes, 605
The fatal sisters claim'd their destin'd prize.
Now stood the warrior (for his hour drew near)
A victim sacred to th' Evandrian spear.

Euandri. quem sic Pallas petit ante precatus :
 Da nunc, Thybri pater, ferro, quod missile libro, 420
 Fortunam atque viam duri per pectus Halaesi.
 Haec arma exuviasque viri tua quercus habebit.
 Audiit illa deus, dum textit Imaona Halaesus,
 Arcadio infelix telo dat pectus inermum.
 At non caede viri tanta perterrita Lausus, 425
 Pars ingens belli, finit agmina : primus Abantem
 Oppositum interimit, pugnae nodumque moramque.
 Sternitur Arcadiae proles ; sternuntur Etrusci ;
 Et vos, ô Graiis inperdita corpora, Teucri.
 Agmina concurrunt ducibusque et viribus aequis. 430
 Extremi addensent acies : nec turba moveri
 Tela manusque finit. hinc Pallas instat et urguet,
 Hinc contra Lausus, (multum nec discrepat aetas)
 Egregii formae ; sed quis fortuna negârat
 In patriam reditus. ipsos concurrere passus 435
 Haud tamen inter se magni regnator Olympi :
 Mox illos sua fata manent majore sub hoste.
 Interea foror alma monet succedere Lauso
 Turnum ; qui volucris curru medium secatur agmen.
 Ut vidit focios ; Tempus desistere pugnae. 440
 Solus ego in Pallanta feror ; soli mihi Pallas
 Debetur : cuperem ipse parens spectator adesset.

629. *Here Pallas fires his train, and Lausus there.*] It was natural for the reader (says Trapp) to think that these two young princes, being so equally matched, and now so near together, must meet and fight. The poet shews us, that he was not unmindful of this ; and so starts this idea : but passes from it to a quite different one ; and gives us an hint of what would be the fate of them both. This is extremely ingenious and judicious ; first, causing in the mind that, which never fails to please it, vicissitude and surprize ; secondly, shewing the art of the poet in telling us what he could have done, though he does it not. It may be observed too, that it was more glory to these two youthful heroes to be slain, as they were, by enemies so far superior to themselves, than for either to have killed the other, or for both to have been killed by each other. Not to mention the beautiful use, which the poet afterwards makes of their deaths. Thus far Dr. Trapp. In like manner the reader's expectation

His jav'lin Pallas at the victor throws,
But first the youth prefers his ardent vows; 610
O father Tyber! give my winged dart,
To fly direct thro' proud Halesus' heart!
His arms and spoils thy sacred oak shall bear;
So pray'd the youth; the god allows his pray'r.
Halesus shields Imaon from the foe, 615
But leaves his breast all-naked to the blow.
He fell; his fall alarm'd the Latian host;
They wept, and mourn'd the mighty hero lost.
But soon brave Lausus rais'd them from despair;
Lausus, who shone conspicuous in the war. 620
Stern Abas first he slew, of matchless might,
Who stood unmov'd, the bulwark of the fight.
Now bled the Tuscan, now th' Arcadian train,
And Troy's bold sons, who 'scap'd the Greeks in vain.
Fierce to the fight beneath their chiefs they came; 625
Their chiefs, their numbers, and their strength, the same.
The rear close-pressing to the dire alarms,
Th' incumber'd troops scarce wield their useless arms.
Here Pallas fires his train, and Lausus there;
In all their charms the blooming youths appear. 630
Poor, hapless youths! alas! your native plain
Must never, never bless your eyes again!
In vain would you engage! for Jove withstands;
Both, both must fall; but fall by greater hands!
Now Turnus to the aid of Lausus came, 635
Warn'd by his sister*, the celestial dame;
Thro' cleaving ranks he drives his kindling car
With furious speed, and thunders thro' the war.
Forbear, forbear; nor touch my due, he cries;
For Pallas, Pallas is your leader's prize. 640
To me, to me alone, belongs the fight:
Oh! could his fire be witness to the fight!

expectation is raised in B. 4. of the Par. Lost, where an encounter is likely to ensue between Satan and the angelic squadron.

* *Juturna.*

Haec ait; et focii cesserunt aequore jussu.
 At Rutulûm abscessu juvenis, tum jussa superba
 Miratus, stupet in Turno, corpusque per ingens 445
 Lumina volvit, obitque truci procul omnia visu.
 Talibus et dictis it contra dicta tyranni:
 Aut spoliis ego jam raptis laudabor opimis,
 Aut leto insigni. forti pater aequus utrique est.
 Tolle minas. fatus medium procedit in aequor. 450
 Frigidus Arcadibus coit in praecordia sanguis.
 Defiluit Turnus bijugis: pedes adparat ire
 Conminus. utque leo, specula cum vidit ab alta
 Stare procul campis meditantem in proelia taurum,
 Advolat. haud alia et Turni venientis imago. 455
 Hunc ubi contiguum missae fore credidit hastae,
 Ire prior Pallas, si qua fors adjuvet ausum
 Viribus inparibus; magnumque ita ad aethera fatur:
 Per patris hospitium, et mensas, quas advena adisti,
 Te precor, Alcida, coeptis ingentibus adsis: 460
 Cernant semineci sibi me rapere arma cruenta,
 Victoremque ferant morientia lumina Turni.
 Audiit Alcides juvenem, magnumque sub imo
 Corde premit gemitum, lacrimasque effundit inanis.
 Tum genitor gnatum dictis adfatur amicis: 465
 Stat sua cuique dies. breve et inreparabile tempus
 Omnibus est vitae: sed famam extendere factis,
 Hoc virtutis opus. Trojae sub moenibus altis

653. *My father stands prepar'd.*] Dryden translates *pater* in this place by *Jupiter*:

Jove is impartial, and to both the same.

In this interpretation he is greatly mistaken; for *forti pater æquus utrique*, is manifestly an answer to *cuperem ipse parens spectator adesset*. In his dedication before the *Æneis* he observes, "how could Ruæus imagine, that it was the same thing to Evander, if his son were slain, or if he overcame?" The poet certainly intended *Jupiter* the father of mankind." *Æquus* implies, *he* [Evander] *is able to bear, is equal to, forti utrique, either chance, my living or dying.*

He said; and at the word, th' obedient train
At once retir'd, and left an open plain.

The youth with wonder saw the parting band, 645
Heard the bold challenge, and the proud command,
With many a fiery glance he roll'd his eyes
Around his manly limbs, and ample size;
And to his haughty foe, in short, replies:
Now, by thy royal spoils I will acquire 650
Immortal fame; or gloriously expire!

Then vaunt no more; for know, almighty Jove
Beholds the fight, impartial, from above.

This said; amid the field the hero strode;
All-chill'd with fear, the pale Arcadians stood. 655

The Daunian chief sprung dreadful from the car,
And rush'd on foot, impetuous to the war;
Rush'd, as a lion, from the mountain's height,
On some stern bull, that meditates the fight.

But soon as Pallas saw the prince appear 660
Within due distance of the flying spear,
Tho' far o'er-match'd, the youth his fortune tries;
And, ere he threw the dart, invok'd the skies:
O great Alcides! by my father's feast,
Thyself vouchsaf'd to grace, a glorious guest; 665
Assist his son, and crown his bold design;
Let Turnus fall, and own the conquest mine;
And, while the victor spoils the bloody prize,
View the proud trophy with his closing eyes.

His ardent pray'r with grief Alcides hears, 670
And pours a flood of unavailing tears:
While in his breast he check'd the rising groan,
Th' all-gracious father sooth'd his sorrowing son:

To all that breathe, is fixt th' appointed date;
Life is but short, and circumscrib'd by fate; 675
'Tis virtue's work, by fame to stretch the span,
Whose scanty limit bounds the days of man.

Tot gnati cecidere deum : quin occidit una
 Sarpedon mea progenies. et jam sua Turnum 470
 Fata vocant, metasque dati pervenit ad aevi.
 Sic ait, atque oculos Rutulorum rejicit arvis.
 At Pallas magnis emittit viribus hastam,
 Vaginaque cava fulgentem deripit enssem.
 Illa volans, humeri surgunt qua tegmina summa, 475
 Incidit, atque viam clipei est molita per oras,
 Tandem etiam magno strinxit de corpore Turni.
 Hic Turnus ferro praefixum robur acuto
 In Pallanta diu librans jacet, atque ita fatur :
 Aspice, num mage sit nostrum penetrabile telum. 480
 Dixerat : at clipeum, tot ferri terga tot aeris,
 Quem pellis toties obeat circumdata tauri,
 Vibranti cuspis medium transverberat ictu,
 Loricaeque moras et pectus perforat ingens.
 Ille rapit calidum frustra de vulnere telum : 485
 Una eademque via sanguisque animusque sequuntur.
 Conruit in vulnus : sonitum super arma dedere :
 Et terram hostilem moriens petit ore cruento.
 Quem Turnus super adstans,
 Arcades, haec, inquit, memores mea dicta referte 490
 Euandro. qualem meruit, Pallanta remitto.
 Quisquis honos tumuli, quidquid solamen humandi est,
 Largior. haud illi stabunt Aeneïa parvo
 Hospitia. et laevo preffit pede, talia fatus,
 Exanimum, rapiens inmania pondera baltei, 495

635. *Turns from the scene of blood his sacred eyes.*]

— *Oculos Rutulorum rejicit arvis.*

Ruëus, I believe, is singular in his exposition of this passage, *retulit oculos ad campos Trojanorum* ; he turn'd his eyes *towards*, &c. which, says Trapp, is bad sense, and worse grammar. Castron remarks, that Jupiter, in turning his eyes from the field of battle, shews that he will espouse neither party, Trojan or Rutulian, according to his promise. But is not this promise afterwards broken, when he sends down a fury, B. 12. ver. 1204. to terrify Turnus? Is not this espousing the Trojans?—Trapp tells us, that Jupiter turned his eyes *away*, that he might not see a death, which he would have prevented, and was not able.

How many sons of gods were doom'd to fall,
Great as they were ! beneath the Trojan wall !
Great as he was ! among the mighty dead, 680
Ev'n my own son, the brave Sarpedon bled :
Fierce Turnus too the cruel fates attend,
And now, ev'n now, his race is at an end.

This said ; th' almighty sovereign of the skies
Turns from the scene of blood his sacred eyes. 685

Now with full force his jav'lin Pallas threw,
And from the sheath the shining faulchion drew.
The whizzing spear, with erring course impell'd,
Flew through the ringing margin of the shield,
And, glancing, raz'd the shoulder of the foe.— 690

Then Turnus shook the lance ; prepar'd to throw :
He shook the lance ; and see, he cry'd, if mine
Reach not the mark ; a surer dart than thine !
He said, and threw. The spear with forceful sway
Broke, thro' the solid shield, its destin'd way ; 695

Thro' ev'ry steely plate, and brazen fold,
Thro' thick bull-hides, around the buckler roll'd ;
Thro' the strong cuirass flew the furious dart,
Transfix'd his breast, and panted in his heart.
From the wide wound in vain the lance he tore, 700
The purple soul came floating with the gore.

Down sunk the youth ; his rattling arms resound ;
He spurns, and grinds in blood the hostile ground.
Then, as he strode, exulting, o'er the dead,
Thus to th' Arcadian train the victor said : 705

Go !—be this message to your master known ;
Such as the fire deserv'd, I send the son ;
Unbrib'd, unfought his relics I bestow,
If fun'ral honours can relieve his woe.

Dear for the Trojans friendship has he paid !— 710
Then with his foot he prest the prostrate dead ;
Seiz'd his embroider'd belt, a glorious prey !
And from his bosom rent the prize away.

Inpressuque nefas : una sub nocte jugali
 Caesa manus juvenum foede, thalamique cruenti :
 Quae Clonus Eurytides multo caelaverat auro :
 Quo nunc Turnus ovat spolio gaudetque potitus.
 Nescia mens hominum fati fortisque futurae, 505
 Et fervare modum rebus sublata secundis.
 Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
 Intactum Pallanta, et cum spolia ista diemque
 Oderit. at focii multo gemitu lacrimisque
 Inpositum scuto referunt Pallanta frequentes. 505
 O dolor atque decus magnum rediture parenti ;
 Haec te prima dies bello dedit, haec eadem aufert :
 Cum tamen ingentis Rutulorum linquis acervos.
 Nec jam fama mali tanti, sed certior auctor
 Advolat Aeneae, tenui discrimine leti 510
 Esse suos : tempus versis succurrere Teucris.

716. *Here, thick emboss'd.*] Statius, Theb. 4. gives one of his heroes a shield ornamented with this story :

— *perfectaque vivit in auro*
Nox Danaï : fontes furiarum lampade nigra
Quinquaginta ardent thalami : pater, ipse cruentis
In foribus, laudatque nefas, atque inspicit enses.

Which last expression is very picturesque.

722. *But man, too* { *haughty.* } Thus Homer of Chromius and Aretus. Il. 17.

In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
 In vain advance, not fated to return !

These beautiful anticipations (says Pope) are frequent in the poets, who affect to speak in the character of prophets, and men inspired with a knowledge of futurity. So Tasso, Cant. 12. St. 58.

O vanity of man's unstable mind !
 Puff'd up with every blast of friendly wind !
 LIX.

Why joy'st thou, wretch ? Oh what shall be thy gain ?
 What trophy this, the bold Tancredi rears ?
 Thine eyes shall shed, in case thou be not slain,
 For ev'ry drop of blood a sea of tears.

FAIRFAX.
 Milton

In this rich belt, with precious gold inlaid,
His utmost art Eurytion had display'd. 715

Here, thick emboss'd, the fifty daughters shed
Their consorts blood, and stain'd the bridal bed;
The rais'd, bold figures, all divinely bright
Came out, and stood projecting to the sight.
This spoil proud Turnus with triumphant eyes 720
Surveys, and glories in the costly prize.

But man, too haughty in a prosp'rous state,
Grows blind and heedless of his future fate:
The time shall come, when Turnus in dismay,
Shall mourn these spoils, and this victorious day; 725
Shall wish, too late! the golden belt unsought,
And curse the trophies he so dearly bought!

With groans and tears th' Arcadians, on a shield,
Bear back their breathless leader from the field.

Thus to thy father's arms dost thou retire, 730
Brave youth, the grief and glory of thy fire!
O early lost! with strength and beauty grac'd!
This thy first day of warfare was thy last:
Yet didst thou scatter death through half an host;
And, ere thy own, a thousand lives were lost. 735

Now by spectators, not the voice of fame,
To Troy's great chief these mournful tidings came;
That round his friends, on danger, danger grows,
Who claim his aid encompass'd by the foes.

Milton makes the like apostrophe to Eve at her leaving
Adam, before she met the serpent:

———She, to him, engag'd
To be return'd by noon, amid the bower,
And all things, in best order, to invite
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve!
Thou never from that hour in paradise,
Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose.

Par. L. B. 9. 400.

Proxima quaeque metit gladio, latumque per agmen
 Ardens limitem agit ferro; te, Turne, superbum
 Caede nova quaerens. Pallas, Euander, in ipsis
 Omnia sunt oculis: mensae, quas advena primas 515
 Tunc adiit, dextraeque datae. Sulmone creatos
 Quatuor hic juvenes; totidem, quos educat Ufens,
 Viventis rapit, inferias quos inmolet umbris,
 Captivoque rogi perfundat sanguine flammæ.
 Inde Mago procul infensam contenderat hastam; 520
 Ille astu subit: ac tremebunda supervolat hasta.
 Et genua amplectens effatur talia supplex:
 Per patrios manis, per spes surgentis Iuli,
 Te precor hanc animam serves gnatoque patrique.
 Est domus alta: jacent penitus defossa talenta 525
 Caelati argenti; sunt auri pondera facti
 Infectique mihi. non hic victoria Teucrûm
 Vertitur; aut anima una dabit discrimina tanta.
 Dixerat. Aeneas contra cui talia reddit:
 Argenti atque auri memoras quæ multa talenta, 530
 Gnatis parce tuis. belli commercia Turnus

746. *Four youths.*] Pope observes, that Virgil expresses no disapprobation of this cruel action, which the Greek poet does in plain terms, speaking of this in *Iliad* 23. ver. 176.

———Κακὰ δὲ φρεσὶ μνηστέον ἔργα.

It is not only (says he) the fierce Achilles, but the pious and religious Æneas, whose very character is virtue and compassion, that reserves several young unfortunate captives taken in battle, to sacrifice them to the manes of his favourite hero.—As this is to be considered as a religious rite, and not an action of revenge, I do not see why Æneas should discover any detestation of it.

764. *Thy talents.*] These tender and affecting expressions, with which Magus endeavours to sooth the wrath of Æneas, but without effect, support a charge of great inhumanity against our hero, as well as the slaughter of Liger and Lucagus, the two brothers, who beg their lives of him, and whom he insults in sarcasms that do not become a man of any generosity.

These instances, and his unrelenting revenge upon Turnus, raise a strong party against him: but, considering the importance

With his huge weighty sword, without delay, 740
 Thro' bleeding ranks he cleaves an ample way.
 Thee, Turnus, thee he seeks along the plain,
 Proud of the spoils of hapless Pallas slain.
 The genial feast, the son, the fire combin'd,
 Leagues, friendship, all, came rushing on his mind. 745
 Four youths by Sulmo, four by Ufens, bred,
 Unhappy victims ! destin'd to the dead,
 He seiz'd alive, to offer on the pyre,
 And sprinkle with their blood the fun'ral fire.
 At Magus next his furious spear he cast, 750
 But o'er his head the quiv'ring weapon past :
 'The wretch embrac'd his knees, and try'd with art,
 To bend his stern, inexorable heart.
 By thy dead father's shade, thy suppliant spare !
 By all the hopes of thy surviving heir ! 755
 Preserve, victorious prince, this life alone,
 To glad a longing father and a son !
 High in my dome are silver talents roll'd,
 With piles of labour'd and unlabour'd gold.
 These, to procure my ransom, I resign ; 760
 The war depends not on a life like mine !
 One, one poor life, can no such diff'rence yield,
 Nor turn the mighty balance of the field !
 Thy talents (cry'd the prince), thy treasur'd store
 Keep for thy sons ; but talk of terms no more. 765

ance of the objection, it is not to be supposed, that I am the first who appeared in his defence.

Gallutius is very copious in his apology for this poet, Artic. 9. B. 1. where he discusses this important question, whether the man who kills his enemies, that beg their lives, who devotes the four children of Ufens, and the four children of Sulmo, to the manes of Pallas, to be slaughtered as a sacrifice on his tomb, had any claim to the appellation of just and merciful, as the poet pretends.

He goes thro' all these cases, and to every one gives a pertinent answer : I shall just mention his arguments, having already observed, that we are not to judge of one age by

Sustulit ista prior, jam tum Pallante perempto.
Hoc patris Anchisæ manes, hoc sentit Iulus.

another, much less of the religion of the ancients, by that we profess.

Doubtless, according to the precepts and the spirit of a religion so holy as the Christian, every such instance of unrelenting slaughter must be looked upon as the highest and most shocking barbarity. But such a censure makes nothing against Virgil: on the contrary, it proves that he is so far from having been guilty of a fault in this case, that if he had done otherwise, he would indeed have been much to blame, that is to say, if he had made his Pagan hero act like a Christian hero. We see clearly enough, that it was an instance of superstition most astonishing to think of, that the shades of the dead longed for these bloody sacrifices; and that the greatest misfortunes that could befall the soul, was to remain unassured of due vengeance for the death of the body. But this superstition was considered as a point of religion, and nothing was accounted more inhuman in the living, than to leave the shades of their friends unrevenged.

All the works of the ancients are full of instances of what I say. Achilles, who refused to engage the Trojans out of pique to Agamemnon, stifles this resentment when the death of Patroclus is to be avenged.

Lucan says, that the soul of Crassus murmured, that he was not revenged upon the Parthians, the Romans not having sent forces to obtain satisfaction for his defeat and death.

Ovid introduces Althea putting to death her son Meleager, to revenge the death of her other children. We all know the Greeks, on this account, sacrificed Polyxena at the tomb of Achilles. Dido in her death finds no circumstance more deplorable, than the thought of perishing unrevenged.

Moriemur inultæ?

And at the same time that Diana, B. 11. sees the death of Camilla as inevitable, she thinks of nothing but revenging it.

Upon the whole, as religion was concerned in this point, we ought to conclude Virgil acted very consistently, and with great propriety; that Æneas would have appeared destitute of humanity and piety towards his friend, if he had been prevented from avenging the death of Pallas, by a compassion which in that age would have been interpreted weakness. The poet is justified by shewing, that he had reason sufficient for introducing his hero acting in this manner.

—Pallas, Evander, in ipsi
Omnia sunt oculis.

As to the death of Turnus he is actually obliged to kill him
by

Your chief, when Pallas he depriv'd of breath,
 Left no conditions but revenge and death.
 So deems my living son ; my fire below ;
 And, from this sword, demand the life of ev'ry foe.

by the exprefs words of Evander ; if we confider, B. 11. what this unhappy father fends in charge to Æneas, by the men who bear the body of his fon :

*Vadite, & hæc regi memores mandata referte.
 Quod vitam moror in-vifam Pallante perempto,
 Dextera caufa tua eft ; Turnum gnatoquæ patrique
 Quem debere vides meritis, vacat hic tibi folus
 Fortunæque locus : non vitæ gaudia quæro ;
 Nec fas : fed gnato manes perferre fub imos.*

We must enter therefore into the sentiments that Æneas must be fupposed to derive from the morals of his religion, rather than thofe which the Chrillian infpires us with : we must figure to ourfelves, that it would have been much more inhuman in this hero, to have given lefs attention to the mifery of Pallas (whose foul he believed to be in a ftate of difconfo- late wandering till his death was avenged) than to the prayer of Magus, of Liger, or even of Turnus ; when, to remind him of the death of Pallas, the poet fo judiciously contrives to make him fee the belt which Turnus had fpoiled him of ; a circumftance not neceffary at the deaths of Liger or Magus, as they followed that of Pallas fo clofe.

Nay we fee the wrath of Æneas carries him fo far, as to make him tell Tarquitus (another whom he kills in the heat of the combat), that he fhould not enjoy the rites of burial, which the ancients efteemed fo great a miffortune. This fhews how far the piety and affection of Æneas to his friend, and to Evander, could push his courage.

SEGRAIS.

I cannot forbear adding, that our infidels feem not fuffi- ciently to have confidered, what a fpirit of mildnefs Chriftia- nity hath introduced into the world, and how much it hath foftened the minds of men. Witnefs the insolent and cruel treatment of captives, the expofing of children, the bloody gladiatorian fpectacles, the dreadful procriptions, the maffa- cres of flaves, the frequent poisonings, and many other enor- mous barbarities, commonly praftifed by the fo much admired Greeks and Romans.

768. *So deems my living fon ; my fire below.*] In reality the action of Turnus, in killing Pallas, is a piece of cowardice. He challenges to fingle combat, at the head of two armies, a youth unequal to himfelf either in ftrength or experience. On this action Æneas juftly founds his revenge. The verfe under confideration is not fo much a cruel fentiment, as it is

Sic fatus galeam laeva tenet, atque reflexa
 Cervice orantis capulo tenuis adplicat ensē. 535
 Nec procul Haemonides, Phoebi Triviaeque sacerdos,
 Infula cui sacra redimibat tempora vitta,
 Totus conlucens veste atque insignibus armis.
 Quem congressus agit campo, labsumque superstans
 Inmolat, ingentique umbra tegit. arma Serestus 540
 Lecta refert humeris, tibi, rex Gradive, tropaeum.
 Instaurant acies, Volcani stirpe creatus
 Caeculus, et veniens Marforum montibus Umbro.
 Dardanides contra furit: Anxuris ense sinistram,
 Et totum clipei ferro dejecerat orbem. 545
 Dixerat ille aliquid magnum, vimque adfore verbo
 Crediderat, caeloque animum fortasse ferebat;
 Canitiemque sibi et longos promiserat annos.
 Tarquitus exultans contra fulgentibus armis,
 Silvicolae Fauno Dryope quem nympa crearat, 550
 Obvius ardenti sese obtulit. ille reducta
 Loricam clipeique ingens onus inpedit hasta,

a direct answer to the intercession of Magus, who begs his life in the names of Anchises and Iulus. Lactantius, cited by Catrou, thinks the killing Magus too barbarous a deed for the pious Æneas: but we are to consider, that Æneas has just lost his friend Pallas, and, seeking to be revenged on Turnus, meets Magus: That even at this time,

The genial feast, the son, the fire combin'd,
 Leagues, friendship, all, came rushing on his mind.

Ver. 744. sup.

771. *Deep-bury'd in his neck.*] Virgil had this part of Homer in his view, when he described the death of Magus in the tenth Æneid. Those lines of his prayer where he offers a ransom, are translated from this of Adrastus; but both the prayer and answer Æneas makes, when he refuses him mercy, are very much heightened and improved. They also receive a great addition of beauty and propriety from the occasion on which he inserts them: young Pallas is just killed, and Æneas, seeking to be revenged upon Turnus, meets this Magus. Nothing can be a more artful piece of address than the first lines of that supplication, if we consider the character of Æneas, to whom it is made:

This said ; he seiz'd his helm ; and, while he pray'd, 770
Deep-bury'd in his neck the flaming blade.

Apollo's priest, illustrious Æmon's son,
In purple robes and radiant armour shone.
The sacred fillets bind his brows in vain !
Swift flies the gaudy warrior o'er the plain. 775
Beneath the prince the hapless victim dies,
And fate in endless slumber seals his eyes.
Sereftus strips his arms ; a costly load ;
A trophy destin'd to the * Thracian god.

Umbro, the Marfian chief, exerts his might, 780
And valiant Cæculus renews the fight ;
Against the prince he warms the troops in vain ;—
He pours, he storms, he thunders thro' the plain ;
Lops warlike Anxur's arms ; the hand and shield
Drop down, an useless burthen on the field. 785
Before he vaunted, and he seem'd to rise
In his proud thought, exalted, to the skies.
But ah ! in vain he rais'd his haughty mind
With the fond hope of years on years behind !

In arms great Tarquitus all-blazing stood, 790
Sprung from a Dryad and a Sylvan god.
Full in the hero's front he dar'd appear ;
But thro' his shield and corslet flew the spear.

*Per patrios manis, per spes surgentis Iuli,
Te precor hanc animam servas gnatoque patrique.*

And what can exceed the closeness and fulness of that reply
to it ?

— *Belli commercia Turnus
Sustulit ista prior, jam tum Pallante perempto.
Hoc patris Anchisæ manes, hoc sentit Iulus.*

This removes the imputation of cruelty from Æneas, which
had less agreed with his character, than it does with Agamem-
non's, whose reproof to Menelaus in this place, is not unlike
that of Samuel to Saul for not killing Agag.

POPE's Iliad, B. 6. 571

* Mars.

Tum caput orantis nequidquam et multa parantis
 Dicere deturbat terrae; truncumque tepentem
 Provolvens, super haec inimico pectore fatur : 555
 Istic nunc, metuende, jace. non te optima mater
 Condet humi, patriove onerabit membra sepulcro :
 Alitibus linguere feris : aut gurgite mersum
 Unda feret, piscesque inpasti volnera lambent.
 Protenus Antaeum et Lucan, prima agmina Turni, 560
 Persequitur, fortemque Numam, fulvomque Camertem,
 Magnanimo Volscente satum : ditissimus agri
 Qui fuit Aufonidum, ac tacitis regnavit Amyclis.
 Aegeon qualis, centum cui brachia dicunt
 Centenasque manus, quinquaginta oribus ignem 565
 Pectoribusque arsisse, Jovis cum fulmina contra
 Tot paribus streperet clipeis, tot stringeret ensis.
 Sic toto Aeneas defaevit in aequore victor,
 Ut semel intepuit mucro. quin ecce Niphaei
 Quadrijuges in equos adversaque pectora tendit : 570

798. *Lie, mighty warrior, there.*] After this manner Hector insults Patroclus :

Lie there, Patroclus ! and with thee the joy
 (Thy pride once promis'd) of subverting Troy,

But thou a prey to vultures shalt be made.

POPE'S H. II B. 16, 1003.

807. *And soft Amyclæ.*] Amyclæ, a city of Peloponnesus, is styled *tacitæ*, either because its inhabitants were too modest to resent an injury done them by a neighbouring nation, according to Ruæus ; or, as Servius remarks, because they followed the doctrine of Pythagoras, which enjoined to keep silence for five years, and never offer any violence to serpents : but this occasioned their destruction ; for, upon some of these venomous animals breaking out of a lake near their city, they religiously forbore to attack and kill them, and so were devoured by them.

808. *And as, of old.*] Æneas in no part of the Æneid appears more formidably great than in this. He rages like the giant Ægeon besieging Olympus with an hundred arms, &c.

The poet could not have represented, in a more expressive and lively manner, the terror that attended his hero, than by describing the horses of the enemy as frightened at his figure marching

Then as he pray'd, and begg'd his life in' vain,
 He lopp'd his head, that roll'd along the plain. 795
 The trunk still beating on the ground below,
 Thus in proud triumph spoke his conqu'ring foe :
 Lie, mighty warrior, there ! no mother's hand
 Shall now inter thee in thy native land ;
 But hungry beasts thy wretched corse shall tear, 800
 The fishes of the flood, and fowls of air.

Lycas and brave Antæus next he kill'd,
 Fierce as they fought, the champions of the field.
 Numa, and fair Camertes, then he slew,
 Who from bold Volscens his proud lineage drew, 805
 By far the wealthiest of the Latian train ;
 And soft Amyclæ own'd his easy reign.

And as, of old, the huge Ægeon stood
 Engag'd in battle with the thund'ring god ;
 Shook high Olympus with the dire alarms, 810
 And wag'd the war with all his hundred arms ;
 Long flames from fifty mouths the fiend expires
 Back to the skies, and answers fires with fires ;
 As many shining swords he shook, and held,
 Oppos'd to ev'ry bolt, a pond'rous shield. 815
 So, when his reeking sword in blood was dy'd,
 Fought the brave prince, and rag'd on ev'ry side.

Now fierce he rush'd against Nyphæus' car,
 Who shone conspicuous in the ranks of war ;

marching along (even when at a distance), and breathing revenge and destruction. Spenser has a very strong image of this kind, *F. Q. B. 5. c. 8. st. 37, &c.*

Speaking of prince Arthur fighting with the soldan :

At last from his victorious shield he drew
 The veil, which did his pow'rful light empeach ;
 And coming full before his horses view,
 As they upon him prest, it plain to them did shew :

38.

Like lightning flash, that hath the gazer burn'd ;
 So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
 That back again upon themselves they turn'd,
 And with their rider ran perforce away, &c.

Atque illi longe gradientem ac dira frementem
 Ut videre, metu versi retroque ruentes
 Effunduntque ducem rapiuntque ad litora currus.
 Interéa bijugis infert se Lucagus albis
 In medios, fraterque Liger : sed frater habenis 575
 Flectit equos : strictum rotat acer Lucagus ensē.
 Haud tulit Aeneas tanto fervore furentes :
 Inruit, adversaque ingens adparuit hasta.
 Cui Liger :
 Non Diomedis equos, nec currum cernis Achilli, 580
 Aut Phrygiae campos : nunc belli finis et aevi
 His dabitur terriſ. vefano talia late
 Dicta volant Ligeri : sed non et Troiūs heros
 Dicta parat contra : jaculum nam torquet in hoſtes,
 Lucagus ut pronus pendens in verbera telo 585
 Admonuit bijugos : projecto dum pede laevo
 Aptat se pugnae, ſubit oras hasta per imas
 Fulgentis clipei : tum laevom perforat inguen.
 Excuffus curru moribundus volvitur arvis.
 Quem pius Aeneas dictis adſatur amaris : 590
 Lucage, nulla tuos currus fuga ſegnīs equorum
 Prodidit, aut vanae vertere ex hoſtibus umbrae.
 Ipſe rotis ſaliens juga deſeris. haec ita fatuſ
 Adripuit bijugos. frater tendebat inermes
 Infelix palmas, curru delabſuſ eodem. 595
 Per te, per qui te talem genuere parentes,

345. *And thus, in scornful terms.]*

Quem pius Aeneas dictis adſatur amaris.

The epithet *pius*, in this place, ſeems to be inconfiſtently applied to Aeneas, while he is inſulting a dying enemy. Trapp remarks, that ſome ſoldierly epithet would have been more proper on this occaſion. But certainly the word *pius* is here introduced as a general epithet, and not meant to convey any particular or circumſtantial idea; as

*Εκτορος ἱπποδάμοιο—ευκνημίδεſ Ἀχαιοί.

With many other of the like nature in Homer.

With wild affright the startled steeds-beheld 820
The tow'ring hero blazing o'er the field ;
Flew back, and cast their master on the plain ;
Then whirl'd the bounding chariot to the main.

Liger and Lucagus next came in view :

Drawn by white coursers, thro' the troops they flew ; 825
Two haughty brothers ; that, the coursers sway'd ;
This brandish'd high in air the glitt'ring blade.
Their threats the Trojan chief disdain'd to bear,
Rush'd on, and shook aloft the pointed spear.
No Phrygian fields are these (proud Liger said), 830
Nor these the steeds of Argive Diomede ;
You 'scape not this, as once Achilles' car ;
Here ends thy life, and here shall end the war !

Thus the mad boaster—but, devoid of fear,
The prince, in answer, launch'd his whizzing spear. 835

Then, while the brother, bending o'er the horse,
With his keen jav'lin urged the fiery course,
And, with one foot protended, rush'd to fight,
The lance, that instant, wing'd its fatal flight ;
Beneath the shining margin of the shield, 840
Swift thro' the groin the pointed jav'lin held.

Down sinks the warrior with a dreadful sound,
And, grim in death, lies grov'ling on the ground.
The conqu'ring prince beheld him as he bled,
And thus, in scornful terms, bespoke the dead : 845

Nor were your coursers slow ; nor vain affright
At empty shadows turn'd your steeds to flight ;

Yourself, brave Lucagus, forsook the car,
And, vaulting on the field, declin'd the war !

This said ; he seiz'd the coursers by the rein ;

When thus the brother, cast upon the plain,

With lifted hands implor'd the chief in vain ;

Now, by thyself, thy mercy I implore ;

By those who such a godlike hero bore ;

850 }
}

Vir Trojane, sine hanc animam, et miserere precantis.
 Pluribus oranti Aeneas; Haud talia dudum
 Dicta dabas. morere, et fratrem ne desere frater.
 Tum latebras animae pectus mucrone recludit. 600
 Talia per campos edebat funera ductor
 Dardanius, torrentis aquae vel turbinis atri
 More furens. tandem erumpunt, et castra relinquunt
 Ascanius puer, et nequidquam obsessa juvenus.
 Junonem interea compellat Juppiter ultro: 605
 O germana mihi atque eadem gratissima conjunx,
 Ut rebare, Venus (nec te sententia fallit)
 Trojanas sustentat opes: non vivida bello
 Dextra viris, animusque ferox, patiensque pericli.
 Cui Juno submissa: Quid, ô pulcherrime conjunx, 610
 Sollicitas aegram, ac tua tristitia dicta timentem?
 Si mihi, quae quondam fuerat, quamque esse decebat,
 Vis in amore foret; non hoc mihi namque negares,
 Omnipotens; quin et Turnum subducere pugnae,
 Et Dauno possem incolumem servare parenti. 615
 Nunc pereat, Teucrisque pio det sanguine poenas.

859. *Go! 'tis a brother's part.*]

Macrobius quotes this passage, among many others, to prove how great a master Virgil is of diversity of stile.

I cannot forbear translating the beautiful simile with which he concludes his chapter:

“ If we diligently survey the world, we shall find a great resemblance between that divine work and this poem. For as the eloquence of Maro is ever fitted to the subject, is sometimes concise, at other times copious; is here reserved, and there florid; sometimes flows like a rivulet, and sometimes like a torrent; and often comprehends at once all these different species; so the earth itself is here beautified with corn and the green grass; is there rough with rocks and forests; exhibiting in one place sandy deserts; and, in another place, is moistened with fountains; among the rest too is to be seen the vast ocean. Pardon me, continues he, nor call me an enthusiast, who have thus dared to compare Virgil to nature. I should indeed speak beneath the merit of this great poet, if I was to pronounce that Virgil has blended all the different stiles of the ten rhetoricians which did so much honour to Athens.”

Saturn. c. 1. B. 5.

The

This forfeit life, divine Æneas, spare, 855
 And with soft pity listen to my pray'r.—
 In far, far diff'rent terms you talk'd before;
 Die then (replies the prince), and plead no more;
 Go!—'tis a brother's part—in duty go,
 And wait thy brother to the realms below! 860
 He rais'd the sword aloft, as thus he said,
 And in his bosom plung'd the pointed blade.

Thus, like a storm or torrent, o'er the ground
 He rush'd, and spread the slaughter wide around;
 Till from their works, so long besieg'd in vain, 865
 Break forth Ascanius and the Trojan train.

While thus the battle bled; imperial Jove
 Address'd his consort in the realms above,
 As both from heav'n survey'd the deathful scene:
 Say, sister-goddeſs, and my beauteous queen, 870
 Still, is it still your thought, that Venus' care
 Supports her favour'd Trojans in the war?
 See! how the martial bands increase in might!
 Strong from their wounds! and vig'rous for the fight!
 Can such brave heroes, who such dangers prove, 875
 Depend for succour on the queen of love?

And why, my lord, submissive, she rejoin'd,
 These words severe, to rack my anxious mind?
 Did still your love (as sure it should) remain,
 A wife and sister might not plead in vain, 880
 That from the field poor Turnus may retire,
 Exempt from death, and glad his longing fire.—
 But let him die, since Jove has so decreed!—
 To glut the Trojan vengeance, let him bleed!—

The whole chapter is well worth the perusal of the curious critic. Drayton, in his beginning of the second song of the Polyolbion, introduces the above simile; and Angelus Politianus concludes his *AMBRA* with it.

867. *While thus the battle bled.*] We begin to be tired with so many deaths. Virgil, therefore, shifts the scene. The introducing divinities on these occasions is an excellent practice in an epic poet.

CATROU.

Ille tamen nostra deducit origine nomen.
 Pilumnusque illi quartus pater; et tua larga
 Saepe manu multisque oneravit limina donis.
 Cui rex aetherii breviter sic fatur Olympi: 620
 Si mora praesentis leti tempusque caduco
 Oratur juveni, meque hoc ita ponere sentis;
 Tolle fuga Turnum, atque instantibus eripe fati.
 Haecenus indulgisse vacat. sin altior istis
 Sub precibus venia ulla latet, totumque moveri 625
 Mutarive putas bellum; spes pascis inanis.
 Et Juno adlacrumans: Quid si, quod voce gravaris,
 Mente dares? atque haec Turno rata vita maneret?
 Nunc manet infonem gravis exitus: aut ego veri
 Vana feror. quod ut ô potius formidine falsâ 630
 Ludar, et in melius tua, qui potes, orsa reflectas!
 Haec ubi dicta dedit, caelo se protenus alto
 Misit, agens hiemem nimbo succincta per auras:
 Iliacamque aciem, et Laurentia castra petivit.
 Tum dea nube cava tenuem sine viribus umbram 635
 In faciem Aeneae (visu mirabile monstrum)

911. *There, in Aeneas' shape.*] This fiction is imitated from Homer, Il. B. 5. where Apollo raises a phantom in the shape of Aeneas. There the spectre is raised by Apollo, or the *sun*; and here by Juno, or the *air*; both equally proper, says Pope, to be employed in forming an apparition. Whoever will compare the two authors on this subject, will observe with what admirable art, and what exquisite ornaments, Virgil has improved and beautified his original. Spenser, F. Q. B. 3. c. 8. seems to have improved this imagination in the creation of his false Florimel, who performs all the functions of life, and gives occasion for many adventures. This formation is described with the utmost luxuriancy of fancy:

St. 6.

The substance whereof * she the body made,
 Was purest snow in massy mould congeal'd,
 Which she had gather'd in a shady glade
 Of the Riphæan hills, to her reveal'd
 By errant sprites, but from all men conceal'd;
 The same she temper'd with fine mercury,
 And virgin-wax, that never yet was seal'd;

* *The Witch.*

And

And yet his birth might some distinction claim, 885
Since from our own celestial line he came.

To thy great name due honours has he paid,
And rich oblations on thy altars laid.

Thus spoke the suppliant queen : and thus replies,
In brief, th' almighty sov'reign of the skies : 890

If 'tis your pray'r to spare his forfeit breath,
By a short respite of approaching death ;
Snatch him this instant from the fatal hour.
This grace we grant him ;—and we grant no more.

For if you beg his destin'd life to spare ; 895
Or turn the course and fortune of the war ;

Vain your request, and vain your hope appears—
To whom once more, the pensive queen, with tears :

And what, my lord, if you reverse the doom ?
Spare the dear youth, and save him from the tomb ! 900

Ev'n from your soul this grace if you will give,
(Which scarce you promise) that he yet may live !

Ah ! how I see, or in my fears portend,

The guiltless youth approaching to his end !

But may those fears, my sov'reign lord, be vain, 905
And your almighty pow'r recall his doom again !

This said ; with momentary speed she flies,
Wrapt in a winged whirlwind, down the skies ;
In sable storms she drives the clouds before ;
Then to the fields of fight her course she bore : 910
There, in Æneas' shape, a figur'd shade
Of light impassive air, the goddess made.

And mingled them with perfect vermil,
That like a lively sanguine it seem'd to the eye.

7.

Instead of eyes two burning lamps she set

In silver sockets, shining like the skies ;

And a quick-moving spirit did arrest

To stir and roll them like a woman's eyes :

Instead of yellow locks she did devise

With golden wire to weave her curled head ;

Yet golden wire was not to yellow thrice

As Florimel's fair hair ; and in the stead

Of life, she put a sprite to rule the carcase dead.

Dardaniis ornat telis ; clipeumque jubaſque
Divini adſimulat capitis : dat inania verba ;
Dat ſine mente ſonum, grefſusque effingit euntis.
Morte obita qualis fama eſt volitare figuras, 640
Aut quae ſopitos deludunt ſomnia ſenſus.
At primas laeta ante acies exſultat imago.
Irritatque virum telis, ac voce laceſſit.
Inſtat cui Turnus, ſtridentemque eminus haſtam
Conjicit : illa dato vertit veſtigia tergo. 645
Tum vero Aenean averſum ut cedere Turnus
Credidit, atque animo ſpem turbidus hauſit inanem :
Quo fugis, Aenea ? thalamos ne deſere pactos :
Hac dabitur dextra tellus quaefita per undas.
Talia vociferans ſequitur, ſtriſtumque coruſcat 650
Mucronem : nec ferre videt ſua gaudia ventos.
Forte ratis celfi conjuncta crepidine ſaxi
Expoſitis ſtabat ſcalis, et ponte parato ;
Qua rex Cluſinis adveſtus Oſinius oris.
Huc ſeſe trepida Aeneae fugientis imago 655
Conjicit in latebras : nec Turnus ſegnior inſtat :
Exſuperatque moras, et pontis tranſilit altos.
Vix proram attigerat ; rumpit Saturnia funem,
Avolſamque rapit revoluta per aequora navim.
Illum autem Aeneas abſentem in proelia poſcit : 660
Obvia multa virum demittit corpora morti.
Tum levis haud ultra latebras jam quaerit imago,
Sed ſublime volans nubi ſe inmiſcuit atrae :
Cum Turnum medio interea fert aequore turbo.
Reſpicit ignarus rerum, ingratusque ſalutis, 665
Et duplicis cum voce manus ad ſidera tendit :

A Trojan spear the spectre seem'd to wield,
Wore a proud crest and imitated shield ;
And spoke with empty words, in vaunting strain, 915
And, like the chief, came tow'ring o'er the plain.
(Such are the fleeting forms in visions bred,
And such the gliding spectres of the dead.)
The threat'ning phantom made his bold advance,
On Turnus call'd, and shook his airy lance. 920
The Daunian prince his sounding jav'lin threw ;
While with dissembled fear, the phantom flew.
Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,
Burn'd with new hopes, and thus, exulting, said :
Flies then Æneas, to his fears resign'd, 925
And leaves a prince's royal bed behind ? —
The land, for which he cross'd the stormy wave,
This arm shall give—and here he finds a grave !
Then shook his sword, and chas'd him thro' the war ;
But his short triumph soon was lost in air ! 930
By chance a ship stood anchor'd by the shore,
(Which late, from Clusium, king Osinus bore)
Close shelter'd by a rock, that breaks the tides ;
The planks were laid, to climb her lofty sides.
Swift to her darksome hold the shade withdrew ; 935
As swift glad Turnus to the vessel flew.
That instant Juno cut the cords away,
Unmoor'd the bark, and launch'd her on the sea.
Meantime Æneas seeks his absent foe,
And sends whole squadrons to the ghosts below. 940
No more for shelter now the phantom flies,
But mounts aloft, and mixes with the skies.
While Turnus far in open ocean sails,
(The vessel wafted by the rising gales)
Many a long look, back on the battle bends, 945
And hears the cries of his forsaken friends ;
On such hard terms abhors to live, and rears
His hands and voice, in anguish, to the stars :

Omnipotens genitor, tanton' me crimine dignum
 Duxisti, ac talis voluisti expendere poenas ?
 Quo feror ? unde abii ? quae me fuga, quemve reducit ?
 Laurentisne iterum muros aut castra videbo ? 670
 Quid manus illa virum, qui me meaque arma secuti ;
 Quosne (nefas) omnis infanda in morte reliqui ?
 Et nunc palantis video, gemitumque cadentum
 Accipio. quid ago ? aut quae jam satis ima dehiscat
 Terra mihi ? vos ô potius miserefcite, Venti. 675
 In rupes, in saxa (volens vos Turnus adoro)
 Ferte ratem, saevisque vadis inmittite Syrtes :
 Quo neque me Rutuli nec conscia fama sequatur.
 Haec memorans, animo nunc huc nunc fluctuat illuc ;
 An sese mucrone ob tantum dedecus amens 680
 Induat, et crudum per costas exigit ensen :
 Fluctibus an jaciat mediis, et litora nando
 Curva petat, Teucrumque iterum se reddat in arma.
 Ter conatus utramque viam : ter maxima Juno
 Continuit ; juvenemque animi miserata repressit. 685
 Labitur alta secans fluctuque aestuque secundo :
 Et patris antiquam Dauni defertur ad urbem.
 At Jovis interea monitis Mezentius ardens
 Succedit pugnae, Teucrosque invadit ovantes.
 Concurrent Tyrrhenae acies, atque omnibus uni, 690
 Uni odiisque viro, telisque frequentibus instant.

964. *What gaps will open*] It may perhaps seem inconsistent, that Turnus, who is here on the water in a vessel, should wish the earth would open and swallow him. Turnus is worked up into a very high fit of phrensy, so that he has not leisure to consider his situation, and thus hastily utters an exclamation common to persons in distress. Servius understands the passage, that "even the wishes of the wretched are taken from me, and I can here find no earth that will open and swallow me." *Quae jam satis ima dehiscat Terra mihi ?* But this seems to be a far-fetch'd interpretation. Turnus, after having made this inconsistent wish, immediately corrects himself, and, sensible of his real circumstances, invokes the winds to drive his vessel on rocks, and quicksands. Servius seems to contradict his first exposition of the passage, by observing, that the

ima

What are my crimes, almighty Jove, that claim
 This endless infamy to blast my name ! 950
 This dreadful doom is too severe by far ;
 This load of life is more than I can bear !
 Whence came I here ? and whither am I borne ?
 How could I fly ?—ah ! how shall I return ?
 Oh ! with what eyes can I behold again 955
 Yon regal walls, or yon deserted train ?
 How will my friends pursue my name with hate ?
 By me, their worthy chief, expos'd to fate !
 Those friends (ye gods) I left on yonder plain,
 In my curs'd cause and quarrel, to be slain ! 960
 Ha !—now I see 'em fly, or bite the ground !—
 I hear, I start at ev'ry dying sound.
 What, what can now be done ?—on land or sea
 What gulph will open for a wretch like me ?
 Ye winds, ye storms, your pity I implore ; 965
 Drive, drive my bark on some rough rocky shore,
 Where, nor my friends, nor fame, may ever find me more ! }
 This said ; the prince debates, by shame oppress'd,
 Whether to plunge the faulchion in his breast ;
 Or from the vessel leap amid the main, 970
 Swim back and mingle in the fight again.
 Thrice on each bold resolve his soul was betit ;
 And thrice great Juno check'd the rash intent.
 The goddess wafts him down, secure from harms,
 Lands, and restores him to his father's arms. 975
 Mezentius now, inspir'd by Jove's commands,
 Succeeds the chief, invades the Trojan bands.
 On him ; and him alone the Tuscans ran,
 With all their darts ; an army on a man.

ima terra, the bottom or centre of the earth, contains and sustains the sea. Our translator, by using the word gulph, which may be applied either to land or sea, in some measure softens the inconsistency of the wish.

Ille (velut rupes, vastum quae prodit in aequor,
 Obvia ventorum furiis expostaque ponto,
 Vim cunctam atque minas perfert caelique marisque;
 Ipsa inmota manens) prolem Dolicaonis Hebrum 695
 Sternit humi, cum quo Latagum Palmumque fugacem:
 Sed Latagum saxo; atque ingenti fragmine montis
 Occupat os faciemque adversam: poplite Palmum
 Succiso volvi segnem finit; armaque Lauso
 Donat habere humeris, et vertice figere cristas. 700
 Nec non Euanthen Phrygium, Paridisque Mimanta
 Aequalem comitemque: una quem nocte Theano
 In lucem genitori Amyco dedit, et face praegnans
 Cisseis regina Parin creat: urbe paterna
 Hic cubat: ignarum Laurens habet ora Mimanta. 705
 Ac velut ille canum morfu de montibus altis
 Actus aper, multos Vesulus quem pinifer annos
 Defendit, multosque palus Laurentia, filva
 Pastum in arundinea, postquam inter retia ventum est,
 Substitit, infremuitque ferox, et inhorruit armos. 710

996. *Theano bore him.*] Homer in Il. 6. ver. 299. calls Theano, *Cisseis*, from her father Cisseus king of Thrace; and there she is mentioned as the wife of Antenor. And in Il. 16. 718. Hecuba is called the daughter of Dymas a Phrygian. Thus Homer and Virgil do not agree in this genealogy. From hence Ruæus concludes, that Theano was not the sister of Hecuba, and that the Theano here mentioned is a name feigned by the poet. This passage, from ver. 702. to ver. 706. is very confused according to the present reading. I shall here give Dr. Bentley's emendation of it, as quoted by Dr. Clarke in his remark on ver. 299. Il. 6.

Quorum quidem versuum quum sententia plane nulla sit, neque enim omnino quicquam est, quo ex linguae Romanae consuetudine istud occubat referri possit, conjecturâ pulcherrimâ & certissimâ ita emendavit Bentleyus:

Ad Horatii epod. 5. 28.

————— una quem nocte Theano
 In lucem, genitore Amyco, dedit; et face praegnans
 Cisseis regina Parin. Paris urbe paterna
 Occubat: ignarum Laurens habet ora Mimanta.

I think, *In lucem dedit* is more elegant without a dative case, and *genitore Amyco* has still the same effect. The *occubat*, according to the common reading, is inelegantly, and almost improperly

Book 10. THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL. 149

But, like a rock, the dire alarms he stood ; 980

A rock, whose sides project into the flood ;

That hears, above, the furious whirlwind blow,

And sees the frothy billows break below ;

But stands unmov'd, majestically high,

And braves the idle rage of ocean and the sky. 985

First * Dolicaon's son the monarch slew ;

Next on the trembling Latagus he flew ;

Fierce in his hand a pond'rous stone he took,

And on his visage dash'd the broken rock ;

Then drove thro' Palmus' knee the pointed steel ; 990

And left the warrior grov'ling where he fell.

His glitt'ring arms young Lausus' shoulders spread,

And the plum'd helmet nodded o'er his head.

Next Evas bleeds beneath his vengeful spear,

With Mimas, Paris' friend and bold compeer ; 995

Theano bore him when the queen of Troy,

Pregnant with flame, produc'd the fatal boy ;

Yet in his native land was Paris slain !

But hapless Mimas on a foreign plain !

And as some mighty boar, who long has fed 1000

High on the rough aerial mountain's head,

Chas'd by the hounds, shoots down the hanging brow

With speed impetuous to the vale below ;

When on the toils the furious monster flies,

O'er his bent back the starting bristles rise ; 1005

properly applied to Paris. The word *ignarus* has here the same import as *ignotus*, and so it is frequently used (says A. Gellius) by many authors. Thus Ovid,

Jamque aderat Theseus proles ignara parenti.

Pierius reads,

Occubat hic ; carum Laurens habet ora Mimanta.

By *hic* we are to understand Paris, and by *carus* the friendship between Paris and Mimas. Catrou thinks the reading of Pierius ought not to be rejected ; but I believe the learned reader will prefer Dr. Bentley's to all others.

* *Hebrus.*

Nec cuiquam irasci propiusve accedere virtus :
Sed jaculis tutisque procul clamoribus instant.
Ille autem inpavidus partes cunctatur in omnis,
Dentibus infrendens, et tergo decutit hastas.
Haud aliter, justae quibus est Mezentius irae, 715
Non ulli est animus stricto concurrere ferro :
Missilibus longe, et vasto clamore lacessunt.
Venerat antiquis Corythi de finibus Acron,
Grius homo; infectos linquens profugus hymenacos :
Hunc ubi miscentem longe media agmina vidit, 720
Purpureum pennis et pactae conjugis ostro :
Inpastus stabula alta leo ceu saepe peragrans,
Suadet enim vesana fames, si forte fugacem
Conspexit capream, aut surgentem in cornua cervom ;
Gaudet hians inmane, comasque adrexit, et haeret 725
Visceribus super incumbens : lavit improba teter
Ora cruor :
Sic ruit in densos alacer Mezentius hostis.
Sternitur infelix Acron, et calcibus atram
Tundit humum expirans, infraetaque tela cruentat. 730
Atque idem fugientem haud est dignatus Oroden
Sternere, nec jacta caecum dare cuspide vulnus :
Obvius adverfoque occurrit, seseque viro vir
Contulit, haud furto melior, sed fortibus armis.
Tum super abjectum posito pede nixus et hasta : 735
Pars belli haud temnenda, viri, jacet altus Orodes.

Stopp'd and entangled, now he foams with ire ;
 Now his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
 The clam'rous hunters, cautious to engage,
 With shouts and darts a distant combat wage ;
 He turns, he grinds his teeth ; and, void of fear, 1010
 Shakes his huge fides, and sheds the scatter'd war.

Thus (tho' inflam'd with just revenge they stand)
 None dare engage the monarch hand to hand ;
 But from afar their missile darts they fling,
 And with loud shouts provoke the raging king. 1015

Acron, of Argive race, for fame had fled
 The joys of love, and left the spousal bed.
 In purple plumes he tow'r'd, with gaudy pride,
 Grac'd with the favours of his beauteous bride.
 The Tuscan king beheld him from afar, 1020
 Scatt'ring the ranks, and glitt'ring thro' the war.

As when a lion, that, with hunger bold,
 Roams grimly round the fences of the fold,
 Spies a tall goat, the chief of all the train,
 Or beamy stag, high-stalking o'er the plain ; 1025
 His horrid mane he rears, he runs, he flies,
 Expands his jaws, and darts upon the prize ;
 The prize he rends, with a tremendous roar,
 And, growling, rages in a foam of gore :
 Thus, on th' embattled foes, Mezentius flew, 1030
 And Acron in the pride of beauty flew.
 His gushing blood the broken dart distains,
 And, as he falls, he spurns the hostile plains.

Now round the king the growing slaughter spread,
 Who scorn'd to kill Orodes as he fled ; 1035
 But, with preventive speed, Mezentius ran,
 Turn'd short, and bravely fought him, man to man ;
 Then press'd him with his foot and lance ; and cries ; }
 Behold, behold, my friends, no vulgar prize ! }
 Lo ! vanquish'd by your king, the great Orodes dies. }

Conclamant focii laetum Paeani secuti :
 Ille autem exspirans : Non me, quicumque es, inulto,
 Victor, nec longum laetabere : te quoque fata
 Prospectant paria, atque eadem mox arva tenebis. 740
 Ad quem subridens mixta Mezentius ira ;
 Nunc morere. ast de me divom pater atque hominum rex
 Viderit. hoc dicens eduxit corpore telum.
 Olli dura quies oculos et ferreus urguet
 Somnus ; in aeternam clauduntur lumina noctem. 745
 Caedicius Alcathoum obtruncat, Sacrator Hydaspem.
 Partheniumque Rapo, et praedurum viribus Orsen :
 Messapus Cloniumque Lycaoniumque Ericeten ;
 Illum infrenis equi lapsu tellure jacentem,
 Hunc peditem pedes. et Lycius processerat Agis : 750
 Quem tamen haud expers Valerus virtutis avitae
 Dejicit : Authronium Salius, Saliumque Nealces
 Insignis jaculo et longe fallente sagitta.
 Jam gravis acquabat luctus et mutua Mavors
 Funera : caedebant pariter pariterque ruebant 755
 Victores victique : neque his fuga nota, neque illis.
 Di Jovis in tectis iram miserantur inanem
 Amborum, ac tantos mortalibus esse labores.

1044. *Soon, like my own.*] Virgil, more than once, makes his dying warriors prophesy. In this he follows Homer, who makes the expiring Hector foretel the death of Achilles his conqueror.

1049. *And let your boasted.*]

Nunc morere.

Trapp would read *tu* for *nunc* which introduces a very striking antithesis ; this piece of atheistical irony (as he terms it) is highly beautiful. *Res suas Jovi ironice commendat*, says De La Cerda.

1054. *Now by brave Caedicius.*] Virgil (says Catrou) has been censured for not every-where distinguishing who were of the Trojan, and who of the Latin party. It is only observing what names are properly Latin,—such as Caedicius, Sacrator, Rapo, &c. and what are drawn from the Greek, as Alcathous, Hydaspes, Parthenius, &c. and the confusion is easily removed. This is a new proof that the Trojan tongue was derived from the Grecian.

A sudden transport fires the martial train, 1041

And shouts of triumph echo round the plain.

When thus the dying chief: Insulting foe!

Soon, like my own, shall thy proud head lie low.

Vengeance is on the wing; black fate is nigh; 1045

And here, e'en here, art thou fore-doom'd to die—

However, die thou first! the king reply'd

(All-grimly smiling with disdainful pride);

And let your boasted Jove for me provide.

Then from the corse the bloody dart he drew; 1050

The shades of death came hov'ring o'er his view.

Slow, in dim mists, the heavy vapours rise,

And in eternal slumber seal his eyes.

Now by brave Cædicus, Alcathous fell;

Hydaspes sunk beneath Sacrator's steel: 1055

His weighty spear the valiant Rapo threw,

And mighty Orfes and Parthenius flew.

Clonius the next by Neptune's son was slain,

And Ericetes press'd the bloody plain:

This, on the ground, the godlike hero kill'd; 1060

That, his mad courser cast upon the field.

Next, Tuscan Valerus, as Agis strode

Before the ranks, thy jav'lin drank his blood.

Thy faulchion, Salius, pierc'd Atronius' side;

The hapless victor by Nealces dy'd, 1065

Skill'd or to dart the lance, or bend the bow,

And reach from far the unsuspecting foe.

The god of war, in equal balance, held

The rage, the woes, and slaughters of the field.

Fix'd on the spot, the troops disdain to fly; 1070

By turns, the vanquish'd and the victors die.

From realms of light, th' immortal pow'rs inclin'd

Their eyes, and mourn the havock of mankind!

1062. *Next, Tuscan Valerus.*] By mentioning Valerus, the poet pays a compliment to the noble Valerian family. The famous Poplicola was of this house. CATROU.

Hinc Venus, hinc contra spectant Saturnia Juno :
 Pallida Tisiphone media inter millia saevit. 760
 At vero ingentem quatiens Mezentius hastam
 Turbidus ingreditur campo : quam magnus Orion,
 Cum pedes incedit medii per maxima Neri
 Stagna viam scindens, humero supereminet undas :
 Aut summis referens annosam montibus ornum, 765
 Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit :
 Talis se vastis infert Mezentius armis.
 Huic contra Aeneas, speculatus in agmine longo,
 Obvius ire parat. manet inperterritus ille,
 Hostem magnanimum opperiens, et mole sua stat : 770
 Atque oculis spatium emensus, quantum satis hastae :
 Dextra mihi deus, et telum quod missile libro,
 Nunc adsint : voveo praedonis corpore raptis
 Indutum spoliis ipsum te, Lause, tropaeum
 Aeneae, dixit. stridentemque eminus hastam 775
 Injicit : illa volans clipeo est excussa, proculque
 Egregium Antoren latus inter et ilia figit :
 Herculis Antoreꝝ comitem, qui missus ab Argis
 Haeserat Euandro, atque Itala confederat urbe.
 Sternitur infelix alieno vulnere, caelumque 780
 Aspicit, et dulcis moriens reminiscitur Argos.

1080. —*When Orion strides.*] There is great majesty and
 sublimity in this figure of Orion, stalking thro' the waves ;
 and it is not borrowed from Homer.

Here heav'n's imperial queen, and Venus, there,
Lean forward from the sky to view the war; 1075
While pale Tisiphone, with dire alarms,
Inflames the rising rage, and calls the hosts to arms.

Now his vast spear aloft Mezentius held;
Haughty and high he moves, and blazes o'er the field.
So thro' mid ocean when Orjon strides, 1080
His bulk enormous tow'rs above the tides:
So, when he grasps in his tremendous hand
Some mountain oak, and stalks along the land,
Above the clouds his ample shoulders rise,
And his huge stature heaves into the skies! 1085

Æneas mark'd the hero from afar,
And thro' the ranks rush'd furious to the war.
The hero stands collected in his might,
Defies the godlike prince, and waits the fight.
Soon as he saw the mighty chief advance 1090
Within due distance of his flying lance,
Now, now, my spear, and conqu'ring hand, he cry'd,
(Mezentius owns no deity beside!)

Assist my vows; succeed my martial toils,
To strip yon pirate of his bloody spoils. 1095
Thou, Lausus! thou, Æneas' arms shalt bear,
A living trophy of my deeds in war!
He said, and hurl'd the jav'lin o'er the field,
That sung, and glanc'd obliquely from the shield;
But held its furious course, and, turning wide, 1100

Drove deep the point in great Antores' side:
The great Antores (an illustrious name),
Evander's guest, from ancient Argos came;
Late in th' Arcadian court he made abode;
Alcides' former friend, and partner of the god: 1105
But now, unhappy!—by another's wound
He bleeds, he falls, he welters on the ground;
And, while he cast to heav'n his swimming eyes,
Turns his last thoughts on Argos, as he dies!

Tum pius Aeneas hastam jacit : illa per orbem
 Aere cavom triplici, per linea terga, tribusque
 Transiit intextum tauris opus, imaque sedit
 Inguine, sed vires haud pertulit. 785
 Aeneas, viso Tyrrheni sanguine laetus,
 Eripit a femine, et trepidanti fervidus instat.
 Ingemuit cari graviter genitoris amore,
 Ut vidit, Lausus ; lacrimaeque per ora volutae.
 Hic mortis durae casum, tuaque optime facta, 790
 (Si qua fidem tanto est operi latura vetustas)
 Non equidem nec te, juvenis memorande, filebo.
 Ille pedem referens, et inutilis, inque ligatus
 Cedebat, clipeoque inimicum hastile trahebat.
 Prorumpit juvenis, seseque inmiscuit armis : 795
 Jamque adsurgentis dextra plagamque ferentis
 Aeneae subiit mucronem, ipsumque morando
 Sustinuit. socii magno clamore sequuntur ;
 Dum genitor gnati parma protectus abiret :
 Telaque conjiciunt, proturbantque eminus hostem 800
 Missilibus. furit Aeneas, tectusque tenet se.
 Ac velut, effusa si quando grandine nimbi
 Praecipitant, omnis campis diffugit arator,
 Omnis et agricola : et tuta latet arce viator
 Aut amnis ripis, aut alti fornice saxi, 805
 Dum pluit in terris ; ut possint, sole reducto,
 Exercere diem : sic obrutus undique telis
 Aeneas nubem belli, dum detonet, omnem
 Sustinet, et Lausum increpitat, Lausoque minatur :

1121. *To disengage his fire.*] This alludes to a circumstance in the Roman history. Scipio Africanus, when he was but seventeen years old, protected his father in this manner ; nor did he retreat till he had received twenty-and-seven wounds. **SERVIVS.** Thus Virgil, in Lausus, artfully gives us an adumbration of a great achievement of one of his countrymen. But perhaps this is a refinement in Servius. And Virgil seems to have introduced this incident to heighten the pathetic of his poem.

Next, his strong lance the pious Trojan cast; 1110
Swift thro' the shining orb the jav'lin past,
Thro' linen plaits, a triple brazen fold,
And three bull-hides, around the buckler roll'd;
Deep-pierc'd his groin, and there its fury stay'd—
The streaming blood the chief with joy survey'd; 1115
Then from the sheath the shining faulchion drew,
And furious on the wounded monarch flew.

This sees brave Lausus, his illustrious son,
Fears for his danger, and forgets his own;
And, while grief, rage, and love, his bosom fire, 1120
Sighs, weeps, and runs, to disengage his fire.
Here then, if future times will credit give,
Thy praise, heroic youth! shall ever live;
Poor, pity'd youth!—in life's first early bloom,
Snatch'd from the world, and hurry'd to the tomb! 1125
Incumber'd by the spear that pierc'd the shield,
With tir'd, slow steps, the monarch quits the field:
Forth springs the son against the Trojan lord,
And rush'd beneath the long-descending sword;
Flies to prevent the meditated blow, 1130
And guard his bleeding father from the foe.
His friends, with darts, the prince at distance ply,
And with their loud applauses rend the sky.
The hero rages, as the jav'lins play'd,
And lies collected in the buckler's shade. 1135

As when the rattling hail, impetuous, pours,
And the wide field smokes with the rushing show'rs,
To the safe shelving banks the swains repair,
Or to some cavern'd rock; and, shelter'd there,
Wait till the furious tempest break away; 1140
And then renew the labours of the day.
So, ply'd by show'rs of jav'lins from afar,
The chief sustain'd the tempest of the war
On his broad shield; and thus the godlike man
Exhorts, and begs, and threats the youth in vain: 1145

Quo moriture ruis, majoraque viribus audes ? 810
 Fallit te incautum pietas tua. Nec minus ille
 Exsultat demens. saevae jamque altius irae
 Dardanio surgunt ductori, extremaque Lauso
 Parcae fila legunt : validum namque exigit ensen
 Per medium Aeneas juvenem, totumque recondit. 815
 Transiit et parmam mucro levia arma minaci,
 Et tunicam, molli mater quam neverat auro :
 Inplevitque sinus sanguis : tum vita per auras
 Concessit maesta ad manis, corpusque reliquit.
 At vero ut voltum vidit morientis et ora, 820
 Ora modis Anchisiades pallentia miris,
 Ingemuit graviter miserans, dextramque tetendit :
 Et mentem patriae strinxit pietatis imago.
 Quid tibi nunc, miserande puer, pro laudibus istis,
 Quid pius Aeneas tanta dabit indole dignum ? 825
 Arma, quibus laetatus, habe tua : teque parentum
 Manibus et cineri, si qua est ea cura, remitto.

1146. *Whitber, to death.*] Pallas is overcome and slain by Turnus, and Lausus by Æneas. These young princes were equal in valour; but there is a wide difference betwixt the bravery of their conquerors. Turnus eagerly seeks the combat, boastfully challenges and insults his youthful enemy, who appeared in the field of battle for the first time. He wishes Evander himself was present, that he might murder the son before the father's eyes. This is the courage and behaviour of an Achilles. Æneas is very far from attacking Lausus in this manner, when he exposes himself for the sake of his father. On the contrary, he would fain save his life; he begs him to retire from the combat; tells him his tenderness for his father Mezentius, will bring on his destruction; and does not attack him with eagerness and fury, till he finds himself obliged to kill him in his own defence. This anger is worthy of Æneas, and is the proper character and behaviour of a hero more valiant than Turnus, but more pious than valiant. The extreme danger with which he sees himself surrounded, does not hinder him from admiring the filial affection of an enemy, who would willingly destroy him. BOSSU, 397.

See on this passage, Catrou's note *infra*, ver. 1177.

1158. *Fond mother.*] The introducing his mother in this artful manner, produces a very affecting pathos.

Whither, to death, ah ! whither wouldst thou run,
And tempt an hand far mightier than thy own ?
Ah ! yet, poor Lausus ! from the field remove ;
You fly to ruin, urg'd by filial love.

He warn'd in vain ; the youth the prince defies ; 1150
Till all his dreadful wrath began to rise ;
The Fates prepare their sheers ; the Dardan lord
Unsheaths, and whirls aloft the thund'ring sword :
The thund'ring sword, with all his force apply'd,
Furious he drove, and bury'd in his side. 1155
The thrilling point, with boundless rage impress'd,
Pierc'd the light buckler, and the golden vest,
Which his fond mother's hands embroider'd o'er ;
And his fair breast was stain'd with crimson gore :
The pensive spirit leaves the corse behind, 1160
Flies to the shades, and mixes with the wind.

But, when the pious godlike prince of Troy
Saw the pale visage of the hapless boy
In death's last agonies ; a groan he drew
Deep from his heart, nor cou'd he bear the view. 1165
His soul now melts with stern Mezentius' woe,
And in the wretched fire forgets the foe.
Then to the boy he reach'd his hand, and said ;
To worth like thine, what honours can be paid ?
Lamented youth, too early lost ! receive 1170
The sole reward a gen'rous foe can give :
Lo ! I restore thy arms, unhappy boy !
Thy sword and buckler, late thy only joy :

1162. *But, when.*] The contrast of character between Lausus and his father, is very striking. We are sorry so good a youth should have so impious a father. How heroic are the sentiments of Æneas on the death of this young prince ! The *patriæ pietatis imago*, may mean, that he is moved by considering how he himself should be affected, if the same thing should happen to Ascanius. Trapp understands it of the piety of the son to the parent : And then, Æneas is moved with the dutiful behaviour of Lausus to Mezentius, resembling his own to Anchises. *Patriæ pietatis*, says he, can admit of no other signification in B. 11. and it is probable, that the poet in both places meant the same thing by the same words.

Hoc tamen infelix miseram solabere mortem ;
 Aeneae magni dextra cadis. increpat ultro
 Cunctantis socios, et terra sublevat ipsum,
 Sanguine turpantem comptos de more capillos.

830

1175. *That by the great Aeneas' hand.*] The text is,

— *Aeneae magni dextra cadis.*

It has been a question, whether or no it is consistent with decorum, for the hero to give testimony of himself, and boast, as he does likewise in the first book, where the poet makes him say,

Sum pius Aeneas—

And there may be found perhaps some other passages like this, to all which I think it necessary to answer once for all, as it is but one question. I say then, that these forms of speaking are not contrary to *decorum*, as some imagine; and that there are some circumstances, where, without boasting, a man of honour may give that testimony of himself, which is due to him. This advantage is particular to heroes, who, being elevated above the common rank of men, ought to retain sentiments agreeable to that elevation. What is necessary, is, that they should speak the truth, and that time and place should require them to do so. For there is no doubt, but that in the first book, where Aeneas is represented overwhelmed with misfortune, bewildered in a desert, and wandering in an unknown country, there is no doubt, I say, that the poet makes use of it with dignity, to shew by the discourse which he puts into his hero's mouth, that misfortune cannot debase his sentiments. There is a certain greatness in using it thus; and in this last example, we may answer besides, that the hero who has just performed such brave exploits, and in the whole course of the poem is sensible that he is so highly elevated above other men, should from thence conceive great ideas of himself. Camilla, in B. 11. having killed Orinthus, a famous hunter, insults his death, and comforts him nevertheless with the honour of dying from her hand, as Aeneas does the son of Mezentius:

Manibus hoc referes, telo cecidisse Camillæ.

These sentiments have something of a poetical enthusiasm in them; and if poets are allowed to boast of themselves, this liberty may well be allowed their heroes. Quintilian allows poets this privilege, *Oportet poetam bene de se semper sentire*: and indeed, provided the manner in which the poet expresses himself be elegant and noble, a critic will never find fault with him. Montagne says, upon the same principle, a great man may speak what is true of himself, when there is no reason to suspect

Yet, Lausus, ev'n in death, be this your pride,
That by the great Æneas' hand you dy'd.

1175

Then round the corse he calls his social train,
And rears himself the warrior from the plain.
But ah! how chang'd!—with blood disfigur'd o'er;
And his fair tresses all-deform'd with gore!

suspect him of affectation; and blames Tacitus for having said of himself, "*It was at a time when I was prætor, which I say without vanity.*" Montaigne perhaps, as being a Gascon, thinks that a man ought not to make any scruple of speaking of his good fortunes: he says, that so great a man as Tacitus ought not to have made use of this corrective; nor to have imagined there could be any vanity in saying what was true, tho' to his own advantage; since it was necessary to bring it as an instance by the circumstances of his discourse. It is only affectation therefore which makes boasting improper in persons of lower conditions.

On the contrary, there is sometimes a magnanimity in publishing what a man has most meritorious, either belonging to himself, or his ancestors; that is to say, when our enemies, or adverse fortune, have lowered us; and above all, when a man says nothing that is not true; such are the charms of truth, that she even gives a value to words which might be suspected of ostentation! So much liberty does superior courage assume, when it takes her for a guide in all its actions.

SEGRAIS.

1177. *And rears himself the warrior from the plain.*] Catrou observes, that Virgil's conduct is admirable, with regard to the difference of character discovered by Turnus and Æneas in killing Pallas and Lausus. The bravery which Turnus exerts in fighting with Pallas, is equal to that of Æneas in conquering Lausus. But the valour of the Trojan is accompanied with good-nature and gentleness; that of the Rutulian with hard-heartedness and cruelty. Turnus seeks out Pallas, while Lausus falls into the hands of Æneas. Turnus exclaims, that the destinies had reserved Pallas for himself, *soli mihi Pallas debetur*; but Æneas, conscious of the inequality of the combat, cries out, *quo, moriture, ruis?* to the young Lausus. Pallas is afraid of Turnus, which is one reason why he should have spared him; whereas, in the presence of Æneas, Lausus behaves with so forward and menacing a spirit, that Æneas is obliged to fight him against his own will. Turnus insults his wounded antagonist: I will give an account to your father, says he, of your behaviour and abilities. Æneas compassionates Lausus for the misfortune which he had drawn on himself by his own obstinacy. The Rutulian returns the body of Pallas to his father, on no other ac-

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M

count

Interea genitor Tiberini ad fluminis undam
 Volnera siccabat lymphis, corpusque levabat
 Arboris adclinus trunco. procul aerea ramis
 Dependet galea, et prato gravia arma quiescunt. 835
 Stant lecti circum juvenes : ipse aeger, anhelans
 Colla fovet, fusus propexam in pectore barbam :
 Multa super Laufo rogitat, multumque remittit,
 Qui revocent, maestique ferant mandata parentis.
 At Laufum focii exanimem super arma ferebant 840
 Flentes, ingentem, atque ingenti vulnere victum.
 Adgnovit longe gemitum praefaga mali mens.
 Canitiem multo deformat pulvere, et ambas
 Ad caelum tendit palmas, et corpore inhaeret.
 Tantane me tenuit vivendi, gnate, voluptas, 845
 Ut pro me hostili paterer succedere dextrac,

count than to distress the good old king, *Haud illi stabunt Æncia parvo hospitia*: but the Trojan returns the body of Laufus to be buried among his ancestors, *Teque parentum manibus, et cineri, si qua est ea cura, remitto*. Turnus takes away Pallas's belt; but Æneas suffers all Laufus's arms to remain with him. This is an achievement of the same nature: the polite courage of Æneas is opposed to the cruel behaviour of Turnus. See Bossu's criticism on this subject, note on ver. 1146. *supra*.

1180. *Meantime*.] This is a fine subject for a picture. The mixture of martial and pastoral circumstances is highly beautiful. What a noble principal figure would this old tyrant exhibit, reclined, among his attendants, at the trunk of a large oak on the banks of a river, with the utmost anguish and despair in his countenance; and yet, at the same time, seeming to receive some refreshment from the coolness of the shore; his helmet hung on the boughs, and the rest of his armour scattered, confusedly, around him! We are pleased to find some parental tenderness in Mezentius, whom we have hitherto looked upon as a most unnatural monster,

Multa super Laufo rogitat—is artfully thrown in. See Hector wounded, Iliad 22.

1190. *Much of his Laufus, asks the pensive sire*.] The strong paternal love of Mezentius finely softens his savage character. There is no person, probably, however vicious and depraved, but who hath some spark of virtue, and some good qualities in his heart. The furious and inexorable Achilles is endued with generosity, the warmest friendship, and a noble contempt of

Meantime, retir'd to Tyber's flow'ry bounds, 1180
 In the cool stream to bathe his glowing wounds,
 The wretched father (father now no more !)
 In fullen sorrow rested on the shore ;
 Lean'd on an oak, with pain and anguish stung,
 And from a bough his brazen helmet hung. 1185
 His heavier arms lie scatter'd o'er the plain ;
 Round the sad monarch wait the duteous train :
 As (o'er his breast his hoary beard declin'd)
 The chief enjoy'd the freshness of the wind ;
 Much of his Lausus, asks the pensive fire ; 1190
 Sends oft in vain, and warns him to retire.
 When lo ! his soldiers bear him on a shield,
 Pale, stretch'd in death, and breathless, from the field.
 Deep in his side appear'd the grisly wound ;
 His groaning friends attend, and mourn around. 1195
 Far off, that peal of groans the father knew,
 And dust o'er all his hoary locks he threw ;
 To heav'n, in agonies of anguish, spread
 His hands ; and, hov'ring o'er, embrac'd the dead :
 And oh ! can life (he cry'd) such pleasure give ? 1200
 And bleeds my Lausus, that his fire may live ?

of death. And it has been observed, that Milton would not paint the devil without some moral virtues ; he has not only valour and conduct, but even compassionate concern :

Thrice he essay'd, and thrice, in spight of scorn,
 Tears, such as angels weep, in grief, burst forth.

Par. L. B. 1. 619.

Upon these principles (says Mr. Upton) I cannot defend such a character as Shakespear's Richard III. as proper for the stage : but much more faulty is the Jew's character in the Merchant of Venice ; who is cruel without necessity. These are not pictures of human creatures, and are beheld with horror and detestation.

Man is of a mixed nature ; virtue and vice alternately prevailing ; it being as difficult to find a person thoroughly vicious, as thoroughly virtuous. See this reasoning confirmed in Upton's Observations on Shakespear, pag. 81.

1200. *And oh ! can life.*] This speech of Mezentius, over his son's dead body, is perhaps as fine a piece of pathos as

Quem genui ? tuane haec genitor per volnera servor,
 Morte tua vivens ? heu, nunc misero mihi demum
 Exfilium infelix ! nunc alte volnus adauctum !
 Idem ego, gnate, tuum maculavi crimine nomen, 850
 Pulsus ob invidiam folio sceptrisque paternis.
 Debueram patriae poenas, odiisque meorum :
 Omnis per mortis animam fontem ipse dedissem.
 Nunc vivo : neque adhuc homines lucemque relinquo :
 Sed linquam. simul hoc dicens adtollit in aegrum 855
 Se femur ; et quamquam vis alto vulnere tardat,
 Haud dejectus, equum duci jubet. hoc decus illi,
 Hoc solamen erat : bellis hoc victor abibat
 Omnibus. adloquitur maerentem, ac talibus infit :
 Rhoebe, diu (res si qua diu mortalibus ulla est) 860
 Viximus. aut hodie victor spolia illa cruenta
 Et caput Aeneae referes, Lausque dolorum
 Ultor eris mecum : aut, aperit si nulla viam vis,
 Occumbes pariter. neque enim, fortissime, credo
 Jussa aliena pati, et dominos dignabere Teucros. 865
 Dixit, et exceptus tergo consueta locavit
 Membra, manusque ambas jaculis oneravit acutis ;
 Aere caput fulgens, cristaque hirsutus equina.

any in our poet. It is highly aggravated by the confession of his guilt. The pangs of the exile, and of the childless father, at once rush upon him. The one is awakened and augmented by the other. However, revenge soon reassumes its place in his violent temper ; and, notwithstanding his wound, he resolutely marches to meet Æneas.

1224. *Rhæbus, we long have liv'd.*] An hero of a different character would have invoked the assistance of the gods, in this adventure ; but Mezentius, as an atheist, addresses, and puts all his confidence in, his horse.

I have always thought there is a natural ferocity, and something of a striking character in Mezentius's address to his horse.

Have I then lost thy life, and sav'd my own ? }
Sav'd by the death of my dear murder'd son !

In my defence could such a son expire ?

A son like him, for such a guilty fire !

1205

Now, now, I feel an exile's woe ; the smart
Of this deep wound lies raging at my heart.

'Tis keen, 'tis sharp, 'tis terrible at last !

Nor half the bitterness of life is past !

On thy fair fame, my son, I left a stain,

1210

Driv'n by my people from my native reign ;

To them, to thee, my murder'd child ! I owe

All, all the deaths such guilt shou'd undergo.

And yet I live, and see the golden light !

But soon will leave it, for I loathe the sight !

1215

This said ; with rage and valour boiling high,

The monarch rear'd him on his halting thigh ;

And tho' his wound retards him in his speed,

He calls impatient for the warrior steed ;

The steed, his pride, his solace and delight,

1220

That bore him still victorious from the fight.

Then, as he droop'd, and hung his pensive head,

He clapp'd the gen'rous horse, and thus he said :

Rhæbus, we long have liv'd (if length there be

In mortal life)—'tis now too long for me !

1225

Soon shalt thou bear me from the bloody fray,

And bring Æneas' head and spoils away ;

With thy lov'd lord on yon detested plain,

Avenge my son, my darling Lausus slain,

And share together in the dire debate,

1230

One common conquest, or one common fate,

For thou wilt scorn, I trust, the rule abhorr'd,

And the base burden, of a Phrygian lord.

This said ; the hero mounts the gen'rous horse,

And to the foe directs his furious course.

1235

High on his head the crested helm he wore,

And in his hands the steely jav'lin bore.

Sic cursum in medios rapidus dedit. aestuat ingens
 Uno in corde pudor, mixtoque infania luctu : 870
 Atque hic Aenean magna ter voce vocavit.
 Aeneas adgnovit enim, laetusque precatur :
 Sic pater ille deum faciat, sic altus Apollo,
 Incipias conferre manum.
 Tantum effatus, et infesta subit obvius hasta. 875
 Ille autem : Quid me erepto, faevissime, gnato
 Terres ? haec via sola fuit, qua perdere posses.
 Nec mortem horremus, nec divom parcimus ulli.
 Define, nam venio moriturus, et haec tibi porto
 Dona prius. dixit, telumque intorsit in hostem : 880
 Inde aliud super atque aliud figitque volutatque
 Ingenti gyro : sed sustinet aureus umbo.
 Ter circum adstantem laevos equitavit in orbis,
 Tela manu jaciens : secum ter Troius heros
 Inmanem aerato circumfert tegmine filvam. 885
 Inde ubi tot traxisse moras, tot spicula taedet
 Vellere, et urguetur pugna congressus iniqua ;
 Multa movens animo jam tandem erumpit, et inter
 Bellatoris equi cava tempora conjicit hastam.
 Tollit se adrectum quadrupes, et calcibus auras 890
 Verberat, effusumque equitem super ipse secutus
 Implicat, ejectoque incumbit cernuus armo.
 Clamore incendunt caelum Troesque Latinique.
 Advolat Aeneas, vaginaque eripit ense,

1238. *His conscious valour.*] This cruel king is not without his virtues ; we are here almost apt to pity him. No character should be painted uniformly vile : perhaps there is no such thing in nature, as *monstrum nulla virtute redemptum*.

As the most virtuous man has his vices, so the most vicious man has his virtues.

1242. *So may great Jove.*] This address of Aeneas to the gods is a fine contrast to the impiety of Mezentius, who acknowledges no other divinity than his own arm ; *Dextra mibi deus*. It is to be observed, that this prayer is very short : the presence of a furious enemy would not permit him to say more. Homer has not always this reservedness. CATROU.

His conscious valour, his recoiling flame,
 Grief, wrath, and fury, set his soul on flame.
 Thrice on Æneas' name he calls from far, 1240
 Who hears the challenge, and accepts the war.
 So may great Jove, and he, the god of light,
 Inspire thy soul, to stand the proffer'd fight !
 The hero cry'd ; then made his bold advance,
 Fierce o'er the field, and shook the flaming lance. 1245
 And why, reply'd the king, this vaunting strain ?
 The father perish'd, when the son was slain !
 Strike then, and use thy present fortune :—strike—
 Death, and the fabled gods, I scorn alike.
 No more—I came to die ; but first bestow 1250
 This parting present on the murd'rous foe.
 Swift as the word, the vengeful dart he sped ;
 Lance after lance, in swift succession, fled ;
 Then, in a spacious ring, he rode the field,
 And vainly ply'd th' impenetrable shield ; 1255
 Thrice round the chief in rapid circles flew,
 And at each flight a pointed jav'lin threw.
 Collected in himself, the hero bears,
 On the broad shield, a rising grove of spears.
 But now the prince, impatient of delay, 1260
 So long to dug dart after dart away,
 Press'd and fatigu'd with such unequal fight,
 (At length determin'd to display his might)
 Springs forth ; and aims his jav'lin's furious course
 Betwixt the temples of the fiery horse. 1265
 Stung to the brain the horse begins to rear,
 Paw with his plunging feet, and lash the air.
 Headlong at last, and madding with the steel,
 Full on the shoulder of his lord he fell.
 The hosts with clamours tempest all the skies. 1270
 With his drawn sword the fierce Æneas flies :

1271. *With his drawn sword.*] The poet has not observed historical truth in making Æneas kill Mezentius. Livy in-

Et super haec : Ubi nunc Mezentius acer, et illa . 895
 Effera vis animi ? contra Tyrrhenus, ut auras
 Suspiciens hausit caelum, mentemque recepit :
 Hostis amare, quid increpitas, mortemque minaris ?
 Nullum in caede nefas. nec sic ad proelia veni,
 Nec tecum meus haec pepigit mihi foedera Lausus. 900
 Unum hoc, per, si qua est victis venia hostibus, oro ;
 Corpus humo patiare tegi. scio acerba meorum
 Circumstare odia : hunc (oro) defende furorem :
 Et me consortem gnati concede sepulcro.
 Haec loquitur, juguloque haud infcius accipit enssem, 905
 Undantique animam diffundit in arma cruore.

forms us that Mezentius was living after the death of Æneas, and after Ascanius had built Alba Longa.—*Maxime fufis Etrufcis, ut ne morte quidem Aeneae, nec deinde inter muliebrem tutelam, rudimentumque primum puerilis regni, movere arma, aut MEZENTIUS, Etrufcique aut ulli alii accelae aufi fint.* B. 1. c. 3.

1285. *Ob! let me find the refuge of a grave!*] Notwithstanding Mezentius's former contempt of all religious rites, his praying to Æneas for sepulture is highly natural. We see every day, says Segrais, the most resolute and hardened change their opinions and language at the hour of death ; so natural is it for man to acknowledge the power of a Deity in spite of himself : and so difficult is it entirely to efface the first impressions of religion. We should likewise remember, that the ancients thought it was the most severe misfortune to be deprived of the rites of burial : as we have seen in the instance of Palinurus, and which might be proved from a thousand passages among the ancients. To this observation of Segrais I must add a most judicious remark of F. Brumoy : *Theatre des Grecs*, Tom. 4. pag. 201. *Les Phœniciennes*.

The last act of this tragedy of Euripides may, at first sight, appear to be, in some measure, ascetic, as well as the last of the Ajax of Sophocles, if the reader does not frequently reflect on what I have so often insinuated, that not to be buried was by the ancients esteemed a more dreadful punishment than death itself. Hence it came to pass, that the deaths of the heroes of the theatre were, by no means, a sufficient unravelling of the plot. It was necessary to add the honours or want of sepulture to render the action complete. And this, without

And where is now the lofty strain (he cry'd)
Of stern Mezentius, and the scornful pride?

With half-recover'd life, the king replies
(And, as he speaks, stares wildly at the skies;) 1275

Why, why, insulting foe, this waste of breath
To souls determin'd, and resolv'd on death?

In that fond hope to battle did I fly;

And fought far less to conquer than to die.

My son when slaughter'd in the martial strife, 1280

Made no such contract for his father's life;

A worthless gift to live at thy command!

Nor wou'd I take it from his murd'rer's hand!

But, if a vanquish'd foe this grace may crave,

Oh! let me find the refuge of a grave! 1285

Too well my subjects vengeance have I known;

Then guard my corse; and lay me by my son.

Grant, grant that pleasure, ere I yield my breath,

To share his dear society in death!

This said; the willing warrior to the foe 1290

Extends his throat, and courts the fatal blow.

The sanguine stream his radiant armour dy'd;

The soul came rushing in the purple tide.

without doubt, gives us a key to all the ancient *denouemens* both of epic poetry, as in Homer's description of the funeral rites for Hector and Patroclus; and of tragedy likewise, as in the Ajax, the Phœnicians, and many others; the unravellings of whose plots will always displease, if we forget the principles and notions received by antiquity.

THE END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

The A R G U M E N T.

Æneas erects a trophy of the spoils of Mezentius, grants a truce for burying the dead, and sends home the body of Pallas with great solemnity. Latinus calls a council to propose offers of peace to Æneas, which occasions great animosities between Turnus and Drances. In the mean time there is a sharp engagement of the horse; wherein Camilla signalizes herself; is killed; and the Latin troops are entirely defeated.

P. VIRGILII MARONIS
AENEIDOS
LIBER XI.

OCEANUM interea surgens Aurora reliquit.
Aeneas, quamquam et sociis dare tempus humanis
Præcipitant curæ, turbataque funere mens est,

1. *Now, o'er the waves.*] This book, says Segrain, is adorned with the episode of Camilla, as the ninth is with that of Nisus and Euryalus. There are but few books, which are intirely taken up in relating the affairs belonging to the main subject; but we may observe how these ornaments differ the one from the other. Indeed, all the books have, for the most part, one circumstance common to all; the first, sixth, seventh, and eighth excepted; that is, says Scaliger, they conclude with a death. Some suppose that this was done designedly by the poet; and others, that such a distribution came by chance, and that Virgil died without determining how to begin his books.

However, one may well judge, for example, that he intended to begin his second book, with the recital of taking Troy; but it is, by no means, certain, that he had determined to begin all the other books with those very verses which we now read at their several beginnings: insomuch that it is still a dispute among the critics, whether it would not be better to begin the sixth book with this line.

Obvertunt pelago proras, tum dente tenaci,
than with the following,
Sic fatur lacrymans, &c.

And

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE
ELEVENTH BOOK.

NOW, o'er the waves, Aurora rais'd her head :
 The chief (tho' eager to inter the dead,
 And to the wretched father's arms to fend
 The relics of his dear departed friend)

And indeed it seems, that the second line,

Et tandem Euboicis Cumaram allabitur oris,

would have been a good conclusion, and would have been well placed at the end of the fifth book. And as to each book's ending with a remarkable death, I content myself with observing, that they have no resemblance the one with the other. For if the second book ends with the death of Creusa, it is easy to see that the death of Anchises, which ends the third, has no relation either to her death, or to that of Dido at the end of the fourth, and still less to Palinurus's death, with which the fifth is ended. Besides one may observe, that these four deaths, described in the first part of the poem, have no resemblance with those which happen in the second; namely that of Mezentius, Camilla, and Turnus. And these latter, tho' very near each other both in time and place, and by the subject which renders them alike, are still so diversified by the manner in which they are described, that one cannot sufficiently admire the poet's art. The three last books, which consist entirely of war and combats, prove what I advance: and 'tis very difficult not to fall into the contrary fault, from the resemblance of warlike actions which must necessarily be described. The harangues of Turnus and Drances, the la-

mentations

Vota deum primo victor solvebat Eo.
 Ingentem quercum decisis undique ramis 5
 Constituit tumulo, fulgentiaque induit arma;
 Mezentî ducis exuvias; tibi, magne, tropaeum,
 Bellipotens: aptat rorantis sanguine cristas,
 Telaque trunca viri; et bis sex thoraca petunt
 Perfossūque locis: clipeumque ex aere sinistrae 10
 Subligat, atque ensē collo suspendit eburnum.
 Tum socios, namque omnis eum stipata tegebat
 Turba ducum, sic incipiens hortatur oantis:
 Maxima res effecta, viri: timor omnis abesto,
 Quod superest. haec sunt spolia, et de rege superbo 15
 Primitiae: manibusque meis Mezentius hic est.
 Nunc iter ad regem nobis murosque Latinos.
 Arma parate animis, et spe praesumite bellum:
 Ne qua mora ignaros (ubi primum vellere signa
 Adnuerint superi, pubemque educere castris) 20
 Impediat; segnisve metu sententia tardet.
 Interea socios inhumataque corpora terrae
 Mandemus: qui solus honos Acheronte sub imo est.
 Ite, ait, egregias animas, quae sanguine nobis
 Hanc patriam peperere suo, decorate supremis 25
 Muneribus: maestamque Euandri primus ad urbem

mentations of Evander and Æneas on the death of Pallas, the little history of Camilla, the attack of her cavalry compared so happily to the flux and reflux of the sea, and lastly, the general defeat of the Latins after the death of Camilla; all these, I say, are inimitable pictures. And when I consider how many excellent passages are to be found in these last three books, I cannot possibly imagine how the learned M. Guyet could think they were not written by Virgil. It may be granted, that the versification of these last books is not so close and press, as that of the former.—But I don't know whether one might not affirm, that the subjects which they contain, are not more striking, and at least more accommodated to our present manners. Actions of valour, and wonders of the sword, and different incidents, extremely delight the reader, who loves to see continual changes of fortune, and various events.

2. *The chief, tho' eager.*] It was a custom of the Romans, never

First to the gods discharg'd a victor's vows, 5
 And bar'd an oak of all her verdant boughs.
 High on a lofty point the trunk he plac'd,
 Which with Mezentius' radiant arms he grac'd ;
 The shiver'd lances that the monarch bore,
 The plummy crest that dropp'd with recent gore ; 10
 The cuirass next ; transfixt in ev'ry part
 By the keen jav'lin, or the flying dart.
 Then on the left, the brazen shield was ty'd ;
 And the dread sword hung glitt'ring at the side.
 Thus the rich spoils he rais'd aloft in air, 15
 A trophy sacred to the god of war.
 Then to his friends, a glad triumphant train,
 Assembled round their chief, the prince began :
 Dismiss your fears ; the high exploit is o'er ;
 The great, the stern Mezentius is no more ! 20
 Lo ! where an omen of success he stands !
 The glorious trophy of your leader's hands !
 When Heav'n permits, our standard to display,
 To yon proud town, intrepid, break your way ;
 And let your eager hopes, devoid of care, 25
 Fore-run the happy fortunes of the war.
 Now let our slaughter'd friends in earth be laid,
 The last, last honours we can pay the dead !
 On those brave souls be fun'ral rites bestow'd,
 Who bought this country with their dearest blood : 30

never to sacrifice when they were polluted with the rites of burial : but if it so happened that any one died, and there was at the same time a necessity of performing a sacrifice, the friends of the deceased always strove to go thro' with the sacrifice, before they buried him. Thus when it was told to Horatius Pulvillus, while he was consecrating the Capitol, that his son was dead, he cried out, *Cadaver fit* : nor would he engage in his funeral, till he had finished the consecration. According to this custom, Æneas is here introduced paying his vows to Heaven, before he celebrates the sepulture of Pallas, and his companions. See note, ver. 227. B. 7. And Macrob. Sat. B. 3. c. 1. on the accuracy with which Virgil has expressed the rites and terms of sacrificing.

Mittatur Pallas, quem non virtutis egentem
 Abstulit atra dies, ac funere merfit acerbo.
 Sic ait inlacrimans, recipitque ad limina gressum :
 Corpus ubi exanimi positum Pallantis Acoetes 30
 Servabat senior : qui Parrhasio Euandro
 Armiger ante fuit ; sed non felicibus aequè
 Tum comes auspiciis caro datus ibat alumno.
 Circum omnis famulûmque manus Trojanaque turba,
 Et maestum Iliades crinem de more solutae. 35
 Ut vero Aeneas foribus sese intulit altis,
 Ingentem gemitum tunsis ad sidera tollunt
 Pectoribus, maestoque inmugit regia luctu.
 Ipse caput nivei fultum Pallantis et ora
 Ut vidit, levique patens in pectore volnus 40
 Cuspидis Ausoniae, lacrimis ita satur obortis :
 Tene, inquit, miserande puer, cum laeta veniret,
 Invidit Fortuna mihi, ne regna videres
 Nostra, neque ad sedes victor veherere paternas ?

35. *To the tent.*]

Recipitque ad limina gressum:
Corpus ubi——&c.

The Greeks, as well as the Italians, placed their dead in the porches of their houses. Thus Achilles, speaking of Patroclus, *Iliad. B. 19.*

‘Ος μοι ἐν κλισίῃ——
 Κεῖται αἶψα πρόθυρον τετραμμένος.

“ Who lies in my tent with his face turned towards the door.”

Thus Persius, *in portam rigidos calces extendit* ; Sat. 3. 105. and Suetonius, of the body of Augustus, —*Equester ordo suscepit, ubique intulit, atque in vestibulo domus collocavit.* Oct. August. C. 100.

42. *The Trojan dames.*] Why does the poet represent Trojan dames surrounding the body of Pallas, since he gave us to understand before, that they all remained behind in Sicily, and that the mother of Euryalus alone had courage enough to follow her son into Italy ? *Solis e matribus ausa.* Servius understands female slaves in this place, *has Aeneae ancillulas* ; but why are they termed Iliades ? This is certainly a little oversight in the poet, which would have been corrected, if he had lived to put the last hand to his poem.

But first the cold remains of Pallas send
To his sad father, our unhappy friend ;
Since the dire chance of war, in early bloom,
Condemns the valiant hero to the tomb !

Then to the tent his hasty course he sped, 35
Where old Accetes sits, and guards the dead.

Evander's squire of old, in fields he shone :
A far less prosp'rous comrade to the son !
His friends, his soldiers, and the menial train,
With tears bemoan the blooming hero slain. 40

With lamentable cries, and hair unbound,
The Trojan dames in order stand around.
Soon as Æneas past the lofty door,
With louder groans the warrior they deplore :

They beat their breasts ; tears gush from ev'ry eye : 45
The rich pavillions to their shrieks reply.

His head now rais'd ; the pious prince of Troy
Saw the pale features of the hapless boy ;
Saw the wide wound amidst his ivory breast ;
And, with a flood of tears, the dead address'd. 50

Lamented youth ! could fortune then intend
To bless my arms, but rob me of my friend ?
My friend, I hop'd, (but ah ! that hope was vain !)
Wou'd share the glories of my op'ning reign,
And, gay with conquest, glad his fire again. 55 }

43. *Soon as Æneas.*] At the appearance of Æneas their grief and lamentations are renewed ; a circumstance imitated by Statius, Theb. B. 6. ver. 42.

— *Mox ut moerentia dignis
Vultibus Inachii penetrarunt limina reges,
Ceus nova tunc clades, & primo saucius infans
Vulnere, letalisque irrumperet atria serpens ;
Sic alium ex alio quanquam lassata fragorem
Pectora congeminant, integratoque resulant
Accensae clamore fores.*

It was a ceremony among the ancients, for the mourners to renew their lamentation at the approach of a king, or person of distinction.

Non haec Euandro de te promissa parenti 45
 Discedens dederam : cum me complexus euntem
 Mitteret in magnum imperium, metuensque moneret
 Acris esse viros, cum dura proelia gente.
 Et nunc ille quidem multum spe captus inani
 Fors et vota facit, cumulatque altaria donis. 50
 Nos juvenem exanimum, et nil jam coelestibus ullis
 Debentem, vano maesti comitamur honore.
 Infelix gnati funus crudele videbis.
 Hi nostri reditus, exspectatique triumphi ?
 Haec mea magna fides ? at non, Euandre, pudendis 55
 Volneribus pulsum aspicias : nec sospite dirum
 Optabis gnato funus pater. hei mihi, quantum
 Praesidium Aufonia, et quantum tu perdis, Iule !
 Haec ubi deflevit, tolli miserabile corpus
 Imperat, ac toto lectos ex agmine mittit 60
 Mille viros, qui supremum comitentur honorem,
 Interfintque patris lacrimis ; solatia luctûs
 Exigua ingentis, misero sed debita patri.
 Haud segnes alii cratis et molle feretrum
 Arbuteis texunt virgis, et vimine querno, 65
 Exstructosque toros obtentu frondis inumbrant.
 Hic juvenem agresti sublimem stramine ponunt :
 Qualem virgineo demessum pollice florem
 Seu mollis violae, seu languentis hyacinthi :

73. *His wounds all fair, and honest, on the breast.]*

—Non, Euandre, pudendis
Volneribus pulsum aspicias—

That is, when Evander your father comes forth to meet your dead body, he shall find your wounds honourable : of which Ælian Ποικιλ. Ἰστορ. L. 12. c. 21. “ The Matrons of Lacedæmon, when they received the news that their sons were slain in battle, were wont to come forth, and inspect their wounds, both before and behind ; and when they found the greater number was before, they conducted the bodies of their children to the monuments of their ancestors, with great solemnity, and a kind of stern pride in their countenances : but if they perceived any wounds behind, weeping and blushing for shame, they departed with the utmost secrecy, leaving the dead bodies

Far other promise to that fire I past !
 Nor thought thy first, first warfare was thy last :
 Then, when he sent me to my high command,
 The good old king, at parting, grasp'd my hand,
 And told, with all a friend's and father's care, 60
 With what fierce nations we must wage the war.
 Now for his son, perhaps, he loads the shrine,
 And decks the fane of ev'ry pow'r divine ;
 While with vain pomp and many an empty rite,
 We bring him back his Pallas from the fight, 65
 Pale, stretch'd in death ; and, in his latest hour, ,
 Disclaim'd by ev'ry ruthless heav'nly pow'r !

Now, for these triumphs, must thy mournful eye
 See the sad fun'ral of thy son go by !
 Such, hapless monarch, are the spoils we send ! 70
 Such the vain boast and promise of thy friend !
 And yet he fell, by Turnus' arms oppress'd,
 His wounds all fair, and honest, on the breast !
 Better, than to prolong by shame his breath ! —
 Then hadst thou curs'd thy age, and wish'd for death ! 75
 Ah ! what a chief have our confed'rate host,
 And what a friend hast thou, Ascanius, lost !

Thus, while a stream of tears he shed in vain,
 He bids them raise the body of the slain.
 A thousand warriors from the host he chose, 80
 To wait the pomp, and share the father's woes,
 The due funereal honours to complete ;
 A slender solace for a loss so great !
 Soft bending twigs they weave ; with care they spread
 The swelling foliage o'er the verdant bed, 85 }
 And decent on the bier dispose the dead.
 There like a flow'r he lay, with beauty crown'd,
 Pluck'd by some lovely virgin from the ground :

to be interred in the common sepulchre ; or carried them away
 by stealth, to be privately buried at home."

Cui neque fulgor adhuc, nec dum sua forma recessit: 70
 Non jam mater alit tellus, viresque ministrat.
 Tunc geminas vestis auroque ostroque rigentis
 Extulit Aeneas: quas illi laeta laborum
 Ipsa suis quondam manibus Sidonia Dido
 Fecerat, ac tenui telas discreverat auro. 75
 Harum unam juveni supremum maestus honorem
 Induit, arsurasque comas obnubit amictu:
 Multaque praeterea Laurentis praemia pugnae
 Aggerat, et longo praedam jubet ordine duci.
 Addit equos ac tela, quibus spoliaverat hostem. 80
 Vinxerat et post terga manus, quos mitteret umbris
 Inferias, caeso sparsuros sanguine flammam:
 Indutosque jubet truncos hostilibus armis
 Ipsos ferre duces, inimicaque nomina figi.
 Ducitur infelix aevo confectus Acoetes, 85
 Pectora nunc foedans pugnis, nunc unguibus ora:
 Sternitur et toto projectus corpore terrae.
 Ducunt et Rutulo perfusos sanguine currus.
 Post bellator equus positus insignibus Aethon
 It lacrimans, guttisque humectat grandibus ora. 90
 Hastam alii galeamque ferunt: nam cetera Turnus
 Victor habet. tum maesta phalanx Teucrique sequuntur
 Tyrrhenique duces, et versis Arcades armis.
 Postquam omnis longe comitum processerat ordo;

100. *Youths.*] Human sacrifices were common on these occasions among the ancients.

109. *Stripp'd of his trappings.*] This is a most affecting image. It is drawn from Iliad 17. where Achilles's horses weep for their master. Aristotle and Pliny inform us, that these animals often lament their masters when killed in battle, and even shed tears for them. Ælian reports the same of elephants, when they are carried from their native country. Suetonius in *Vit. Cæs.* tells us, *Proximis diebus, equorum greges, quos in trajiciendo flumine Marti consecrârat, ac sine custode vagos dimiserat, comperit pabulo pertinacissime abstinere, ubertimque flere,* Cap. 18. The next day the horses, whom in passing the Rubicon he had consecrated to Mars, and turned loose on the banks,

The root no more the mother earth supplies ;
 Yet still th' unfaded colour charms the eyes. 90
 Two rich embroider'd robes Æneas brought,
 Robes, which of old the Tyrian princess wrought.
 One, round the body of the youth he spread,
 His last, last gift ! and one adorn'd his head,
 Drawn o'er his face, that when the flames aspire, 95
 With the fair locks may feed the crackling fire.
 Next, in a line, darts, helmets, and steeds, appear,
 Won by himself ; the prizes of the war.
 Then with their pinion'd hands the captives came,
 Unhappy youths ! —devoted to the flame ! 100
 With fair inscriptions of the foes he slew,
 The noblest chiefs, his glorious trophies drew.
 Supported by his friends, with woes oppress'd,
 Accetes rends his locks, and beats his breast ;
 This moment, pauses ; then, in sorrow drown'd, 105
 Breaks from their arms, and grovels on the ground.
 All cover'd o'er with blood, succeeds a train
 Of hostile cars, in honour of the slain.
 Stripp'd of his trappings, and his head declin'd,
 Æthon, his gen'rous warrior-horse, behind, 110
 Moves with a solemn, slow, majestic pace ;
 And the big tears run rolling down his face.
 These, the young hero's lance and helmet bear ;
 The rest, the victor seiz'd, the spoils of war.
 The Trojan, Tuscan, and Arcadian train 115
 Trail their inverted jav'lines on the plain,

banks, were observed to abstain obstinately from food, and to weep abundantly.

114. *The rest, the victor.*] This is artfully introduced ;

—*Nam cetera Turnus
 Victor habet*—

The poet takes care to remind us, that some of Pallas's insignia remained with Turnus, which afterwards prove so fatal to that hero.

Substitit Aeneas, gemituque haec addidit alto : 95
 Nos alias hinc ad lacrimas eadem horrida belli
 Fata vocant. salve aeternum mihi, maxume Palla,
 Aeternumque vale. nec plura effatus ad altos
 Tendebat muros, gressumque in castra ferebat.
 Jamque oratores aderant ex urbe Latina, 100
 Velati ramis oleae, veniamque rogantes :
 Corpora, per campos ferro quae fusa jacebant,
 Redderet, ac tumulto sineret succedere terrae :
 Nullum cum victis certamen et aethere cassis :
 Parceret hospitibus quondam focerisque vocatis. 105
 Quos bonus Aeneas, haud aspernanda precantis,
 Prosequitur venia, et verbis haec insuper addit :
 Quatenam vos tanto fortuna indigna, Latini,
 Implicuit bello, qui nos fugiatis amicos ?
 Pacem me exanimis et Martis sorte peremtis 110
 Oratis ? equidem et vivis concedere vellem.
 Nec veni, ni fata locum sedemque dedissent ;
 Nec bellum cum gente gero : rex nostra reliquit
 Hospitia, ac Turni potius se credidit armis.
 Aequius huic Turnum fuerat se opponere morti. 115
 Si bellum finire manu, si pellere Teucros
 Adparat ; his mecum decuit concurrere telis :
 Vixêt, cui vitam deus aut sua dextra dedisset.
 Nunc ite, et miseris subponite civibus ignem.

119. *Hail, mighty spirit, hail !*] The sentiments of this valedictory speech have a noble simplicity ; the conciseness of it is admirable, and highly proper to the occasion. With what detestation does this pious prince speak of war in these humane lines !

Salve aeternum mihi, &c. is plainly the *χαίρει μοι, ὦ Πατρὸς υἱέ*, of Homer, *Iliad* B. ψ.

146. — *In single fight.*] It ought to be observed, that Æneas, in this passage, makes the first proposal of deciding the war by a single combat.

The pomp all past ; thus good Æneas said,
With a deep groan, low bending o'er the dead ;
Hail, mighty spirit, hail !—with dire alarms,
The fates recal us to the rage of arms, 120
And to new scenes of woe thy friends compel : —
Farewel, brave prince, a long and last farewel.
This said ; the mournful chief, without delay,
Back to the lofty ramparts bent his way.

Now from the Latian court a train were sped, 125
With wreaths of verdant olives on their head ;
Who ask a truce, to search th' ensanguin'd plain,
And decent in their graves dispose the slain :
Beg, that his wrath in conquest may be laid,
Nor wage a war, relentless, with the dead ; 130
But spare their nation, late by social ties,
By plighted love, and friendship, his allies.

The godlike hero grants their just request ;
And in these words his gen'rous soul express'd :
What fate, ye Latians, urg'd your minds so far, 135
To shun our friendship, for this wasteful war ?
Glad would I grant the truce, you ask for those
Who dy'd in fight, to my surviving foes.—
Had not the fates assign'd these realms before,
I had not sail'd to your Hesperian shore ; 140
I wage the war but in my own defence ;
Not with your people, but your perjur'd prince.
First, from his league, perfidious he withdrew ;
Then to proud Turnus' arms for refuge flew.
But let proud Turnus stand ('tis just and right) 145
The terrors of this arm in single fight.
Would he repel the Trojans from the land ?
Ev'n let him meet their gen'ral hand to hand !
Soon would be known, in combat when we strive,
Which Heav'n ordains to perish, or survive. 150
Go then, and burn your slaughter'd friends, that spread
The purple fields ; I war not with the dead.

Dixerat Aeneas. olli obstupere silentes ; 120
 Conversique oculos inter se atque ora tenebant.
 Tum senior semperque odiis et crimine Drances
 Infensus juveni Turno sic ore vicissim
 Orsa refert : O fama ingens, ingentior armis,
 Vir Trojane, quibus caelo te laudibus aequem ? 125
 Justitiaene prius mirer belline laborum ?
 Nos vero haec patriam grati referemus ad urbem :
 Et te, si qua viam dederit Fortuna, Latino
 Jungemus regi. quaerat sibi foedera Turnus.
 Quin et fatalis murorum adtollere moles, 130
 Saxaque subvectare humeris Trojana juvabit.
 Dixerat haec, unoque omnes eadem ore fremebant.
 Bis senos pepigere dies, et pace sequestra
 Per silvas Teucris, mixtique inpune Latini,
 Erravere jugis. ferro sonat icta bipenni 135
 Fraxinus : evertunt actas ad sidera pinus :
 Robora nec cuneis, et olentem sciudere cedrum,
 Nec plaustris cessant vectare gementibus ornos.
 Et jam Fama volans, tanti praenuntia luctus,
 Euandrum Euandrique domos et moenia replet, 140
 Quae modo victorem Latio Pallanta ferebat.
 Arcades ad portas ruere, et de more vetusto
 Funereas rapuere faces. lucet via longo
 Ordine flammaram, et late discriminat agros.
 Contra turba Phrygum veniens plangentia jungunt 145
 Agmina. quae postquam matres succedere tectis
 Viderunt, maestam incendunt clamoribus urbem.

153. *Struck.*] It is very judicious to represent the Latins, as deeply affected with the great humanity of Æneas's speech, and, in consequence of it, highly prejudiced in his favour. And equally artful is the compliment, that Drances pays the hero, in the following lines, proceeding more from his implacable hatred to Turnus, than from his love to Æneas. This short speech prepares us for the striking part he is about to act in this book.

Struck with the gen'rous speech, they stood amaz'd,
 And on each other, fixt in wonder gaz'd ;
 When Drances, senior of the rev'rend train, 155
 Th' inveterate foe of Turnus, thus began :
 How shall my tongue so great a prince proclaim,
 Whom fame renowns ; whose deeds transcend his fame !
 Whose force and wisdom, or in war or peace,
 Thought scarce can equal ; and no words express ! 160
 Thy answer will we soon report, and bring
 To thy alliance our deluded king.

And let rash Turnus other courts implore
 His sinking cause and int'rests to restore ;
 While we will lend our lab'ring hands with joy, 165
 To raise this fated town, this second Troy.

He said ; the rest assent with equal praise,
 And fix the truce for twelve succeeding days.
 Meantime the Latins and the Trojans rove
 Safe o'er the hills, and mingle in the grove. 170
 Now the tough ash the sounding axes ply ;
 Th' unrooted pines turn upward to the sky :
 The wedge divides, with many a vig'rous stroke,
 The scented cedar, and the pond'rous oak.
 And, nodding o'er the cars, (a mighty load !) 175
 The length'ning elms roll lumb'ring down the road.

Now fame, the messenger of sorrow, bears
 The death of Pallas to the father's ears ;
 That on triumphant wings with pride, before,
 The glorious tidings of his conquests bore. 180
 Strait rushing thro' the gates, the people stand
 In ranks, a fun'ral torch in ev'ry hand.

The mingling blaze a dreadful splendor yields,
 Flames to the skies, and lightens all the fields.
 The Phrygian train approach, a solemn show ! 185
 And join the mourners in the public woe.
 Loud shriek the matrons, as the corse appears,
 And the whole city seems one scene of tears,

At non Euandrum potis est vis ulla tenere :
 Sed venit in medios. feretro Pallanta reposito
 Procubuit super, atque haeret lacrimansque gemenisque,
 Et via vix tandem voci laxata dolore est : 151
 Non haec, ô Palla, dederas promissa parenti,
 Cautius ut saevo velles te credere Marti.
 Haud ignarus eram, quantum nova gloria in armis,
 Et praedulce decus primo certamine posset. 155
 Primitiae juvenis miserae, bellique propinqui
 Dura rudimenta, et nulli exaudita deorum
 Vota precesque meae ! tuque, ô sanctissima conjunx,
 Felix morte tua, neque in hunc servata dolorem !
 Contra ego vivendo vici mea fata, superstes 160
 Restarem ut genitor. Troum focia arma secutum
 Obruerent Rutuli telis : animam ipse dedissem,
 Atque haec pompa domum me, non Pallanta, referret.

195. *He strove to say.*] This grief for a considerable time, implied in the words *vix* and *tandem*, stopt the passage of his voice, and at length opened it; both these are true as to different parts of time: excess of sorrow first makes us dumb, and then makes us speak.

TRAPP.

197. *Is this thy promise then.*] Ariadne breaks out into an apostrophe of this sort, in that pathetic poem of Catullus, intitled Argonautica :

*At non hæc quondam blanda promissa dedisti
 Voce mihi ; non hoc miserum sperare jubebas :
 Sed connubia lata, sed optatos Hymenæos,
 Quæ cuncta aerii discerpunt irrita venti.*

Ver. 123, &c.

210. *I, in the dregs.*] A true pathos reigns throughout this whole speech of Evander. The various turns of passion, and the alternate addresses to the living and the dead, are the very language of sorrow. The circumstances of tenderly reproaching him for being too forward and eager in the battle; the envying his wife for dying before she could be witness to so great a calamity; the image of this misfortune's happening to him in extreme old age, when he is by nature incapacitated to struggle with it; the wishing he had died in his son's stead; need not, I hope, be pointed out to any reader of sensibility, and a feeling heart. There is something very noble and heroic

But nought the wretched father can restrain:
 He breaks, all frantic, thro' the parting train; 190
 Then on the bier his aged body threw,
 And kiss'd his son, as to the corse he grew:
 While from his eyes the gushing sorrows flow,
 Fixt in a long dumb agony of woe.
 A thousand things in vain he strove to say, 195
 But scarce could these for anguish find their way:
 Is this thy promise then, my child, with care
 And cool reserve to mingle in the war?
 Too well, alas! I knew how honour's charms
 Wou'd fire thy youth to seek the rough alarms, 200 }
 In these thy first essays, and rudiments of arms!
 Oh! dire essays!—too fond was thy delight
 To learn the dreadful lessons of the fight!
 Where now are all my vows (my Pallas), where?
 Ah! the stern gods grew deaf to ev'ry pray'r! 205
 How blest art thou, dear partner of my bed,
 Free from this stroke, among the happier dead!
 Thee, Heav'n in mercy snatch'd to shades below;
 Thee, death deliver'd from this scene of woe!
 I, in the dregs of age, O cruel doom! 210
 Usurp on nature, and defraud the tomb;
 Still live, and drag a load of sorrows on!
 Live—and (more terrible) survive my son!
 Me, in the battle, if the foes had slain,
 When, with my force, I join'd the Trojan train, 215
 I (as I should) had perish'd; and this state
 On the dead father, not the son, shou'd wait!

cal in his saying, that he will not accuse the Trojans of being the occasion of his son's death, and that he will never reproach himself for entering into a league with them. The only circumstance that can possibly administer any consolation, is, that he died like a true hero; "his wounds all fair, and honest, on the breast." He concludes by saying, that he is ashamed to have so long detained, by his sorrow, the soldiers from the fight; and hopes only to live long enough to see his enemy Turnus punished for his cruelty.

Nec vos arguerim Teucris, nec foedera, nec, quas
Junximus hospitio, dextras : fors ista senectae 165
Debita erat nostrae. quod si inmaturo manebat
Mors gnatum, caesis Volscorum millibus ante,
Ducentem in Latium Teucros cecidisse juvârit.
Quin ego non alio digner te funere, Palla,
Quam pius Aeneas, et quam magni Phryges, et quam 170
Tyrrenique duces, Tyrrenum exercitus omnis.
Magna tropaea ferunt, quos dat tua dextera leto.
Tu quoque nunc stares inmanis truncus in arvis,
Esset par aetas, et idem si robur ab annis,
Turne. sed infelix Teucros quid demoror armis ? 175
Vadite, et haec memores regi mandata referte :
Quod vitam moror invisam, Pallante peremto,
Dextera causa tua est : Turnum gnatoque patrique
Quam debere vides. meritis vacat hic tibi solus
Fortunaeque locus. vitae non gaudia quaero, 180
Nec fas : sed gnato manis perferre sub imos.
Aurora interea miseris mortalibus almam
Extulerat lucem, referens opera atque labores.

Nor yet will I impute my murder'd boy
To you, O warriors ! or my leagues with Troy :
'Twas not your crime, my friends, he fell so young ; 220
No !—'tis the father's, who has liv'd so long,
With his slain son to blast his closing eye,
And wish, in bitterness of soul, to die.
Yet, tho' before his time the fates requir'd
My dear, dear boy ; he gloriously expir'd ! 225
Yet to the destin'd shore his friends he led,
And pil'd the ground with mountains of the dead :
Ye gods ! I'm satisfy'd—he perish'd well !
His father thanks you ; for in fight he fell !
Nor will I add more honours to the boy, 230
Than those design'd him by the prince of Troy,
Those the bold Tuscan hosts and heroes gave,
To wait the corse triumphant to the grave :
With those, his own bright trophies be his share,
Trophies of chiefs he vanquish'd in the war. 235
Ah ! to thy years, proud Turnus, had he ran,
Till age confirm'd the hero in the man,
Ev'n thou hadst stood conspicuous to the fight,
The most distinguish'd trophy of the fight.
But why with tears so long have I with-held 240
(Wretch that I am !) the soldiers from the field ?
Go—tell your prince, that yet I breathe below,
And bear the world, a spectacle of woe !
(Robb'd of my age's pride, my only joy !)
'Tis, that I wait his vengeance for my boy, 245
His vengeance on proud Turnus' guilty head,
Due to the sad survivor and the dead.
'Tis all, himself, or fortune, now can give ;
'Tis for that only, I endure to live.
Life has no joys for me ; but I should go 250
Pleas'd with these tidings to my boy below !
And now, to wretched men, the dawning ray
Restor'd their round of labours, and the day.

Jam pater Aeneas, jam curvo in litore Tarcho
Constituere pyras. huc corpora quisque suorum 185
More tulere patrum : subjectisque ignibus atris.
Conditur in tenebras altum caligine caelum.
Ter circum accensos, cincti fulgentibus armis,
Decurrere rogos : ter maestum funeris ignem
Lustravere in equis, ululatusque ore dedere. 190
Spargitur et tellus lacrumis, sparguntur et arma.
It caelo clamorque virûm clangorque tubarum.
Hinc alii spolia occisis derepta Latinis
Conjiciunt igni ; galeas, ensisque decoros,
Frenaque, ferventisque rotas ; pars munera nota, 195
Ipforum clipeos, et non felicia tela.
Multa boum circa maectantur corpora Morti ;
Setigerosque fues, raptasque ex omnibus agris
In flammam jugulant pecudes : tum litore toto
Ardentis spectant socios, semiustaque servant 200
Busta ; neque avelli possunt ; nox humida donec
Invertit caelum stellis fulgentibus aptum.
Nec minus et miseri diversa in parte Latini
Innumeras struxere pyras, et corpora partim
Multa virûm terrae infodiunt, avectaque partim 205
Finitimos tollunt in agros, urbique remittunt.
Cetera, confusaeque ingentem caedis acervom,
Nec numero neque honore cremant ; tunc undique vasti
Certatim crebris conlucent ignibus agri.
Tertia lux gelidam caelo dimoverat umbram : 210

The Tuscan chief and Trojan prince command,
To raise the fun'ral structures on the strand. 255
Then to the piles, as ancient rites ordain,
Their friends convey the relics of the slain.
From the black flames the sullen vapours rise,
And smoke in curling volumes to the skies.
The foot thrice compass the high-blazing pyres; 260
Thrice move the horse, in circles, round the fires.
Their tears, as loud they howl at ev'ry round,
Dim their bright arms, and trickle to the ground.
A peal of groans succeeds; and heav'n rebounds
To the mixt cries, and trumpet's martial sounds. 265
Some, in the flames, the wheels and bridles throw,
The swords and helmets of the vanquish'd foe.
Some, the known shields their brethren bore in vain,
And unsuccessful jav'lins of the slain.
Now round the piles the bellowing oxen bled, 270
And bristly swine; in honour of the dead,
The fields they drove; the fleecy flocks they slew,
And on the greedy flames the victims threw.
Around their friends the pensive warriors stand,
And watch the dying fires along the strand; 275
Many a long look they cast with streaming eyes,
And wait till dewy night had spangled o'er the skies.

Nor with less toil the busy Latian train
Erect unnumber'd structures for the slain;
Some, to their graves, with pious care commend; 280
Some to their native coasts and cities, send.
Some, of distinguish'd rank and high renown,
Are borne with fun'ral trophies to the town;
The rest, unhonour'd, to the fires they yield;
The huge promiscuous carnage of the field! 285
From the thick piles, the streaming flames arise,
Blaze o'er the fields, and kindle half the skies.

When the third morn disclos'd the dawning day,
They search'd the heaps, and bore the bones away:

Maerentes altum cinerem et confusa ruebant
 Offa focus, tepidoque onerabant aggere terrae.
 Jam vero in tectis praedivitis urbe Latini
 Praecipuus fragor, et longi pars maxima luctus.
 Hic matres, miseraeque nurus, hic cara sororum 215
 Pectora maerentum, puerique parentibus orbi,
 Dirum execrantur bellum, Turnique hymenaeos :
 Ipsum armis, ipsumque jubent decernere ferro ;
 Qui regnum Italiae, et primos sibi poscat honores.
 Ingravat haec saevus Drances, solumque vocari 220
 Testatur, solum posci in certamina Turnum.
 Multa simul contra variis sententia dictis
 Pro Turno, et magnum reginae nomen obumbrat :
 Multa virum meritis sustentat fama tropaeis.
 Hos inter motus, medio in flagrante tumultu, 225
 Ecce super maesti magna Diomedis ab urbe
 Legati responsa ferunt : nil omnibus actum
 Tantorum inpenis operum : nil dona, neque aurum,
 Nil magnas valuisse preces : alia arma Latinis
 Quaerenda, aut pacem Trojano ab rege petendam. 230
 Deficit ingenti luctu rex ipse Latinus.
 Fatalem Aenean manifesto numine ferri,
 Admonet ira deum, tumulique ante ora recentes.
 Ergo concilium magnum, primosque suorum
 Imperio accitos, alta intra limina cogit. 235
 Olli convenere, ruuntque ad regia plenis
 Tecta viis. sedet in mediis et maxumus aevo
 Et primus sceptris, haud laeta fronte, Latinus.

319. *The Trojan chief, ordain'd by fate.*] By the words fatalem *Aeneam*, the commentators in general understand, that *Aeneas* would prove fatal or destructive to the Trojans. Our translator, with great justice, follows the interpretation of Castrou : Fatalem *Aeneam*, that *Aeneas* *destined* or *called* by the *fates* to marry Lavinia, &c.

In the warm ashes their remains they found, 290
 Quench'd with their tears, and bury'd in the ground;
 Then o'er the relics rais'd a lofty mound. }

But more tumultuous shrieks and clamours ring
 Thro' the wide town, and palace of the king:
 Boys, mothers, wives, and sisters, there complain 295
 For fathers, children, lords, and brothers, slain.
 All with one gen'ral voice the war abhorr'd,
 And the dire nuptials of the Daunian lord.
 Let him, whose boundless and ambitious pride
 Aspires to gain a crown, and regal bride, 300
 Let Turnus (they exclaim) in arms appear,
 And with his single sword decide the war.
 This, Drances still inflames; and adds, with spite;
 His godlike foe has dar'd him to the fight.
 But Turnus to his side a number draws, 305
 Who warmly plead the blooming hero's cause:
 He stands supported by his former fame;
 And the queen's favour shades his injur'd name.

'Midst these debates the pensive envoys bring
 The final answer of th' Ætolian king— 310
 Nor pray'rs, nor gifts, avail; but all the cost,
 With all the fruitless embassy, was lost.
 New succours must be sought; or peace implor'd,
 In terms submissive, of the Trojan lord.
 The Latian king, surrounded by his foes, 315
 Sinks in despair, and bends beneath his woes.
 The wrath of Heav'n, the recent toms, that spread
 The fields o'er-charged and peopled with the dead,
 Point out the Trojan chief, ordain'd by fate
 To sway the sceptre of the Latian state. 320

He calls a council; at the sov'reign's call
 The peers, assembled, crowd the regal hall:
 There, 'midst the rev'rend fathers of the state,
 With mournful looks the hoary monarch sate;

Atque hic legatos Aetola ex urbe remissos,
 Quae referant, fari jubet, et responsa reposcit 240
 Ordine cuncta suo. tum facta silentia linguis,
 Et Venulus dicto parens ita farier inquit :
 Vidimus, ô cives, Diomede Argivaque castra ;
 Atque iter emensi casus superavimus omnis ;
 Contigimusque manum, qua concidit Ilia tellus. 245
 Ille urbem Argyripam, patriae cognomine gentis,
 Victor Gargani condebat Iapygis agris.
 Postquam introgressi, et coram data copia fandi ;
 Munera praeferimus, nomen patriamque docemus :
 Qui bellum intulerint, quae caussa adtraxerit Arpos. 250
 Auditis ille haec placido sic reddidit ore :
 O fortunatae gentes, Saturnia regna,
 Antiqui Aufonii, quae vos fortuna quietos
 Sollicitat, suadetque ignota laceßere bella ?
 Quicumque Iliacos ferro violavimus agros, 255
 (Mitto ea, quae muris bellando exhausta sub altis,
 Quos Simoïs premat ille viros) infanda per orbem
 Supplicia, et scelerum poenas expēdimus omnis,
 Vel Priamo miseranda manus. scit triste Minervae
 Sidus, et Euboïcae cautes, ultorque Caphereus. 260
 Militia ex illa diversum ad litus adaçti,
 Atrides Proti Menelaüs adusque columnas
 Exfulat ; Aetnaeos vidit Cyclopas Ulixes.

345. *All, all.*] There is something vastly pleasing to the mind in seeing this old hero, whom we remember to have beheld so *active and fierce* in the *Iliad*, retiring from war in his old-age, and exhorting the ambassadors to peace.

354. *Nor Priam's self relate without a tear.*] This sentiment seems to be drawn from a verse of Pacuvius, preserved by Servius :

Si Priamus adesset, & ipse ejus commiseresceret.

355. *This truth.*] The following lines contain an epitome of the sufferings and adventures of all the Grecian chiefs, that assisted at the siege of Troy. It is very natural to make this old hero dwell at large on the misfortunes which had happened to his companions in the war.

The monarch bids th' ambassadors report,
Distinct, their answer from th' Ætolian court.

325

Then, while attention held the solemn train,
With rev'rence due, sage Venulus began :

Ye peers, a length of lands, and perils past,
We saw the royal Diomede at last ;

330

And touch'd, with wonder and respectful joy,
The mighty hand that ras'd imperial Troy.
There, blest'd with ease, the happy victor builds
A second Argos in the Gargan fields.

Strait to the court admitted, we begun,

335

And in submissive terms address'd the throne ;
Present our gifts, our names and land disclose ;
What war required his aid ; and who his foes.

When, with soft accents and a pleasing look,
Thus, in return, the gracious monarch spoke :

340

Ye blest Ausonians ! blest, from times of old,
By righteous Saturn, with an age of gold !
What madness rous'd you now with vain alarms,
From long hereditary peace, to arms ?

All, all our Argive kings, who dar'd employ
Their swords to violate the tow'rs of Troy

345

(Those chiefs I pass that under Ilion dy'd,
Or Simois whelm'd beneath his roaring tide),
Toss'd round the world, in ev'ry distant clime,
Atone the guilt of that presumptuous crime.

350

From the dire war our desp'rate course we bore,
Each driv'n by tempests on a diff'rent shore.
Such scenes of sorrow not a foe cou'd hear,
Nor Priam's self relate without a tear.

This truth Minerva's vengeful storm can tell,
When on Caphareus' rocks Oileus fell.

355

The * Spartan lord, a banish'd wretch, was hurl'd
To † Proteus' pillars, in a distant world.

Ulysses, on the dread Sicilian coast,

Saw the grim Cyclops ; and his comrades lost.

360

* Menelaus.

† Egypt.

Regna Neoptolemi referam, versosque Penatis
 Idomeni ? Libycone habitantis litore Locros ? 265
 Ipse Mycenaeus magnorum ductor Achivôm
 Conjugis infandae prima inter limina dextra
 Oppetiit : devictam Asiam subsedit adulter.
 Invidisse deos, patriis ut redditus aris
 Conjugium optatum et pulchram Calydonâ viderem ? 270
 Nunc etiam horribili visu portenta sequuntur :
 Et focii admissis petierunt aethera pennis :
 Fluminibusque vagantur aves, (heu dira meorum
 Supplicia !) et scopulos lacrimosis vocibus implent.
 Haec adeo ex illo mihi jam speranda fuerunt 275
 Tempore, cum ferro caelestia corpora demens
 Adpetii, et Veneris violavi vulnere dextram.
 Ne vero, ne me ad talis inpellite pugnâs.
 Nec mihi cum Teucris ullum post eruta bellum
 Pergamâ : nec veterum memini laetorve malorum. 280
 Munera, quae patriis ad me portatis ab oris,
 Vertite ad Aenean. stetimus tela aspera contra,
 Contulimusque manus. experto credite, quantus
 In clipeum adfurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.
 Si duo praeterea talis Idaea tulisset 285
 Terra viros ; ultro Inachias venisset ad urbis

368. *Adult' rer.*] Ægysthus. See the Electra of Sophocles, and the Agamemnons of Æschylus, and Thomson ; and Odyssæy, B. 11. 423. for a most noble and pathetic description of this event.

378. *Mad as I was.*] Diomede imputes his misfortunes to his rashness in having wounded Venus : which circumstance gives a weight and importance to this goddess, the mother and protectress of Æneas. 'Tis observable he does not mention his having wounded Mars.

388. *Heav'ns ! with bow.*] The testimony of such an enemy as Diomede, concerning the prodigious strength and courage of Æneas, greatly exalts our hero's character ; and is a fine stroke of art in the poet. The compliment is much heightened by comparing him afterwards with Hector.

From Crete, Idomeneus, an exile, fled ;
 In his own realm, unhappy Pyrrhus bled.
 To Libyan shores, the Locrian squadrons fly ;
 To flaming suns, that scorch the mid-day sky.
 The † king of kings, ill-fated ! lost his life, 365
 Stabb'd in his palace, by his traitress wife.
 There the great victor of all Asia bled ;
 The proud adult'rer mounts his throne and bed.
 Then, what long woes were mine ? by Heav'n deny'd
 To see my native realm, and beauteous bride ? 370
 For that blest sight, sad omens shock my eye ;
 Transform'd to birds, my comrades mount the sky.
 Oh dire inflictions !—Now they wander o'er
 The fishy floods, or scream along the shore.
 From that curs'd moment all these woes were due, 375
 When, fir'd with rage, against the gods I flew ;
 And, in the fight, my daring lance profan'd
 (Mad as I was) immortal Venus' hand.
 When Ilion fell, my vengeance then was o'er ;
 And with her ruins will I war no more. 380
 My soul, now calm, no longer dwells with joy
 On those misfortunes which we brought on Troy.
 Bear back the presents, and the gifts you bring,
 ('Tis far, far safer) to the Trojan king.
 For well, too well, the mighty chief I know, 385
 And met in rigid fight the god-like foe ;
 Dreadful in arms he tow'r'd before the host ;
 Heav'ns ! with how fierce a spring the lance he tost !
 How, like a whirlwind, hurl'd it o'er the field ! [shield !
 How high he shook the sword, and rais'd the pond'rous
 Had Troy produc'd two more of equal fame, 391
 Their conduct, courage, strength, and worth, the same ;

391. *Had Troy.*] The panegyric on Æneas rises here still higher ; especially at ver. 403. where he advises them to make peace with such a formidable enemy.

† *Agamemnon.*

Dardanus, et versis lugeret Graecia fatis.

Quidquid apud durae cessatum est moenia Trojae,

Hectoris Aeneaeque manu victoria Graiûm

Haesit, et in decumum vestigia retulit annum. 290

Ambo animis, ambo insignes praestantibus armis :

Hic pietate prior. coëant in foedera dextrae,

Qua datur : ast, armis concurrant arma, cavete.

Et responsa simul quae sint, rex optume, regis

Audisti, et quae sit magno sententia bello. 295

Vix ea legati : variusque per ora cucurrit

Ausonidûm turbata fremor. ceu, saxa morantur

Cum rapidos amnis, clauso fit gurgite murmur,

Vicinaeque fremunt ripae crepitantibus undis.

Ut primum placati animi, ac trepida ora quiêrunt ; 300

Praefatus divos solio rex infit ab alto :

Ante equidem summa de re statuiffe, Latini,

Et vellem, et fuerat melius ; non tempore tali

Cogere consilium, cum muros adsidet hostis.

Bellum infortunum, cives, cum gente deorum 305

Inviçtisque viris gerimus ; quos nulla fatigant

Proelia, nec victi possunt abstinere ferro.

Spem, si quam adscitis Aetolûm habuistis in armis,

Ponite ; spes sibi quisque. sed haec, quam angusta, videtis.

Cetera qua rerum jaceant perculsa ruina, 310

Ante oculos interque manus sunt omnia vestras.

Nec quemquam incuso. potuit quae plurima virtus

401. *But in his rev'rence to the gods excell'd.*] This comparison of Aeneas with Hector is no exaggeration of Virgil, in favour of his own hero. This Homer had done before him. The goodness and clemency of Aeneas, which followed from his piety, are a reason why the Latins should hope for peace.

413. *Heav'n first invoc'd.*] It was a custom of the ancient orators to usher in their harangues, with an address to the gods ; at least when the subject had any concern with the state. Thus Demosthenes, in the beginning of his Oration *De Corona* : *Πρωτος μὲν, ὦ Ἀθηναῖοι, τοῖς θεοῖς εὐχόμενος πρὸς καὶ θεαῖς.* *In the first place, O Athenians, I pray to all the gods and goddesses.* All the speeches of Cato and Gracchus, says Servius, have this solemn introduction.

All Greece had trembled thro' her hundred states ;
 Troy, with a tide of war, had turn'd the fates ;
 Pour'd o'er her plains, and thunder'd at her gates. 395 }
 His conqu'ring sword, and Hector's valiant hand,
 So long of old repell'd the Grecian band :
 Their single valour sav'd their native wall,
 And ten whole years suspended Ilion's fall.
 Æneas shone his equal in the field ; 400
 But in his rev'rence to the gods excell'd.
 Make peace, my Latian friends ; but oh ! forbear
 To tempt so terrible a foe to war.—
 This is the sum, great king, of what he said,
 And this th' advice of royal Diomede. 405
 Thus, of their charge, the legates made report ;
 Strait ran a mingled murmur thro' the court.
 So when by rocks the torrents are withstood,
 In deep hoarse murmurs rolls th' imprison'd flood ;
 Beats on the banks ; and, with a fullen sound, 410
 Works, foams, and runs in circling eddies round.
 Soon as the noise was silenc'd from the throne,
 (Heav'n first invok'd) the hoary prince begun ;
 I wish, O rev'rend fathers, we had fate,
 Before these perils, on th' endanger'd state : 415
 Far better than a council now to call,
 When Troy's embody'd pow'rs surround our wall !
 An host of heroes to the fight we dare,
 And wage with demigods a fatal war.
 No toils their fiery ardor can restrain ; 420
 Tho' vanquish'd, strait they fly to arms again.
 Our hopes of great Tydides' aid are flown ;
 And now must center in ourselves alone :
 Nor these how slender, need I here relate,
 Since your own eyes behold our dang'rous state. 425
 Not but, I grant, all fought with all their pow'r ;
 Arms, strength, and courage, could perform no more.

Esse, fuit. toto certatum est corpore regni.
 Nunc adeo, quae sit dubiae sententia menti,
 Expediam, et paucis (animos adhibete) docebo. 315
 Est antiquus ager Tusco mihi proximus amni,
 Longus in occasum, finis super usque Sicanos,
 Aurunci Rutulique ferunt, et vomere duos
 Exercent collis, atque horum asperrima pascunt.
 Haec omnis regio et celsi plaga pinea montis 320
 Cedat amicitiae Teucrorum : et foederis aequas
 Dicamus leges, sociosque in regna vocemus :
 Confidant, si tantus amor, et moenia condant.
 Sin alios finis aliamque capeffere gentem
 Est animus, possuntque solo decedere nostro : 325
 Bis denas Italo texamus robore navis,
 Seu pluris complere valent : jacet omnis ad undam
 Materies : ipsi numerumque modumque carinis
 Praecipiant : nos aera, manus, navaliam demus.
 Praeterea, qui dicta ferant, et foedera fiment, 330
 Centum oratores prima de gente Latinos
 Ire placet, pacisque manu praetendere ramos ;
 Munera portantis aurique eborisque talentaque
 Et fellam, regni, trabeamque insignia nostri.
 Consulite in medium, et rebus succurrite fessis. 335
 Tum Drances idem infensus, quem gloria Turni
 Obliqua invidia stimulisque agitabat amaris,

433. *A length of lands.*] This proposal of Latinus, concerning the cession of lands to Æneas, is founded on history. Cato mentions it, and gives us the length and situation of the ground. It consisted of seven hundred acres [*jugera*], and extended from the Trojan camp to the city Laurentum. This piece of ground was called *antiquus*, because it was the ancient domain of the Latin kings. Cato reports that Æneas accepted of these proposals.

439. *And both the nations join.*] Latinus does not propose to admit the Trojans as tributaries or vassals, but to establish them in a complete equality with the other kings of the country. This is the force of those words :

— *Foederis aequas*
Dicemus leges. —

CATROU.

In the dire war, has labour'd ev'ry hand,
 With the whole force and numbers of the land.
 But still in vain our efforts have we try'd ; 430
 Heav'n fights for Troy, and combats on her side.
 Then hear attentive what my thoughts suggest—
 A length of lands, far-stretching to the west,
 Against Sicania, near the Tyber, lies ;
 Where, high in air, the tow'ring hills arise. 435
 These tracts, th' Auruncians and Rutulians plow,
 And feed their flocks along the bending brow.
 These, with their woods, the Trojans shall possess,
 And both the nations join in leagues of peace.
 Since such their wish, ev'n let the warlike band 440
 Raise a new town, and settle in the land.
 But wou'd they leave our Latian shores again,
 And for some other region cross the main,
 Twice ten strong vessels let us build, or more
 (For thick the forests grow along the shore) : 445
 The form and number let themselves assign ;
 The work, the rigging, and the cost, be mine.
 Yet more ;—with peaceful olive in their hand,
 An hundred peers and princes of the land,
 To firm the sacred league, in solemn state, 450
 With ample presents on their prince shall wait ;
 Rich gifts of gold, and polish'd ivory bear,
 The robe of purple, and the regal chair.
 Ye peers ! with freedom these high points debate ;
 Speak, speak your minds, and save the sinking state. 455
 Then Drances rose, a proud distinguish'd name,
 With envy fir'd at Turnus' spreading fame.

456. *Then Drances rose.*] It has been imagined by some critics, that, under the character of Turnus, M. Antony is represented, and that Cicero is shadowed by Drances. The circumstances *quo pulchrior alter non fuit* ; of *avis atavisque potens* ; of a sarcastical vein, and ironical turn ; of an heat and impetuosity of temper, painted by the epithets *turbidus*,
amens,

Largus opum, et lingua melior, sed frigida bello
 Dexterâ, consiliis habitus non futilis auctor,
 Seditio potens (genus huic materna superbum 340
 Nobilitas dabat, incertum de patre ferebat)
 Surgit, et his onerat dictis, atque aggerat iras :
 Rem nulli obscuram, nostrae nec vocis egentem,
 Consulis, ô bone rex. cuncti se scire fatentur,
 Quid fortuna ferat populi ; sed dicere mussant. 345
 Det libertatem fandi, flatuque remittat,
 Cujus ob auspiciu infaustum moresque sinistros
 (Dicam equidem, licet arma mihi mortemque minetur)
 Lumina tot cecidisse ducum, totamque videmus
 Consedisse urbem luctu : dum Troia tentat 350
 Castra fugae fidens, et coelum territat armis.
 Unum etiam donis istis, quae plurima mitti
 Dardanidis dicique jubes, unum, optime regum,
 Adjicias ; nec te ullius violentia vincat,
 Quin gnâtam egre io genero dignisque hymenaeis 355
 Des pater, et pacem hanc aeterno foedere jungas.
 Quod si tantus habet mentis et pectora terror ;
 Ipsum obtestemur, veniamque oremus ab ipso :
 Cedat jus proprium regi, patriaeque remittat.

amens, furens ; have been all alledged, by a late writer, as strong characteristics of Antony : as the four following lines seem to exhibit the unfavourable idea which the courtiers of Augustus entertained of Tully :

Largus opum, &c. down to ferebat.

See Catrou, and an anonymous pamphlet, intituled, *TURNUS and DRANCES*. The reader is left to judge of this conjecture. Such kind of interpretations are sometimes ingenious, but ought to be advanced with caution. A refined critic might discover in the *Aeneid* parallels for all Augustus's courtiers.

Virgil certainly seems to be no friend of Cicero. He does not mention a word of him in his view of the most considerable Romans, in B. VI. nor in the VIII. though he speaks there of Catiline, ver. 668. SPENCE.

One may add, that there are not to be found, even in Tully himself, higher strokes of oratory than in these speeches of *Drances*

His mother's blood illustrious splendors grace,
 By birth as gen'rous, as his fire was base.
 Potent and rich, in factious counsels skill'd ; 460
 Bold at the board ; a coward in the field ;
 Loud he harangu'd the court ; and, as he rose,
 These vile reproaches on the warrior throws :

What you propose, great monarch, is so plain
 To all the synod, that replies are vain. 465
 But none dares speak ; tho' all can understand
 The sole expedient our affairs demand.

Let him, by whose unhappy conduct led,
 For whose curs'd cause, so many chiefs have bled,
 So many princes of our land lie low, 470

Till our whole city wears one face of woe,
 Him, who pretends to storm a host, but flies,
 While the proud boastful coward braves the skies ;

Let Turnus (for I must, I will, pursue
 The public good, tho' death is in my view) 475

Grant that high favour to this rev'rend train,
 At least, of these our suff'rings to complain !

O king ! to those rich gifts design'd before
 For the great Trojan, add one present more :
 One that your duteous senate must request, 480
 And one he values more than all the rest.

By fear or violence no longer sway'd,
 Give to so brave a prince th' imperial maid ;
 By that sure pledge a lasting peace obtain ;
 Or know, the peace, without the pledge, is vain. 485

But should our king so bold a step disclaim,
 Aw'd by the terrors of his rival's name ;
 To dreadful Turnus we prefer our pray'r
 For his permission, to bestow the fair,
 And to our prince and country to restore 490
 Their rights, and bluster on the throne no more.

Drances and Turnus. They have the most dramatic air of any
 part of Virgil.

Quid miseros toties in aperta pericula civis 360
 Projicis, ô Latio caput horum et caussa malorum ?
 Nulla salus bello : pacem te poscimus omnes,
 Turne ; simul pacis solum inviolabile pignus.
 Primus ego (invisum quem tu tibi fingis, et esse
 Nil moror) en supplex venio. miserere tuorum ; 365
 Pone animos, et pulsus abi. sat funera fusi
 Vidimus, ingentis et desolavimus agros.
 Aut, si fama movet, tantum si pectore robur
 Concipis, et si adeo dotalis regia cordi est ;
 Aude, atque adversum fidens fer pectus in hostem. 370
 Scilicet, ut Turno contingat regia conjunx,
 Nos animae viles, inhumata infleaque turba,
 Sternamur campis. et jam tu, si qua tibi vis,
 Si patrii quid Martis habes, illum aspice contra,
 Qui vocat. 375
 Talibus exarsit dictis violentia Turni :
 Dat gemitum, rumpitque has imo pectore voces :
 Larga quidem, Drance, semper, tibi copia fandi,

508. *If none can please thee.*] Dryden, in the dedication before his Juvenal, might have cited many instances of Virgil's satirical turn, by far more severe than that of the *Non tu in triviis, indocte, solebas stridenti miserum stipula dispergere carmen* ? Some of Turnus's exclamations are bitter to the highest degree. In this dispute between Turnus and Drances, our poet shews himself a great master of artful and elegant abuse. I have often thought, that K. Henry V. as drawn by Shakespeare, greatly resembles Turnus, in a kind of majestic scornfulness, a sort of heroic ill-nature. For a proof of this, I refer the reader to some of his speeches, *Life of Henry V.* Act 4. S. 8. S. 13, &c. &c.

(376.) Ad verba comparant Il. A, 188. et sup. lib. VII, 445. et ad vs. 378. Il. B, 796. Ceterum in hac Turni oratione, multo etiam magis quam in altera Drancis, seculi sui genium artibus rhetoricis imbuti declaravit Maro. Nec quicquam in Graecis, multo minus in Homero, reperiri arbitror quod ad artem declamatoriam propius spectet.

526. *Drances, that tongue.*] There is a great deal more dialogue in Homer than in Virgil. The Roman poet's are generally set speeches, those of the Greek more in the way of conversation. What Virgil does by two words of a narration, Homer brings about by a speech ; he hardly raises one of his heroes

Why, for thy pride, our lives should we expose,
O fatal chief! the source of all our woes?

'Tis a destructive war; but, to be free
From these long ills, we humbly sue to thee; 495

To thee, for peace are all our pray'rs apply'd;
And, the sole pledge of peace, the royal bride.

And first, myself, thy fancy'd foe (a name
I scorn alike to own, or to disclaim),

Ev'n I, a suppliant, beg thy grace, to spare 500
Our bleeding country, and forsake the war.

In pity, prince, this wond'rous favour yield:

'Tis time, when routed, to renounce the field!
Too long have we bemoan'd our slaughter'd hosts,
Our lands dispeopled, and our wasted coasts. 505

If love of glory has thy soul possess'd,
If fame inspires, or courage warms thy breast;
If none can please thee, but a princess—go—
Meet in the list'd field thy gen'rous foe.

Sure! if our worthy chief a queen can gain, 510
For us—no matter—we may well be slain!

Unwept, unbury'd; to the fowls resign'd;
The world's last dregs; the refuse of mankind!
We, worthless souls! were born for him alone,
And, from our necks, he mounts into the throne! 515

But go, proud warrior, if one spark remains
Of courage in thy soul, and warms thy veins;
Go—meet thy rival—answer his demand—
Go—fight the Trojan hero, hand to hand.
Yet the vain boaster soon, I trust, will fly, 520
Nor stand the terrors of that deathful eye!

These scornful words the haughty youth engage
In all the fiery violence of rage;
Then, while a groan of indignation broke
Deep from his heart, the wrathful hero spoke: 525

Drances, that tongue a stream of words can yield;
Then, when our hands are wanted in the field,

heroes out of bed without some talk concerning it. There are
not

Tum cum bella manus poscunt, patribusque vocatis
 Primus ades : sed non replenda est curia verbis, 380
 Quae tuto tibi magna volant, dum distinet hostem
 Agger moerorum, neque inundant sanguine fossae.
 Proinde tona eloquio, solitum tibi : meque timoris
 Argue tu, Drance ; quando tot stragis acervos
 Teucrorum tua dextra dedit, passimque tropaeis 385
 Insignis agros. possit quid vivida virtus,
 Experiare licet : nec longe scilicet hostes
 Quaerendi nobis : circumstant undique muros.
 Imus in adversos. quid cessas ? an tibi Mavors
 Ventosa in lingua, pedibusque fugacibus istis 390
 Semper erit ?
 Pulsus ego ? aut quisquam merito, foedissime, pulsum
 Arguet, Iliaco tumidum qui crescere Thybrim
 Sanguine, et Euandri totam cum stirpe videbit
 Procubuisse domum, atque exutos Arcadas armis ? 395
 Haud ita me experti Bitias et Pandarus ingens,
 Et quos mille die victor sub Tartara misi,
 Inclusus muris, hostilique aggere septus.
 Nulla salus bello. capiti cane talia demens
 Dardanio, rebusque tuis. proinde omnia magno 400
 Ne cessa turbare metu, atque extollere vires
 Gentis bis victae : contra premere arma Latini.

not only replies but rejoinders in Homer ; a thing scarce ever
 to be found in Virgil : the consequence whereof is, that there
 must be in the Iliad many continued conversations, a little re-
 sembling common chit-chat. This renders the poem more na-
 tural and animated, but less grave and majestic. POPE.

First in debate ! but sure 'tis safer far
With words to flourish, than to wage the war ;
To deal in long harangues, while walls inclose 530
Thee and thy fears ; and guard thee from the foes.
Remov'd from danger, you can talk aloud,
And mouth and bellow to the list'ning croud.
Proceed then, dastard, in thy wonted strain ;
Throw forth a form of eloquence again : 535
With all thy malice, all thy art, declaim,
And brand with cowardice my injur'd fame !
Since the full triumphs of the day are thine,
And thy own trophies stand as high as mine !
Try, try, this hour, thy courage ; see ! the foes 540
Advance, approach us, and our walls inclose ;
Lo ! in the battle all the troops are join'd !
Why halts the fiery Drances yet behind ?
Shall all thy valour, wretch ! consist so long
In those swift feet, and in that swifter tongue ? 545
I routed, monster ! and compell'd to fly ?—
Who but thyself could forge that shameless lye ?
Say, was I routed on yon deathful plain,
When Tyber's streams ran purple to the main ?
Where, wretch, didst thou sit brooding o'er thy fear, 550
When Pallas bled beneath my vengeful spear ?
When, all in heaps, his vanquish'd troops retir'd
Before this arm, or round their lord expir'd.
Or where ?—when both the giant brethren fell ;
When thousands more my faulchion plung'd to hell 555
In one victorious day, tho' compass'd round
With foes, and press'd within the hostile mound ?
All, all, but thou, stood witness to the fight !
Nor didst thou dare look out upon the fight !
'Tis a destructive war—Go, dastard, go, 560
And preach that rule you practise, to the foe ;
At once avow that int'rest you embrace :
Go, and alarm our friends, our arms disgrace ;
But praise and honour a twice-vanquish'd race. }

Nunc et Myrmidonum proceres Phrygia arma tremiscunt,
Nunc et Tydides, et Larissaeus Achilles :

Amnis et Hadriacas retro fugit Aufidus undas. 405

Vel cum se pavidum contra mea jurgia fingit,
Artificis scelus, et formidine crimen acerbatur.

Numquam animam talem dextra hac (absiste moveri)

Amittes : habitet tecum, et sit pectore in isto.

Nunc ad te, et tua magna, pater, consulta revertor. 410

Si nullam nostris ultra spem ponis in armis ;

Si tam deserti fumus, et semel agmine verso

Funditus occidimus, neque habet Fortuna regressum :

573. ——— Or his dissembled fear.]

Vel cum se pavidum contra mea jurgia fingit, in the original :

Quintilian, B. 9. c. 3. produces this verse as containing an *αρχαϊσμος*, which at present we have no marks of. Heinsius is inclined to read *mis* according to the emendation of J. Marius Matius in his forty-ninth chapter of annot. various authors :

————— Contra *mis* jurgia fingit.

Mis is the old genitive case of *te ego*, according to Festus ; and is a word used more than once by Ennius. Quintilian informs us, that *mis* is used by Virgil ; but it is not at present to be found in any part of his works. *Cum sint autem verba propria, ficta, tralata, propriis dignitatem dat antiquitas. Nam & sanctiorem & magis admirabilem efficiunt orationem, quibus non quilibet usus : eoque ornamento acerrimi judicii poeta Virgilius unice est usus. Olli enim & quianam & mis & pone pellucet, & aspergunt illam, quae etiam picturis est gratissima, vetustatis inimitabilem arti auctoritatem.* B. 8. c. 3. See Voßius concerning Virgil's obsolete terms, *Inst. Orat.* 4. p. 15.

Some think that *vel* is the obsolete term hinted at by Quintilian in this passage. I shall beg leave to close this dry remark with Pope's admirable sentiments on the use of old words : " A just and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect like the working old abbey-stones into a building, which I have sometimes seen to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not destroy the neatness, elegance, and equality, requisite to a new work ; I mean without rendering it too unfamiliar, or remote from the present purity of writing, or from that ease and smoothness which ought always to accompany narration or dialogue. In reading a style judiciously antiquated, one finds a pleasure not unlike that of travelling on an old Roman way : but then the road must be as good, as the way is ancient ; the style must be such in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to short stops, by sudden abruptnesses, or puzzled by frequent

Tell, tell the crowd, how ev'ry Argive lord 565
 And monarch trembled at the Phrygian sword ;
 That Tydeus' son, that Peleus' baffled heir,
 Retir'd from Hector, nor cou'd stand his war ;
 That Ausidus himself, with sudden dread,
 When on his banks Æneas rais'd his head, 570 }
 Run back, astonish'd, to his native bed.
 Such are his base suggestions, which appear
 False as himself ; or his dissembled fear
 Of my revenge : that vanity resign ;
 Such blood shall never stain a sword like mine ! 575
 Still may thy soul dismiss that idle care,
 Lurk in that abject breast, and tremble there !—
 But to resume, O king ! our great debate
 (Your dread commands), the solemn cares of state :
 Since on our arms no farther stress you lay, 580
 But lose at once all courage, with the day ;
 If, on this one defeat, our hopes are o'er ;
 If all our future prospects are no more ;

frequent turnings and transpositions : no man delights in furrows and stumbling-blocks : and let our love to antiquity be ever so great, a fine ruin is one thing, and an heap of rubbish another." Postscript to the *Odyssey*.

Milton and Philips, and perhaps some other writers of blank verse, have used too many obsolete and antiquated words ; and, as B. Johnson says of Spenser, for that reason, *Write no language* ; I mean in such parts of their poems as are stuffed with such expressions. Pope has well observed, that the imitators of Milton, like most other imitators, are not *copies*, but *caricaturas* of their original : they are an hundred times more obsolete and cramp than he, and equally so in all places : whereas it should have been observed of Milton, that he is not lavish of his exotic words and phrases every-where alike ; but employs them much more, where the subject is marvellous, vast, and strange, as in the scenes of heaven, hell, and chaos, than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of Paradise, the loves of our first parents, the entertainments of angels, and the like.

Oremus pacem, et dextras tendamus inertis.
 Quamquam ô, si solitae quidquam virtutis adesset, 415
 Ille mihi ante alios fortunatusque laborum
 Egregiusque animi, qui, ne quid tale videret,
 Procubuit moriens, et humum semel ore momordit.
 Sin et opes nobis, et adhuc intacta juventus,
 Auxilioque urbes Italae populique supersunt; 420
 Sin et Trojanis cum multo gloria venit
 Sanguine; suntque illis sua funera, parque per omnis
 Tempestas; cur indecores in limine primo
 Deficimus? cur ante tubam tremor occupat artus?
 Multa dies variique labor mutabilis aevi 425

600. *Time oft has succour'd, &c.*] What the critics call *sentences* or moral reflections, should be rarely introduced in an epic poem. The poet should instruct by the circumstances of his narration, and the noble behaviour of his hero, and not by direct and downright precepts. The *sentences* of Virgil seldom exceed one verse: Most of them, says Segrais, are still shorter, and thrown into the form of a transition; but are most frequently put into the mouth of some hero. Young readers, who are charmed with this figure of speaking, accuse Virgil for what is a great instance of his judgment. This is what Petronius observes in the beginning of his satire; he attributes the decay of eloquence to the declaimers; and says, that they infected the youth of Rome with a false taste; *nunc rerum & sententiarum vanissimo strepitu hoc tantum perficiunt*. If they read an author, they retain only such passages; and the taste which they have for this sort of beauty, makes them not reflect on the propriety of the time and place in which it is introduced: whereas all that constitutes ornament may become deformity. If the most beautiful nose in the world, or the finest eye imaginable, was out of its proper place, what would it become? One should understand then, what a *sentence* is. F. Mambrun has largely treated on it in his dissertation on the *epopœia*. He defines it according to Aristotle, *Enuntiatio non de singularibus, sed universalibus*. He tells us it ought to consist principally of three qualities: the first is, that it should be delivered in plain and general terms; the second, that it be short; and the third, that it regard the manners. The reason of the first quality, that it should be general and evident, is, because it doth not instruct otherwise, and would be without any weight; of the second, because it would be tedious, and insipid. And, lastly, it should treat of the manners, in order to exclude all precepts

Gods ! let us raise these coward hands, to gain
 Peace, pardon, life ; and court the victor's chain ! 585
 Yet, O ye princes ! did the least remains
 Of our bold fathers courage warm our veins ;
 Those I shou'd ever deem the truly great,
 Those, who in fields of battle brave their fate ;
 Those, who, to 'scape that shame, with glory fir'd, 590
 Bled ; and, at once, triumphantly expir'd !
 But since a yet-unbroken force we find,
 Confed'rate towns, and nations still behind ;
 Since Troy, so nobly by our troops withstood,
 Has bought her glory with her dearest blood ; 595
 Since, in their turn, the tempest threatens all ;
 Since, with the vanquish'd, the proud victors fall ;
 Why, on our first attempt, this low despair ?
 This flight, before the trumpet calls to war ?
 Time oft has succour'd an endanger'd state 600
 By some new change, and snatch'd her from her fate !

precepts and maxims relating to arts more foreign and abstruse, which conduce nothing to the instruction of a hero, which is the end of the epic poem.

I must add to this remark of Segrais, that the affectation of moralizing, and stuffing in sentences and reflections on human life, has greatly disfigured our English modern tragedy.

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
 For years the pow'r of tragedy declin'd ;
 From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
 Till declamation roar'd, while passion slept.
 Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread ;
 Philosophy remain'd, tho' nature fled. JOHNSON.

It will not be improper to conclude this note with some excellent observations of N. Heinsius, in his preface before Val. Flaccus: *Perpetuus [Lucanus] declamator, & sine ullo judicio, inanes quasdam sententias, ut scholasticus, infarciens, tumore et fastu solo conspicuus est. — Nam non moramur perversum illorum hominum judicium, qui omnis disciplinae poeticae ignarissimi, statim scriptorem venerantur, et laudibus in coelum vehunt, ubi graves quasdam de moribus sententias, et longas de vitiis et virtutibus disputationes, versibus comprehensas offendunt. — And afterwards ; ipeaking of the action of a poem: Omne autem*

Retulit in melius : multos alterna revisens
 Lufit, et in solido rursus Fortuna locavit.
 Non erit auxilio nobis Aetolus et Arpi.
 At Messapus erit, felixque Tolumnius, et quos
 Tot populi misere duces. nec tarda sequetur 430
 Gloria delectos Latio et Laurentibus agris.
 Est et Volscorum egregia de gente Camilla,
 Agmen agens equitum, et florentis aere catervas.
 Quod si me Teucris solum in certamina poscunt,
 Idque placet, tantumque bonis communibus obsto : 435
 Non adeo has exosa manus Victoria fugit,
 Ut tanta quidquam pro spe tentare recussem.
 Ibo animis contra : vel magnum praestet Achillen,
 Factaque Volcani manibus paria induat arma
 Ille licet. vobis animam hanc soceroque Latino 440
 Turnus ego, haud ulli veterum virtute secundus,
 Devovi. solum Aeneas vocat ? et, vocet oro.
 Nec Drances potius, siue est haec ira deorum,
 Morte luat : siue est virtus et gloria, tollat.
 Illi haec inter se dubiis de rebus agebant 445
 Certantes : castra Aeneas aciemque movebat.
 Nuntius ingenti per regia tecta tumultu
 Ecce ruit, magnisque urbem terroribus inplet :
 Instructos acie Tiberino a flumine Teucros
 Tyrrhenamque manum totis descendere campis. 450
 Extemplo turbati animi, concussaue volgi
 Pectora, et adrectae stimulis haud mollibus irae.

poetae munus sola heroicae istius actionis narratione absolvitur, quae per omnes epici carminis leges et partes producta, vicem inanium disputationum implet ; et non tam ex sententiarum pondere, et dictorum gravitate, quam ex ipsa actione lector ea addiscere debet, quae poeta docere animo suo proposuit. Ipsa illustria veterum heroum gesta, siue quae gessisse finguntur, animos legentium afficere et attrahere oportet. — Inspice omnium consensu habitum poetarum principem Virgilium, &c.

626. *Nor let.*] Though Turnus had recovered his temper a little, during the time of his addressing part of his speech to the

Some kingdoms strange vicissitudes sustain ;
 Now crush'd by fortune, and now rais'd again !
 What tho' th' Ætolian monarch has deny'd
 To arm, and bring his forces to our side, 605
 Yet, with Messapus, on our part appears
 Tolumnius, still successful in the wars ;
 And many a glorious chief who lead their bands,
 Impatient for renown, from distant lands :
 Besides our Latian youth, of matchless might, 610
 With glory fir'd, and eager for the fight,
 The Volscian princess leads her valiant train,
 All sheath'd in brazen armour, to the plain.
 But since my foes and friends the fight demand ;
 The public peace no longer I withstand : 615
 Full well the way to victory I know ;
 In that high hope, I'll dare this dreaded foe,
 This new Achilles to the lifted field,
 In all his heav'nly arms, and huge Vulcanian shield !
 Nor shall my deeds my ancestry disgrace, 620
 Nor once degen'rate from my glorious race.
 For you, O king ! for you, my friends, for all,
 Behold your self-devoted Turnus fall !
 Me does my rival to the fight demand ?
 Grant, O ye gods ! the challenge still may stand ; 625
 Nor let yon wretch, however you decide
 My fate, the danger or the fame divide.
 Meantime Æneas, midst the high debate,
 Leads on his eager troops to seize the gate,
 The Trojan squadrons, and the Tuscan train, 630
 March from the flood, embattled, o'er the plain.
 Before the godlike prince, the loud report
 Flew swift, and scar'd the city and the court ;
 The crouds all kindle at the dire alarms,
 And, fir'd with martial fury, fly to arms. 635

the king, yet he cannot conclude without falling once more
 into a passion, and giving a severe stroke to Drances.

Arma manu trepidi poscunt : fremit arma juvenus.
 Flent maesti mussantque patres. hic undique clamor
 Dissensu magnus vario se tollit in auras, 455
 Haud secus, atque alto in luco cum forte catervae
 Confedere avium, piscosove amne Padusae
 Dant sonitum rauci per stagna loquacia cycni.
 Immo, ait, ô cives, adrepto tempore, Turnus,
 Cogite concilium, et pacem laudate sedentes : 460
 Illi armis in regna ruant. nec plura locutus
 Conripuit sese, et tectis citus extulit altis.
 Tu, Voluse, armari Volscorum edice manipulis :
 Duc, ait, et Rutulos. equitem Messapus in armis,
 Et cum fratre Coras latis diffundite campis. 465
 Pars aditus urbis firment, turrisque capeſſant :
 Cetera, qua juſſô, mecum manus inferat arma,
 Illicet in muros tota discurritur urbe.
 Concilium ipse pater et magna incepta Latinus
 Deſerit, ac tristi turbatus tempore differt : 470
 Multaque se incusat, qui non acceperit ultro
 Dardanium Aenean, generumque adſciverit urbi.
 Praefodiunt alii portas, aut saxa ſudeſque
 Subveſtant : bello dat ſignum rauca cruentum
 Buccina. tum muros varia cinxere corona 475
 Matronae puerique : labor vocat ultimus omnis.

651. *Thou, thou.*] This fierce and spirited speech of Turnus judiciously begins at once, without any introductory *inquit* or *ait*.

660. *The pensive father.*] The king's accusing himself too late, for having listened to the counsel of Amata, is a true stroke of nature.

The youth rush forth to war; the fires complain,
And strive to stop the growing rage in vain.
From either side the diff'rent murmurs rise,
And their tumultuous clamours rend the skies.
So ring the forests with the feather'd brood, 640
A thousand notes re-echoing thro' the wood:
So scream the swans on fair Padusa's bounds;
And down the waters float the mingling sounds.
Is this an hour, cool methods to devise,
And talk of peace? the fiery Turnus cries; 645
Declaim, ye dastards, talk, ye triflers, on,
While the proud Trojan arms, and storms the town!

He said; and rush'd impetuous to the plain;
Lead, lead, brave Volusus, our Ardean train,
And summon to the fight the Volscian force; 650
Thou, thou, Messapus, range th' embattled horse,
And join great Coras, and his brother's care,
Wide o'er the field to spread the op'ning war.
All, all, be ready; with divided pow'rs,
Guard you the passes; you defend the tow'rs. 655
Bend you to battle; and, in firm array,
Attend your gen'ral where he leads the way.

The troops obey; and, gath'ring at the call,
Pour in tumultuous heaps to guard the wall.
The pensive father of the Latian state 660
(Confus'd, amaz'd) suspended the debate;
And his own conduct blames, that he resign'd
To the queen's counsel his compliant mind;
On such wrong motives rais'd an impious war,
And robb'd the Trojan of the promis'd fair. 665

To sink a trench before the gates, they run,
Fix the strong pile, and roll the pond'rous stone.
Alarm'd, and summon'd by the trumpet's sound,
Boys, maids, and matrons, croud the ramparts round.
All aids these dire extremities demand, 670
Fire ev'ry heart, and strengthen ev'ry hand.

Nec non ad templum summasque ad Palladis arces
 Subvehitur magna matrum regina caterva,
 Dona ferens : juxtaque comes Lavinia virgo,
 Causa mali tanti, oculos dejecta decoros. 480
 Succedunt matres, ac templum ture vaporant ;
 Et mæstas alto fundunt de limine voces :
 Armipotens belli præses, Tritonia virgo,
 Frange manu telum Phrygii prædonis, et ipsum
 Pronum sterne solo, portisque effunde sub altis. 485
 Cingitur ipse furens certatim in proelia Turnus.
 Jamque adeo Rutulum thoraca indutus ahenis
 Horrebat squamis, furasque incluserat auro,
 Tempora nudus adhuc ; laterique adcinxerat enssem,
 Fulgebatque alta decurrens aureus arce : 490
 Exsultatque animis, et spe jam præcipit hostem.
 Qualis, ubi abruptis fugit præsepia vinclis,
 Tandem liber equus, campoque potitus aperto,

673.—*To Minerva's fane.*] It was a privilege of the Roman ladies to be carried in a chariot to the gates of the temples. Virgil alludes to this custom in representing Amata and Lavinia carried to the temple of Pallas. But the worship of this goddess was introduced into Italy by Æneas; and the poet speaks of a temple dedicated to her, already existing at Laurentum. However, these anachronisms are allowable in poetry. The prayer to the goddess is translated from Homer:

O awful goddess! ever-dreadful maid!
 Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid!
 Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall,
 Prone on the dust, before the Trojan wall.

POPE, Iliad 6. ver. 380.

685.—*Drew the corslet on.*] Macrobius, B. 5. c. 20. and 6. 7. and A. Gellius, Noc. Att. c. 6. read *rutilum thoraca*. Thus V. Flaccus, B. 7. 620.

— Prior ense sequaci
Æquat humo truncos, rutilum thoraca secanti,
Aut primas a matre manus——

But we have *Argivum enssem*, Æneid. 2. and, in another part of Virgil, *Cuspidem Ausoniam*; *Cytæam cassidem* in V. Flaccus, B. 5. and *Cassidem Auruncam* in Silius Italicus.

HEINSIUS.

Now, with the queen, the matrons in a train
 Ride with large presents to Minerva's fane :
 Lavinia grac'd her side ; the royal fair ;
 The guiltless cause of this destructive war. 675
 To earth her streaming eyes the maid inclin'd ;
 In sad procession move the crowd behind.

They burn rich odours at the sacred shrine,
 And seek, with suppliant pray'r, the pow'rs divine :
 Against the Phrygian pirate, lend thy aid, 680
 O queen of battle ! great Tritonian maid !
 Break, break his jav'lin ; let him meet his fate,
 And grind the dust beneath our lofty gate !

Meanwhile in arms the furious Turnus shone :
 First, the brave hero drew the corslet on ; 685
 Thick scales of brass the costly work infold :
 His manly legs he cas'd in greaves of gold.
 Bare was his face ; and, with a martial pride,
 The starry sword hung glitt'ring at his side.
 Bold and exulting, with a dauntless air, 690
 The mighty chief anticipates the war ;
 In his fond hopes already has he won
 The field, before the battle is begun.

The golden splendors, dazzling to the view,
 Flash'd from his arms, and lighten'd as he flew. 695

So the gay pamper'd steed, with loosen'd reins,
 Breaks from the stall, and pours along the plains ;
 With large smooth strokes he rushes to the flood,
 Bathes his bright sides, and cools his fiery blood,

696. *So the gay.*] Pope justly observes, that this simile is better applied by Homer to Paris, than by Virgil to Turnus. Yet, take the simile as a description abstractedly, Virgil's is by far the most noble :

Εἰωθὼς λικισθαι εὐρρεῖος ποταμοῖο

is a most harmonious echo to the sense : but, as Trapp observes,

*Emicat, arrectisque fremit cervicibus alte
 Luxurians, luduntque jubæ per colla, per armos,*

will

Aut ille in pastus armentaque tendit equarum,
 Aut adfuetus aquae perfundi flumine noto 495
 Emicat, adrectisque fremit cervicibus alte
 Luxurians : luduntque jubae per colla, per armos.
 Obvia cui, Volscorum acie comitante, Camilla
 Occurrit, portisque ab equo regina sub ipsis
 Defiluit. quam tota cohors imitata relictis 500
 Ad terram defluxit equis. tum talia fatur :
 Turne, sui si qua est merito fiducia forti,
 Audeo, et Aeneadam promitto occurrere turmae,
 Solaque Tyrrhenos equites ire obvia contra.
 Me sine prima manu tentare pericula belli : 505
 Tu pedes ad muros subsiste, et moenia serva.
 Turnus ad haec, oculos horrenda in virgine fixus :
 O decus Italiae, virgo, quas dicere gratis,
 Quasve referre parem ? sed nunc, est omnia quando
 Iste animus supra, mecum partire laborem. 510

will perhaps equal it. Ennius has imitated this simile from Homer, Lib. 2. Annal.

*Et tum sicut equus qui de praeseptibus altis
 Vincla suis magnis animis abruptit ; et inde
 Fert sese campi per caerulea, lataque prata,
 Celso pectore, saepe jubam quassat simul altam :
 Spiritus ex anima calida spumas agit albas.*

It is to be regretted, that so much of Ennius is lost : Virgil, we find, has closely imitated him in many passages which are preserved ; and we may with reason suppose, that he has improved upon numberless passages in Ennius's poems, which are now perished. Where Ennius imitated a fine passage from Homer, it was customary with Virgil to refine (as I have before hinted) upon Ennius's imitation.

Tasso (says Pope) has improved the justness of this simile in his 16th book, Stan. 28. where Rinaldo, returning from the arms of Armida to battle, is compared to the steed that is taken from his pastures and mares, to the service of the war : the reverse of the circumstance better agreeing with the occasion. I shall transcribe the passage in Fairfax's translation.

As

Neighs as he flies ; and, tossing high his head, 700
 Snuffs the fair females in the distant mead ;
 At ev'ry motion, o'er his neck reclin'd,
 Plays his redundant mane, and dances in the wind.

Him, at the gate, thus issuing to the plain,
 Camilla meets with all her female train ; 705
 Leaps in a moment from her gen'rous steed ;
 The beauteous band alight with equal speed :
 Prince, if the bold and brave (she cries) may dare
 Trust their own valour for success in war ;
 Myself, with these, will stand the Trojan force ; 710
 Myself will vanquish all the Tuscan horse.
 Guard thou the city ; be that province thine ;
 But let the dangers of the field be mine.

O queen ! thy country's pride, the chief replies
 (And on the dread virago fix'd his eyes) ; 715
 To such uncommon worth, heroic maid !
 What thanks are due ? what honours can be paid ?
 Since those, and death, you scorn with equal pride,
 With me, the labours of the day divide.

As a fierce steed, for age withdrawn from war,
 Wherein the glorious beast had always won,
 That in vile rest, from fight sequester'd far,
 Feeds with the mares at large, his service done,
 If arms he see, or hear the trumpeter's jar,
 He neigheth loud, and thither fast doth run,
 And wishes on his back the armed knight,
 Longing for jousts, for tournament, and fight.

There is a very elegant simile in Spenser, F. Q. B. 2. c. 3. Stanza 36. which, though the subject of it be different from this, yet as its circumstances bear some relation to it, I hope the reader will excuse my transcribing :

As fearfull fowle that long in secret cave,
 For dread of soaring hawke herself has hid,
 Not caring how, her silly life to save,
 She her gay painted plumes disorderid,
 Seeing at last herself from danger rid,
 Peeps forth, and soon renews her native pride ;
 She gins her feathers foule-disfigured
 Proudly to prune, and set on every side,
 So shakes off shame, ne thinks how she herself did hide.

Aeneas, ut fama fidem missique reportant
Exploratores, equitum levia improbus arma
Praemisit, quaterent campos : ipse ardua montis
Per deserta jugo superans adventat ad urbem.
Furta paro belli convexo in tramite silvae, 515
Ut bivias armato obsidam milite fauces.
Tu Tyrrhenum equitem conlatis excipe signis :
Tecum acer Messapus erit, turmaeque Latinae,
Tiburnique manus : ducis et tu concipe curam.
Sic ait, et paribus Messapum in proelia dictis 520
Hortatur, sociosque duces ; et pergit in hostem.
Est curvo anfractu vallis, adcommoda fraudi
Armorumque dolis : densis quam frondibus atrum
Urguet utrimque latus ; tenuis quo semita ducit,
Angustaeque ferunt fauces aditusque maligni. 525
Hanc super in speculis summoque in vertice montis
Planities ignota jacet, tutique receptus :
Seu dextra laevaue velis occurrere pugnae,
Sive instare jugis, et grandia volvere saxa.
Huc juvenis nota fertur regione viarum ; 530
Adripuitque locum, et filvis infedit iniquis.
Velocem interea superis in sedibus Opin,
Unam ex virginibus sociis sacraque caterva
Conpellabat, et has tristi Latonia voces
Ore dabat : Graditur bellum ad crudele Camilla, 535
O virgo, et nostris nequidquam cingitur armis,

The Trojan bent his fraudulent scheme to frame 720

(In this my spies confirm the voice of fame),
Has sent, before, his active troops, who wield
The lighter arms, to scour along the open field.

Meantime himself, along the lofty crown
Of yon steep mountain, hastens to the town. 725

But, in the wood, an ambush I prepare,
And try to foil him in the wiles of war.

He lies imprison'd in that narrow streight;
And, if he moves, he rushes on his fate.

Go thou, supported by our Latian force, 730

Go—with spread ensigns meet the Tuscan horse,
Great Tybur's brothers, both renown'd in might,
With brave Messapus, wait thee to the fight.

Beneath thy care, shall march the martial band,
Fir'd by thy high example and command. 735

This said; each chief he rous'd to arms, and goes
With eager speed to circumvent the foes.

A winding vale there lay, within the shade
Of woods, by nature for an ambush made.

To this, a rough and slender passage led; 740
Above, a smooth and level plain was spread,
Unknown, and stretching o'er the mountain's head. }

There safe, the soldier, to the left or right,
May dare th' ascending war, and urge the fight;

Roll rocky fragments from the craggy brow, 745
And dash the pond'rous ruins on the foe.

Hither the prince (for well he knew the way)
Flew, seiz'd the post, and close in ambush lay.

But now Latonia, in th' ethereal sphere,
For her Camilla touch'd with anxious fear, 750

Bespoke swift Opis, in a mournful strain,
A nymph, and one of her own virgin train:

Alas! dear Opis, my Camilla goes

To seek the fatal war, and brave the foes;

Cara mihi ante alias. neque enim novus iste Dianae
 Venit amor, subitaque animum dulcedine movit.
 Pulsus ob invidiam regno viresque superbas
 Priverno antiqua Metabus cum excederet urbe, 540
 Infantem, fugiens media inter proelia belli,
 Sustulit exfilio comitem, matrisque vocavit
 Nomine Casmillae, mutata parte, Camillam.
 Ipse, sinu prae se portans, juga longa petebat
 Solorum nemorum : tela undique saeva premebant, 545
 Et circumfuso volitabant milite Volsci.
 Ecce fugae medio summis Amasenus abundans
 Spumabat ripis ; tantus se nubibus imber
 Ruperat. ille, innare parans, infantis amore
 Tardatur, caroque oneri timet. omnia secum 550
 Versanti subito vix haec sententia fedit.
 Telum inmane, manu valida quod forte gerebat
 Bellator, solidum nodis et robore cocto ;
 Huic gnatam, libro et silvestri subere clausam,
 Implicat, atque habilem mediae circumligat hastae : 555
 Quam dextra ingenti librans ita ad aethera fatur :
 Alma, tibi hanc, nemorum cultrix Latonia virgo,
 Ipse pater famulam voveo : tua prima per auras
 Tela tenens supplex hostem fugit. accipe, testor,
 Diva tuam, quae nunc dubiis committitur auris. 560

759. *E'er since stern Metabus.*] Tasso has applied this story of Camilla to Clorinda, as it is related by her eunuch Arfetes : he has introduced many additional and romantic circumstances. See B. 12. Stanza 20, &c. The general story of Clorinda in Tasso is beautifully told, and her death is related with more pathetic circumstances than this of Camilla.

It may also be observed that Tasso did not introduce the story of Clorinda merely as an imitation of this episode of Camilla, as many have thought ; but it is a real historical fact, that there were female warriors among the Crusaders. Anna Comena gives a particular account of one of them.

782. *With cork.*] There is a large wood of cork-trees just on the other side of Piperno (see ver. 540. in the original) ; and the tree is common about all those parts. SPENCE.

See ! where she rushes to the deathful plain,
And proudly wears Diana's arms in vain !
Still from my soul the darling maid I lov'd ;
And time the growing fondness has improv'd ;
E'er since stern Metabus, her hapless sire,
Forc'd by his rebel subjects to retire,
Fled from Pivernum, his imperial town,
And lost his old hereditary crown.
Safe he convey'd, thro' crouds of raging foes,
His babe, the dear companion of his woes,
And call'd Camilla, from her mother's name ;
And in his flight thro' wilds and deserts came ;
The savage hills and woods he wander'd o'er,
And in his arms the lovely burthen bore ;
While with their jav'lins, in an endless tide,
The Volscians press'd their prince on ev'ry side :
When lo ! old Amasenus' streams delay
His course, and foam across the warrior's way :
For late, the flood, increas'd with sudden rains,
Had burst the banks, and floated half the plains :
First he resolves to swim, and gain the shore ;
But love retards him, and the charge he bore.
Thus, while a thousand schemes divide his breast,
Sudden, on this, he fixes as the best :
His mighty pond'rous spear, of knotted oak,
Long harden'd in the flames, the monarch took ;
To this strong lance the tender babe he bound,
With cork and pliant osiers wrapt around.
Then pois'd the loaded spear, in act to throw ;
But for my favour first address'd his vow ;
To thee, chaste goddess of the forest wild,
Behold ! a father dedicates his child ;
She flies for refuge to thy pow'r divine,
And the first weapons that she knows are thine.
Thus then I send, to thy protecting care,
Thy little suppliant thro' the fields of air,

755

760

765

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790

Dixit, et adducto contortum hastile lacerto
 Inmittit : sonuere undae. rapidum super amnem
 Infelix fugit in jaculo stridente Camilla.
 At Metabus, magna propius jam urgente caterva,
 Dat sese fluvio, atque hastam cum virgine victor 565
 Gramineo donum Triviae de cespite vellit.
 Non illum tectis ullae, non moenibus urbes
 Accepere, neque ipse manus feritate dedisset :
 Pastorum et solis exegit montibus aevom.
 Hic gnatam, in dumis interque horrentia lustra, 570
 Armentalis equae mammis et lacte ferino
 Nutribat, teneris inmulgens ubera labris.
 Utque pedum primis infans vestigia plantis
 Institerat, jaculo palmas oneravit acuto :
 Spiculaque ex humero parvae suspendit et arcum. 575
 Pro crinali auro, longae pro tegmine pallae,
 Tigridis exuviae per dorsum a vertice pendent.
 Tela manu jam tum tenera puerilia torfit,
 Et fundam tereti circum caput egit habena :
 Strymoniamque gruem, aut album dejecit olorem. 580
 Multae illam frustra Tyrrhena per oppida matres

805. *Sought ev'ry foster-mother.*] The poet seems to have had an eye to the education of Cyrene in Pindar; a passage of marvellous beauty.

— ὁ δὲ τὰν εὐαλειῶν
 Ὁρεψατο παῖδα Κυρηνῶν·
 Ἄ μιν οὐθ' ἰσὼν παλιμῶ-
 μως ἐφίλασεν ὁδῶς,
 Οὐτε δειπνῶν οἰκοῖαν
 Μεθ' ἑταίραν τετρίψαις·
 Ἀλλ' ἀκοντεσσὶν τε χαλκείοις,
 Φασγάνῳ τε μαρναμένα,
 Κεραιζὲν ἀγρίῳς
 Θηρῶν. —

Pyth. 8. ver. 31.

*Ille vero lacertis decoram
 Educavit filiam Cyrenen,
 Quæ quidem neque telarum retrogra-
 das amavit vias,
 Neque conviviorum domesticas*

Inter

This said ; with all his force the lance he threw ;
 High o'er the roaring waves Camilla flew ;
 Then the bold warrior, press'd on ev'ry side
 By his fierce foes, plung'd headlong in the tide,
 The flood surmounted, and the jav'lin tore, 795
 Charg'd with the sacred infant, from the shore.
 Each town with stern unhospitable hate,
 Against the wand'ring monarch shut her gate :
 Nor could he bear (his scorn was grown so high)
 To stand distinguish'd by the public eye. 800
 From all society of men he fled ;
 A shepherd's life among the mountains led ;
 There with his daughter past the hours away,
 In dens of beasts and savages of prey ;
 Sought ev'ry foster-mother of the wood, 805
 And in her lips distill'd the milky food.
 Soon as the little Amazon could go ;
 He on her shoulders hung a slender bow :
 A small light quiver at her side she wore,
 And in her hand a pointed jav'lin bore : 810
 No rich embroider'd robes her limbs enfold,
 Nor were her waving locks adorn'd with gold.
 The spoils of some fierce tyger wrapt her round,
 That, from her head, hung trailing to the ground :
 Ev'n then her tender hand the dart could sling, 815
 Or whirl the pebble from the sounding sling,
 Strike the long crane, or snowy swan, on high,
 And fetch the tow'ring quarry from the sky.
 Her charms surpriz'd the Tuscan matron train,
 Who court the huntress for their sons in vain. 820
 Not all their courtship, nor their pray'rs, could move
 The maid, from sworn virginity, to love.

*Inter socias delectationes ;
 Sed jaculisque æneis,
 Gladioque pugnans
 Consuebat feras
 Bestias.*

Optavere nurum. sola contenta Diana
 Aeternum telorum et virginitatis amorem
 Intemerata colit. vellem haud conrepta fuisset
 Militia tali, conata laceffere Teucros : 585
 Cara mihi comitumque foret nunc una mearum.
 Verum age, quandoquidem fatis urguetur acerbis,
 Labere, Nympha, polo, finisque invise Latinos,
 Tristis ubi infausto committitur omine pugna.
 Haec cape, et ultricem pharetra deprome sagittam : 590
 Hac quicumque sacrum violârit volnere corpus,
 Tros Italusve, mihi pariter det sanguine poenas.
 Post ego nube cava miserandae corpus et arma
 Inspoliata feram tumulo, patriaeque reponam.
 Dixit : at illa levis caeli demissa per auras 595
 Insonuit, nigro circumdata turbine corpus.
 At manus interea muris Trojana propinquat,
 Etruscique duces, equitumque exercitus omnis ;
 Conpositi in turmas numero. fremit aequore toto
 Insultans sonipes, et pressis pugnât habenis 600
 Huc obversus et huc : tum late ferreus hastis
 Horret ager, campique armis sublimibus ardent.
 Nec non Messapus contra, celeresque Latini,
 Et cum fratre Coras, ei virginis ala Camillae,

845. *Now to the walls.*] The infantry conducted by Æneas advanced towards the city by narrow passes; and the Etruscan cavalry, under the command of Tarchon, marches to Laurentum over the plains.

CATROU.

852. *The fields gleam.*]

— *Ferreus hastis*

Horret ager.

This strong metonymy is plainly copied by Milton,

The field *all iron* cast a gleaming brown.

Par. Reg. B. 3. 326.

856. *The Latian troops.*]

— *Celeresque Latini.*

He alludes to the Roman soldiery: Romulus had three hundred horsemen, which were called *celeres*, either from their swiftness [*celeritate*]; or from their leader Celer, who is said to have slain Remus: for which action Romulus made him a *tribunus equitum*, and he was called *tribunus celerum*.

With Dian's love content, she keeps her vow ;
She shoots my arrows, and she bends my bow.
Ah ! from my soul I wish, the hapless fair 825
Had never mingled in the direful war !
Then still my darling might the maid remain,
The pride and glory of my virgin train !
But, since her doom is seal'd, her fate is nigh,
Descend, my nymph, this instant from the sky. 830
To yonder plain, impetuous, bend thy flight,
Where, see ! in arms she rushes on the fight.
Here, take my bow ; and, from this dreadful sheath,
Draw forth the winged messenger of death.
And, who the sacred virgin shall destroy, 835
Or of the Latian bands, or sons of Troy,
With this keen arrow make my vengeance good ;
Let him atone the sacrilege with blood.
Then will I bear the breathless maid away,
Her spoils and body in a cloud convey, 840
To the dark grave commend her dear remains,
And safe dispose 'em in her native plains.
The goddess said ; the nymph obedient flies,
Wrapt in a sounding whirlwind down the skies.
Now to the walls (a close-embod'd force) 845
March the swift Trojan and the Tuscan horse ;
Beneath their valiant chiefs, in thick array,
The troops embattled urge their fiery way.
Aloft the foaming courfers prance and bound,
Press on the rein, and proudly paw the ground. 850
Trembling for joy, they hope the dire alarms ;
The fields gleam dreadful with their waving arms.
Spears, nodding helms, and shields, with mingled rays,
Flame round, and set the region in a blaze.
Nor with less speed, beneath Messapus' care, 855
The Latian troops pour furious to the war.
Full in the front the mighty Coras came,
With bold Catillus, to the field of fame.

Adversi campo adparent : hastasque reductis 605
 Protendunt longe dextris, et spicula vibrant :
 Adventusque virum fremitusque ardescit equorum.
 Jamque intra jactum feli progressus uterque
 Subliterat: subito erumpunt clamore, frementisque
 Exhortantur equos : fundunt simul undique tela 610
 Crebra nivis ritu, caelumque obtexitur umbra.
 Continuo adversis Tyrrhenus et acer Aconteus
 Connixi incurrunt hastis, primique ruinam
 Dant sonitu ingenti, perfractaque quadrupedantum
 Pectora pectoribus rumpunt. excussus Aconteus, 615
 Fulminis in morem aut tormento ponderis acti,
 Praecipitat longe, et vitam dispergit in auras.
 Extemplo turbatae acies, versique Latini
 Rejiciunt parmas, et equos ad moenia vertunt.
 Troës agunt : princeps turmas inducit Asylas. 620
 Jamque propinquabant portis, rursusque Latini
 Clamorem tollunt, et mollia colla reflectunt :
 Hi fugiunt, penitusque datis referuntur habenis.
 Qualis ubi alterno procurrens gurgite pontus
 Nunc ruit ad terras, scopulosque superjacet undam 625
 Spumeus, extremamque sinu perfundit arenam :
 Nunc rapidus retro, atque aestu revoluta resorbens

889. *Thus, in alternate.*] These are some of the most laboured and spirited lines in this book.

The simile is not borrowed from Homer; yet is notwithstanding, great and sublime: as is likewise the description, that immediately follows, of the hurry and tumult of the battle; particularly,

Tum vero et gemitus, &c.

O'er all distinguish'd in the martial scene,
Rode with her female train the Volscian queen. 860
Fierce to the fight the valiant troops advance,
Protend, and poise, and shake the flaming lance.
Thick clouds of dust their trampling feet excite ;
Th' impatient courfers neigh, and snuff the distant fight.

At length, within a jav'lin's reach appear 865
Both hosts ; and, shouting, join the horrid war ;
Rouse to the fight their gen'rous steeds, and pour
Their darts incessant, in a rattling show'r.
In one dark storm the sounding lances fly,
Shade the bright sun, and intercept the sky. 870

First horse to horse, and man to man, oppos'd
The bold Aconteus and Tyrrhenus clos'd ;
Each eager warrior hurl'd the pointed spear,
And urg'd his courser in a full career ;
The steeds, encount'ring with a thund'ring sound, 875
Shock ; and Aconteus tumbles to the ground.
Swift, as discharg'd from the loud engine flies
The glowing stone, or lightning from the skies ;
So swift the warrior, from his courser far,
Shoots with a spring, and breathes his fiery soul in air. 880

Now all the Latian horse disorder'd run,
(Their shields slung back) tumultuous, to the town,
The chace with cries the joyful Trojans led,
With great Asylas thund'ring at their head.
Soon as they reach'd the walls, the rallying train 885
Rein round their steeds, and face the foes again.
Then, in their turn, the vanquish'd Trojans wheel'd,
And, pale with terror, measur'd back the field.

Thus, in alternate tides, o'er all the strand
Swells the vast ocean, and invades the land. 890
Wave after wave, the waters mount on high,
Till o'er the rocks the foamy surges fly.
Then headlong, in her turn, the roaring main
Rolls back, impetuous, to her bounds again ;

Saxa fugit, litusque vado labente relinquit.
 Bis Tusci Rutulos egere ad moenia versos :
 Bis reiecti armis respectant terga tegentes. 630
 Tertia sed postquam congressi in proelia totasque
 Implicuere inter se acies, legitque virum vir ;
 Tum vero et gemitus morientum, et sanguine in alto
 Armaque, corporaque, et permixti caede virorum
 Semanimes voluntur equi : pugna aspera surgit. 635
 Orsilochus Remuli, quando ipsum horrebat adire,
 Hastam intorsit equo, ferrumque sub aure reliquit.
 Quo sonipes ictu furit arduus, altaque jactat
 Volneris inpatiens adrecto pectore crura.
 Volvitur ille excussus humi. Catillus Iolan, 640
 Ingentemque animis, ingentem corpore et armis
 Dejicit Herminium : nudo cui vertice fulva
 Caesaries, nudique humeri. nec volnera terrent :
 Tantus in arma patet. latos huic hasta per armos
 Acta tremit, duplicatque, virum transfixa, dolorem. 645
 Funditur ater ubique cruor : dant funera ferro
 Certantes, pulchramque petunt per volnera mortem.
 At medias inter caedes exsultat Amazon,
 Unum exserta latus pugnae, pharetrata Camilla :
 Et nunc lenta manu spargens hastilia denset : 650
 Nunc validam dextra rapit indefessa bipennem.

§17. *Herminius lies.*] The name Herminius is taken from
 the Roman history : Herminius and Lartius opposed the Tusci,
 when the *Pons Sublicius* was broken down. SERVIUS.

Rolls back, as rapid as she came before, 895
 With all the floating trophies of the shore.
 Twice the Rutulians to the city flew;
 And twice they rally, and the foes pursue.
 Till in the third assault the hosts engage;
 Then burns the fight with unextinguish'd rage. 900
 All, man to man, and breast to breast, oppos'd,
 In one dire shock the charging squadrons clos'd.
 Then bled the battle; and a load of slain,
 Shields, helms, and jav'lines, cover'd wide the plain.
 In a red deluge all the fields lie drown'd; 905
 And cries and agonizing groans resound
 Of wounded warriors, lab'ring out their breath,
 And coursers plunging in the pangs of death.
 With cautious eyes, Orsiloehus from far
 Observ'd strong Remulus, and mark'd for war; 910
 Nor durst approach the chief; but hurl'd the spear,
 With all his strength, beneath his courser's ear.
 Stung with the stroke, and madding with the wound, }
 He rears and paws in air, with many a bound,
 And casts his hapless master on the ground. 915 }
 Next bled Iolas by Catillus' steel;
 By the same hand the huge Herminius fell:
 All pale in death the mighty hero lies;
 Vain were his giant arms, and giant size:
 Th' intrepid chief (his head and shoulders bare, 920 }
 Tall, and distinguish'd by his golden hair) }
 Tow'r'd in the front, the mark of all the war!
 Thro' his broad shoulders past, the deadly wound
 Contracts, and bends him double to the ground.
 Now all the fields with crimson streams are dy'd; 925
 And the vast carnage smokes on ev'ry side.
 The charms of honour ev'ry bosom fire,
 To win the day; or gloriously expire.
 Her breast half-naked, thro' the direful scene
 Of blood and slaughter flew the Volscian queen. 930

Aureus ex humero sonat arcus, et arma Dianae.
 Illa etiam, si quando in tergum pulsa recessit,
 Spicula converfo fugientia dirigit arcu.
 At circum lectae comites, Larinaque virgo, 655
 Tullaque, et aeratam quatiens Tarpeia securim,
 Italides; quas ipsa decus sibi dia Camilla
 Delegit, pacisque bonas bellicue ministras.
 Quales Threïciae cum flumina Thermodontis
 Pulsant, et pictis bellantur Amazones armis: 660
 Seu circum Hippolyten, seu cum se martia curru
 Penthesilea refert, magnoque ululante tumultu
 Feminea exsultant lunatis agmina peltis.
 Quem telo primum, quem postremum aspera virgo
 Dejicis? aut quot humi morientia corpora fundis? 665
 Eunaecum Clytio primum patre: cujus apertum
 Adversi longa transverberat abiete pectus.

939. *There, Tarpeia wields, &c.*] Servius, and after him, Catrou, tells us, that the names of Camilla's companions are all drawn from the Roman history, and are here introduced as a compliment to some illustrious families in Rome.

943. *So round their queen.*] In this simile (says Trapp) the ideas seem too near a-kin; it is almost comparing a thing to itself.

The poet, it must be owned, compares Amazons to Amazons; yet at the same time, an image entirely new is represented. Virgil, that he may give us the most exalted image of this female hero, attended by her retinue of heroines, tells us that she resembled Hippolyte or Penthesilea, the most renowned of Amazons, marching over the banks of Thermodoon: the *pictis armis*, the *Martia curru se Penthesilea refert*, the *magno ululante tumultu*, the *flumina Thermodoontis*, and the *peltis lunatis*, are circumstances which sufficiently clear the simile from Trapp's imputation. Besides (as Catrou remarks) Camilla is not really an Amazon, in the true sense of the word; that is, her left breast was not scared off for the convenience of drawing a bow: she is indeed a female warrior, as were the Amazons; and, like them too, has the left side uncovered in fight. The true Amazons were those of Thrace only, and spoken of in this comparison. Ruæus tells us, that the Amazons inhabited not the European, but the Asiatic Thrace. But, after all, I much doubt the story of the Amazons

The shafts and quiver at her side appear,
 The polish'd bow, and all Diana's war.
 Now the swift dart with matchless might she cast;
 Now with her ax she laid the battle waste :
 Ev'n when she flies, she bends the backward bow, 935
 And sends the winged vengeance at the foe.
 Around, in pomp, her sister warriors ride,
 All-bright in arms, and combat side by side.
 Her brazen pole-ax, there, Tarpeia wields;
 And, here, Larina glitters o'er the fields; 940
 Italian virgins; her supreme delight;
 In peace her friends; her comrades in the fight.
 So round their queen, Hippolyte the fair,
 Or bold Penthesile's refulgent car,
 Move the triumphant Amazonian train, 945
 In bright array, exulting, to the plain.
 Proudly they march, and clash their painted arms,
 And all Thermoodon rings with proud alarms;
 With female shouts they shake the founding field;
 And fierce they poise the spear, and grasp the moony shield.
 Who first, who last, by thy victorious hand, 951
 Heroic maid! sunk breathless on the sand?
 First, Clytius' son, the great Eumenius, dies;
 Thro' his broad breast the quiv'ring jav'lin flies:

zons being so called from having one breast cut off; because, in all the numerous antique figures of Amazons now remaining, there is not one instance of any such thing.

951. *Who first, who last.*] Thus Homer, Il. B. 16. turns his discourse to Patroclus:

Who first, brave hero, by thy arm was slain?
 Who last beneath thy vengeance press'd the plain?

POPE, 847.

He does not accost his muse, as it is usual with him to do; but inquires of the hero himself who was the first, and who was the last who fell by his hand. This address distinguishes and signalizes Patroclus (to whom Homer uses it more frequently than I remember on any other occasion) as if he was some genius, or divine being; and at the same time it is very pathetic, and apt to move our compassion.

Sanguinis ille vomens rivos cadit, atque cruentam
Mandit humum, moriensque suo se in volnere versat.
Tum Lirin Pagasumque super: quorum alter habenas 670
Suffosso revolutus equo dum conligit, alter
Dum subit, ac dextram labenti tendit inermem,
Praecipites pariterque ruunt. his addit Amastrum
Hippotaden: sequiturque incumbens eminus hasta
Tereaque Harpalycumque, et Demophoonta Chrominque:
Quotque emissa manu contorsit spicula virgo, 676
Tot Phrygii cecidere viri. procul Ornytus armis
Ignotis, et equo venator Iapyge fertur:
Cui pellis latos humeros erepta juvenco
Pugnatori operit: caput ingens oris hiatus, 680
Et malae texere lupi cum dentibus albis,
Agrestisque manus armat sparus, ipse catervis
Vertitur in mediis, ac toto vertice supra est.
Hunc illa exceptum (neque enim labor agmine verso)
Trajicit, et super haec inimico pectore fatur: 685
Silvis te, Tyrrhene, feras agitare putasti?
Advenit qui vestra dies muliebribus armis
Verba redarguerit. nomen tamen haud leve patrum
Manibus hoc referes, telo cecidisse Camillae.
Protenus Orfilochum et Buten, duo maxima Teucrum 690
Corpora: sed Buten aversum cuspide fixit
Loricam galeamque inter, qua colla sedentis
Lucent, et laevo dependet parma lacerto:
Orfilochum fugiens, magnumque agitata per orbem

Grimly he grinds the dust, distain'd with blood,
And rolls and welters in the crimson flood. 955

Liris and Pagafus at once are kill'd,
And both, transfix'd, fall headlong on the field;
One stoop'd, to reach his wounded courser's rein;
One flew, to prop his sinking friend, in vain! 960

Now Hippotas' brave son Amastrus fell;
And now she threatens, with the pointed steel,
Tereus the swift, Harpalycus the strong;
And drove in heaps the hostile chiefs along.
Demophoon, Chromis, fled her dreadful spear;
She pours, and hangs tempestuous in the rear,
Thus thro' the ranks of war she rag'd, and slew
A Phrygian foe with ev'ry dart she threw. 965

The mighty hunter, Ornytus, from far,
On his Apulian courser sought the war: 970

A bull's black hide his ample shoulders spread;
A wolf's rough spoils grinn'd horrid o'er his head:

A bended spear he brandish'd in his hand,
And tow'r'd conspicuous o'er the martial band.
With ease, as all the troops confus'dly fled, 975

She slew the foe, and thus insults the dead:
Me, Tuscan, didst thou deem thy destin'd prey,
Like hunted game, the fortune of the day?

Lo! by a woman's arm, this fatal hour,
That boast is answer'd, and thy vaunts no more! 980

Go!—let thy fire the glorious tidings know;
Camilla sent thee to the shades below!

Then on two Trojan chiefs, of giant size,
Butes, and tall Orsilochus, she flies.

But Butes, face to face, she brav'd in war; 985

Swift thro' the neck she drove the pointed spear,

Where the bright helm and corslet left a part,

To let in fate, wide-open to the dart.

From fierce Orsilochus the virgin wheel'd

At first, in flight dissembled, round the field: 990

Eludit gyro interior, sequiturque sequentem. 695
 Tum validam perque arma viro perque ossa securim,
 Altior exfurgens, oranti et multa precanti
 Congeminat : volnus calido rigat ora cerebro.
 Incidit huic, subitoque aspectu territus haesit
 Apenninicolae bellator filius Auni, 700
 Haud Ligurum extremus, dum fallere fata sinebant.
 Isque ubi se nullo jam cursu evadere pugnae
 Posse, neque instantem reginam avertere cernit ;
 Consilio versare dolos ingressus et astu,
 Incipit haec. Quid tam egregium, si femina forti 705
 Fidis equo ? dimitte fugam, et te conminus aequo
 Mecum crede solo, pugnaeque accinge pedestri :
 Jam nosces, ventosa ferat cui gloria laudem.
 Dixit : at illa furens, acrique accensa dolore,
 Tradit equum comiti, paribusque resistit in armis, 710
 Ense pedes nudo, puraque interrta parma.
 At juvenis, vicisse dolo ratus, avolat ipse,
 (Haud mora) conversisque fugax aufertur habenis,
 Quadrupedemque citum ferrata calce fatigat.
 Vane Ligus, frustra que animis elate superbis, 715
 Nequidquam patrias tentasti lubricus artis :
 Nec fraus te incolumem fallaci perferet Auno.
 Haec fatur virgo, et pernicibus ignea plantis
 Transfit equum cursu, frenisque adversa prehenfis
 Congreditur, poenasque inimico ex sanguine sumit. 720

1014. ——— *And grasps her maiden shield.*] By the *pura parma* Catrou understands, that Camilla had never made a campaign, and had as yet achieved no action, to be painted or engraved on her shield.

1022. *And, springing with a fiery course.*] This action of Camilla, in which she is represented on foot, outrunning an horse at full speed, and seizing his bridle, would have appeared too incredible to the reader, had not the poet judiciously prepared him for it in those celebrated verses at the close of the seventh book, where the surprising swiftness of our heroine is described.

CATROU and SEGRAIS.

But, in a ring still lessening, to delude
 The furious chief, she fled, till she pursu'd :
 Then while, in vain, her circumvented foe
 Implores his life; high-rising to the blow,
 Cleaves his broad front with a redoubled wound ; 995
 The blood and brains rush smoking on the ground.]

The son of Aunus cross'd her in her way,
 And for a while stood trembling in dismay ;
 A wretch, that, like his own Ligurian line,
 Could cheat, while fortune favour'd the design. 1000
 Soon as he found it vain to shun by flight
 The female warrior, or maintain the fight ;
 Resolv'd to circumvent the hostile maid,
 Thus to the queen the low dissembler said :
 Where is the mighty praise, to vaunt the force, 1005
 And trust the swiftness, of your rapid horse ?
 Dismiss your steed, vain maid ! and let us stand
 Engag'd in single combat, hand to hand.
 Soon shall be known, proud princess, what you can,
 When, on these terms, a woman fights a man. 1010
 Thus he :—the queen springs furious on the plain
 From her fleet steed, and gives him to the train.
 On foot she dares the dastard to the field,
 Draws her bright sword, and grasps her maiden shield.
 Flush'd with gay hopes, to find his fraud succeed, 1015 }
 He turns, he flies, and, to his utmost speed,
 With goring spurs provokes his smoking steed.— }
 Deluded fool ! (she cries, in lofty strain)
 On me thy little arts are try'd in vain ;
 Nor hence, ev'n yet, in safety shalt thou run, 1020
 To please thy fire with falsehoods like his own.
 She said ; and, springing with a fiery course,
 The raging maid out-stripp'd the flying horse ;
 Turn'd, seiz'd the reins ; oppos'd in battle stood ;
 Then gluts her vengeance with his reeking blood. 1025

Quam facile accipiter saxo, facer ales, ab alto
 Consequitur pennis sublimem in nube columbam,
 Comprensamque tenet, pedibusque eviscerat uncis:
 Tum cruor, et volvae labuntur ab aethere plumae.
 At non haec nullis hominum fator atque deorum 725
 Observans oculis summo sedet altus Olympo.
 Tyrrhenum genitor Tarchonem in proelia saeva
 Suscitatur, et stimulis haud mollibus injicit iras.
 Ergo inter caedes cedentiaque agmina Tarcho
 Fertur equo, variisque instigat vocibus alas, 730
 Nomine quemque vocans: reficitque in proelia pulsos.
 Quis metus, ô numquam dolituri, ô semper inertes
 Tyrrheni, quae tanta animis ignavia venit?
 Femina palantis agit, atque haec agmina vertit?
 Quo ferrum, quidve haec gerimus tela inrita dextris? 735
 At non in venerem segnes nocturnaue bella;
 Aut, ubi curva choros indixit tibia Bacchi,
 Expectare dapes et plenae pocula mensae;
 Hic amor, hoc studium; dum sacra secundus haruspex

(736.) Egrege in rem suam vertit poeta famam de veterum Etruscorum luxurie: etsi in singulis ornamentis Homerum respicere potuit. alacriter dicit eos ruere ad epulas et quidem sacrificiorum. Simili argumento ad exprobrationem utebatur Homerus in Menestheum et Vlyssē, sed quod primi vocantur ad coenam et maiore carniū vinique copia honorantur Il. Δ, 340 sqq. In his *vbi tibia Bacchi curua indixit choros*; putatur respexisse Maro Priami vocem, qui filios increpans, *ὀρχηστὰς χοροῖν τυπύσσιν ἀρίστους* appellat Il. Ω, 261. Locum de Phaeacibus huc vocant alii Odyss. Θ, 248. 9. quo tamen vix quicquam in poetae verbis illustratur. De tibia in sacris omnino, tum in Cybeles et Bacchi, ad choros nil monere opus est: Sed Bacchum cum indicio videtur nominasse, nam Bacchi sacra ac initia inter Etruscos vel maxime viguisse, iam olim ex tanto vasorum et sarcophagorum numero, in quo illa occurrunt, suspicati sumus. v. Nou. Comment. Soc. R. Gott. T. III. p. 2. pag. 53. — 736. Amaritudo dicti sic satis intelligitur, si cogites eos fugere in praelio cum femina. 738. *plenae m. πληροῦστος τραπέζης*. — 739. *haruspex secundus*, qui secunda nuntiat ex extis inspectis; vbi autem litatum est, epulae sacrae subsequuntur. Et h. l. quidem sacra fiunt in luco. adeoque et epulae; etiam hoc ex veterum more; quod etiam servatum in primis in sacris rusticis: v. c. Tibull. l. 10, 51.

Not with more ease the falcon, from above,
Shoots, seizes, gripes, and rends, the trembling dove;
All stain'd with blood, the beauteous feathers fly,
And the loose plumes come flutt'ring down the sky.

Meantime th' almighty fire of men and gods, 1030
Inthron'd in high Olympus' bright abodes,
Surveys the war; the Tuscan chief inspires
With gen'rous rage, and fills with martial fires.

Thro' all the cleaving ranks, with eager speed,
Flies the bold Tarchon on his rapid steed; 1035
Calls on each chief by name; adjures the train,
Leads, rallies, and inflames the troops again.

Ye scandal of your race, your country's shame!
Warm'd with no honour, no regard of fame!
What fear, ye cowards, ev'ry breast controuls, 1040
Un-nerves your limbs, and chills your trembling souls?
Thus then, from one flies all our scatter'd band!
Gods!—but from one, and from a female hand!
Oh! cast away the sword, the shield and spear;
The idle pomp and pageantry of war!— 1045
Yet were you never recreants to delight,
Nor to the softer battles of the night!
When pipes proclaim the sacred revels nigh,
How swift, how eager, to the feast you fly!
In the full bowls you center all your love; 1050
Pleas'd, when the priest invites you to the grove,

1026. *Not with more ease.*] Spenser has improved this image, F. Q. B. 2. Cant. 11. St. 42.

——adown he kest

This lumpish corse unto the senseless ground,
Adown he kest it with so puissant wrest,
That back again it did aloft rebound,
And gave against his mother earth a groneful sound.
As when Jove's harness-bearing bird from hie
Stoupes at a flying heron with proude disdain,
The stone dead quarry falls so forcibly,
That it rebounds against the lowly plain.

The disuse of falconry among us renders this simile not so striking, as it must have been in the age of the poet.

Nuntiet, ac lucos vocet hostia pinguis in altos. 740
 Haec effatus, equum in medios moriturus et ipse
 Concitat, et Venulo adversum se turbidus infert,
 Dereptumque ab equo dextra complectitur hostem,
 Et gremium ante suum multa vi concitus aufert.
 Tollitur in caelum clamor: cunctique Latini 745
 Convertere oculos. volat igneus aequore Tarcho,
 Arma virumque ferens: tum summa ipsius ab hasta
 Defringit ferrum; et partis rimatur apertas,
 Qua vulnus letale ferat: contra ille repugnans
 Sustinet a jugulo dextram, et vim viribus exit. 750
 Utque volans alte raptum cum fulva draconem
 Fert aquila, implicuitque pedes, atque unguibus haesit:
 Saucius at serpens sinuosa volumina versat,
 Adrectisque horret squamis, et sibilat ore,
 Arduus insurgens: illa haud minus urguet obunco 755
 Luctantem rostro; simul aethera verberat alis.
 Haud aliter praedam Tiburtum ex agmine Tarcho
 Portat ovans. ducis exemplum eventumque secuti
 Maeonidae incurrunt. fati tum debitus Arruns
 Velocem jaculo et multa prior arte Camillam 760

1058. *Thus in his arms, with matchless strength, he bore.*] This action seems to be impossible: but Servius gives us an example of its possibility, drawn from the ephemerides of C. Caesar. Julius Caesar himself used to relate, that he was lifted up [after this manner] by a Gaul; who as he was carrying him along, met in his way with another Gaul, who knew Caesar, and cried out *lecos* Caesar. These words by good luck meant, in their language [says Catrou], *laisse le aller*, let him go. The Gaul instantly dropped his prey out of favour to his brother soldier. Plutarch reports the same thing of a Roman.

1068. *As when th' imperial.*] Macrobius prefers to this simile that in Homer. II. B. 12. for a reason which proves he misunderstood the aim and application of it. Virgil simply compares two warriors struggling with each other to an eagle, &c. But Macrobius observes, *Virgilius solam aquilæ prædam refert, neque Homericae aquilæ omen advertit; quæ & sinistra veniens vincentium prohibebat accessum, & accepto a captivo serpente morfu, prædam dolore*

You run, and riot in the rich repast ;
 The first in banquets, but in fights the last !
 He said ; and, bent on death, in deep despair,
 Rush'd on his steed amidst the thickest war : 1055
 Then urg'd at Venulus his furious course,
 Seiz'd him at once, and snatch'd him from his horse.
 Thus in his arms, with matchless strength, he bore,
 Fierce as he rode, the hapless chief, before.
 His troops behold the scene with strange surprize, 1060
 And peals of shouts run rattling round the skies ;
 While with his captive, all in open view,
 O'er the wide field the fiery hero flew.
 The point then breaking from the warrior's dart,
 The chief explores a penetrable part, 1065
 And meditates the wound ; the struggling foe
 Defends his throat, and disappoints the blow.
 As when th' imperial eagle soars on high,
 And bears some speckled serpent through the sky :
 While her sharp talons gripe the bleeding prey, 1070
 In many a fold her curling volumes play ;
 Her starting brazen scales with horror rise ;
 The sanguine flames flash dreadful from her eyes :
 She writhes, and hisses at her foe, in vain,
 Who wings at ease the wide æreal plain ; 1075
 With her strong hooky beak the captive plies,
 And bears the struggling prey, triumphant, thro' the skies.
 So with the chief the mighty Tarchon flew ;
 And, kindling at the fight, the troops their prince pursue.
 Now Aruns on the Volscian princess waits 1080
 (Aruns the destin'd victim of the fates) ;

dolore dejecit ; factoque tripudio solistimo cum clamore dolorem testante prætervolat : quibus ominibus victoriæ prevaricatio significabatur. His prætermisiss, quæ animam parabola dabant, velut exanimum in Latinis versibus corpus remansit. This simile is certainly drawn from Homer ; but what is here a simile, is a narrative in the Greek poet ; the want of considering which misled the judgment of Macrobius.

Circuit, et, quae sit fortuna facillima, tentat.
 Qua se cumque furens medio tulit agmine virgo,
 Hac Arruns subit, ac tacitus vestigia lustrat :
 Qua victrix redit illa, pedemque ex hoste reportat,
 Hac juvenis furtim celeris detorquet habenas. 765
 Hos aditus, jamque hos aditus, omnemque pererrat
 Undique circuitum ; et certam quatit improbus hastam.
 Forte satus Cybelo Chloreus, olimque sacerdos,
 Insignis longe Phrygiis fulgebat in armis,
 Spumantemque agitabat equum : quem pellis ahenis 770
 In plumam squamis auro conferta tegebat.
 Ipse, peregrina ferrugine clarus et ostro,
 Spicula torquebat Lycio Görtynia cornu.
 Aureus ex humeris sonat arcus, et aurea vati
 Cassida : tum croceam chlamidemque sinusque crepantis
 Carbasseos fulvo in nodum conlegerat auro, 776
 Pictus acu tunicas et barbara tegmina erurum.
 Hunc virgo, five ut templis praefigeret arma
 Troia, captivo five ut se ferret in auro,
 Venatrix unum ex omni certamine pugnae 780
 Caeca sequebatur ; totumque incauta per agmen
 Femineo praedae et spoliolum ardebat amore :
 Telum ex insidiis tandem cum tempore capto
 Concitat, et superos Arruns sic voce precatur :

1091. *Chloreus, the priest.*] It is to be observed (says Catrou), that those priests of the gods, who are introduced as warriors in the *Aeneid* are distinguished by dresses, &c. of uncommon magnificence. This new character and new sort of figure adds a variety to the description of the battles.

1110. *For this bright prize.*] Addison observes, that Virgil has very finely touched upon the female passion for dress and shew, in the character of Camilla ; who, though she seems to have shaken off all the other weaknesses of her sex, is still described as a woman in this particular. The poet tells us, that after having made a great slaughter of the enemy, she unfortunately cast her eye on a Trojan, who wore an embroidered tunic, a beautiful coat of mail, with a mantle of the finest purple. The Amazon immediately singled out this well-dressed warrior, being seized with a woman's longing for the pretty trappings that he was adorned with :

—— Totumque

Wheels round, and seeks with ev'ry wily art
 The fav'ring moment to discharge the dart.
 Where-e'er the furious maid her steps inclin'd,
 The wretch in silence follows close behind: 1085
 When from the conquer'd foes she bends her course,
 Thither th' insidious warrior turns his horse;
 Oft shifts his place; runs anxious to and fro;
 Flies round the circuit; and, in act to throw,
 Aims his sure jav'lin at the beauteous foe. 1090 }

Chloreus, the priest of Cybele, from far
 Shone in bright arms amid the crowded war.
 Magnificently gay, he proudly prefs'd
 A prancing steed, in stately trappings dress'd;
 Rich scales of brass and gold, inwrought with art, 1095
 Grac'd with a mimic plumage ev'ry part.
 Himself, in purple clad, amid the foe
 Sent his swift arrows from a Lycian bow.
 Gold was the bow, that from his shoulder sounds,
 And gold the helmet, that his head surrounds. 1100
 His robes, with many a rustling silken fold,
 With care were gather'd, and confin'd in gold;
 His crimson tunic was embroider'd o'er;
 And purple buskins on his legs he wore.
 This chief she singles from the warring crew, 1105
 And, blind to danger, thro' the squadrons flew;
 With the rich spoils to deck Diana's shrine;
 Or that herself in Trojan arms may shine.
 All, all the woman, in her bosom rose!
 For this bright prize, she plung'd amid the foes! 1110
 When, from his covert, Aruns launch'd his spear;
 But first to Heav'n preferr'd his suppliant pray'r:

——— *Totumque incauta per agmen
 Femineo prædæ & spoliis ardebat amore.*

This heedless pursuit after these glittering trifles, the poet, by a nice concealed moral, represents to have been the destruction of his female hero.

SPECTATOR, No. 15.

This remark of Addison is taken from Bosc 4. 11.

Summe deum, sancti custos Soraëtis Apollo, 785
 Quem primi colimus, cui pineus ardor acervo
 Pascitur; et medium freti pietate per ignem
 Cultores multa premimus vestigia pruna;
 Da, pater, hoc nostris aboleri dedecus armis,
 Omnipotens. non exuvias pulsaeve tropaeum 790
 Virginis, aut spolia ulla peto. mihi cetera laudem
 Facta ferent. haec dira meo dum vulnere pestis
 Pulsa cadat, patrias remeabo inglorius urbis.
 Audiit, et voti Phoebus succedere partem
 Mente dedit: partem volucris dispersit in auras. 795
 Sterneret ut subita turbatam morte Camillam,
 Adnuit oranti: reducem ut patria alta videret,
 Non dedit; inque notos vocem vertere procellae.
 Ergo, ut missa manu sonitum dedit hasta per auras,
 Convertere animos acris, oculosque tulere 800
 Cuncti ad reginam Volsci. nihil ipsa neque aurae,
 Nec sonitus memor, aut venientis ab aethere teli;
 Hasta sub exsertam donec perlata papillam
 Haesit, virgineumque alte bibit acta cruorem.
 Concurrunt trepidae comites, dominamque ruentem 805
 Suscipiunt. fugit ante omnis exterritus Arruns
 Laetitia mixtoque metu: nec jam amplius hastae
 Credere, nec telis occurrere virginis audet.

1118. *Unhurt, unsing'd.*] Pliny, B. 7. tells us, *Haud procul urbe Roma familiae sunt paucæ, quæ vocantur Hyrpiæ, quæ sacrificio annuo, quod fit ad montem Soraëtem Apollinis, super combustam ligni struem ambulantes, non comburuntur.* Varro, who is ever inveighing against religious rites (says Servius), mentions a kind of medicinal preparation, which these people made use of, in passing through the fire, *Eo, uti solent Hirpini ambulaturi per ignem, medicamento plantas ungunt.* Aruns belonged to this people or sect.

1132. *The fair rus'd on.*] Our heroine, eagerly engaged in the pursuit of Chloëus, that she may adorn herself with his fine armour, and rich trappings, is intirely regardless of all danger, and so hurried away by the transports of female vanity, that she does not hear the fatal dart of Aruns hiss along the air.

CATROU.

— Nihil

O Phœbus ! guardian of Soraçte's woods,
 And shady hills ; a god above the gods !
 To whom our natives pay the rites divine, 1115
 And burn whole crackling groves of hallow'd pine ;
 Walk o'er the fire, in honour of thy name,
 Unhurt, unsing'd, and sacred from the flame ;
 Give to my favour'd arms, to clear away
 The deep dark stains of this disgraceful day. 1120
 Nor spoils nor trophies from the maid I claim ;
 No—to my future life I trust for fame.
 If by my hand this raging pest be slain,
 I ask no honour ; but retire again,
 Pleas'd, tho' inglorious, to my native plain. 1125

The god consents to half his warm request,
 But in the fleeting winds dispers'd the rest.
 Camilla's death was granted to his pray'r ;
 His safe return was lost in empty air.

Now as the jav'lin sings along the skies, 1130
 All to the Volscian princess turn their eyes.
 The fair rush'd on, regardless of the sound,
 Till in her pap she felt the fatal wound.
 Deep, deep infix'd, the pointed weapon stood
 Full in her heart, and drank the vital blood. 1135
 Swift to her succour fly her female train,
 And in their arms the sinking queen sustain ;
 But far more swift affrighted Aruns fled,
 With fear and joy, nor turn'd his guilty head :
 Back he retires, all-trembling and dismay'd ; 1140
 Nor could he bear, in death to view the dreadful maid.

——— *Nil ipsa neque auræ,
 Nec sonitus memor.*

Catrou prefers *illa* to *ipsa*, as more harmonious ; not without the authority of some MSS.

1138. *But far more swift.*] Virgil draws the character of Aruns with great propriety ; he attacks Camilla not openly, like an hero of true bravery ; but secretly and by stratagem, *in-fidiis*, & *tempore capto* : and after having killed her, he does not await the event of his victory, but skulks away like a guilty person.

Ac velut ille, prius quam tela inimica sequantur,
 Continuo in montis sese avius abdidit altos, 810
 Occiso pastore lupus magnove juvenco,
 Consciis audacis facti, caudamque remulcens
 Subjecit pavitantem utero, silvasque petivit.
 Haud secus ex oculis se turbidus abstulit Arruns;
 Contentusque fuga mediis se inmiscuit armis. 815
 Illa manu moriens telum trahit : ossa sed inter
 Ferreus ad costas alto stat volnere mucro.
 Labitur exsanguis : labuntur frigida leto
 Lumina. purpureus quondam color ora reliquit.
 Tum sic exspirans Accam ex aequalibus unam 820
 Adloquitur ; fida ante alias quae sola Camillae,
 Quicum partiri curas ; atque haec ita fatur :
 Haecenus, Acca soror, potui : nunc volnus acerbum
 Conficit, ac tenebris nigrescunt omnia circum.
 Effuge, et haec Turno mandata novissima perfer ; 825
 Succedat pugnae, Trojanosque arceat urbe.
 Jamque vale. simul his dictis linquebat habenas,
 Ad terram non sponte fluens. tum frigida toto
 Paullatim exsolvit se corpore, lentaque colla
 Et captum leto posuit caput, arma relinquens : 830
 Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.
 Tum vero inmensus surgens ferit aurea clamor
 Sidera : dejecta crudefcit pugna Camilla.

1154. *She sinks, she swoons.*] Catrou, from the authority of Donatus, has here altered the text from *Labitur exsanguis*, to *Labitur et sanguis*. Camilla does not fall from her horse till some time afterwards.

However, this remark may be too refined. *Labitur exsanguis*, may very probably mean, she drooped her head, she swooned away at the deadly stroke, though she did not then fall from her horse. Our translator seems to have thus understood the passage.

1164. *Go, and my dying words.*] Wonderful (says Trapp) is the magnanimity of this short speech. She makes no womanish complaints, but employs her last breath in giving orders for the battle :

As when a prowling wolf, whose rage has slain
 Some stately heifer, or the guardian swain,
 Flies to the mountain with impetuous speed,
 Confus'd, and conscious of the daring deed, 1145
 Claps close his quiv'ring tail between his thighs,
 Ere yet the peopled country round him rise :
 Nor less confus'd, pale Aruns took his flight;
 Shunn'd ev'ry eye, and mingled in the fight.

The dying queen, in agonizing pain, 1150
 Tugs at the pointed steel, but tugs in vain.
 Deep-riveted within, the rankling dart
 Heav'd in the wound, and panted in her heart.
 She sinks, she swoons, she scarcely draws her breath,
 And, all-around her, swim the shades of death. 1155

The starry splendors languish in her eyes,
 And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies.
 A maid she calls, the partner of her cares,
 Her friend in peace, her sister in the wars.
 Acca : no more:—for mortal is my wound ; 1160
 A dizzy mist of darkness swims around :
 The victory was mine ; but ah ! 'tis past !
 This hour, this fatal moment, is my last !
 Go, and my dying words to Turnus bear ;
 Bid him, this instant to the field repair ; 1165

This instant from the town the foe repel :—
 And now, dear friend, a long and last farewell !

With that the queen, expiring, dropp'd the rein,
 And from her courser sunk upon the plain.
 In thick short sobs the vital spirit flies, 1170
 Her head declin'd, and drooping as she dies !
 Her radiant arms bestrew the field of fight :
 Her soul, indignant, fought the realms of night.

Then, from the hosts the doubling clamours rise,
 And shouts tumultuous echo to the skies. 1175

*Effuge, & hæc Turno mandata novissima perfer ;
 Succedat pugnae, &c.*

Incurrunt densi simul omnis copia Teucrûm,
 Tyrrhenûmque duces, Euandrique Arcades alae. 835
 At Triviae custos jam dudum in montibus Opis
 Alta sedet summis, spectatque interrita pugnâs :
 Utque procul juvenum medio in clamore furentum
 Prospexit tristi mulcatam morte Camillam ;
 Ingemuitque, deditque has imo pectore voces : 840
 Heu nimium, virgo, nimium crudele luisse
 Supplicium, Teucros conata laceßere bello !
 Nec tibi desertae in dumis coluisse Dianam
 Profuit, aut nostras humero gestasse pharetras :
 Non tamen indecorem tua te regina reliquit 845
 Extrema jam in morte : neque hoc sine nomine letum
 Per gentis erit ; aut famam patieris inultae.
 Nam quicumque tuum violavit vulnere corpus,
 Morte luet merita. Fuit ingens monte sub alto
 Regis Dercenni terreno ex aggere bustum 850
 Antiqui Laurentis, opacae ilice tectum :
 Hic Dea se primum rapido pulcherrima nisu
 Sissit, et Arruntem tumulo speculatur ab alto.
 Ut vidit fulgentem armis, ac vana tumentem ;
 Cur, inquit, diversus abis ? huc dirige gressum, 855
 Huc periture veni : capias ut digna Camillae
 Praemia. tune etiam telis moriere Dianae ?
 Dixit, et aurata volucrem Threïssa sagittam

1188. *In vain made.*] This sentiment of Opis is by no means injurious to the character of Diana, as if she had not sufficiently protected her votaries : it was Camilla's own fault, that she forsook the harmless pleasures of the chase, to engage in martial pursuits.

CATROU.

1196. *Dercennus' tomb.*] *Terreno ex aggere bustum* ; a heap of earth thrown up ; called by us, a *barrow* ; to be found in all early times.

The Trojan band, a firm determin'd force,
The Tuscan chiefs, with all th' Arcadian horse,
Rush furious to the field ; the slaughter spread ;
The tumult deepen'd, and the combat bled.

Meantime fair Opis, from a mountain's brow, 1180
A while unmov'd, survey'd the fight below.

But when from far she saw Camilla slain,
And round the corse the shouting hostile train,
Deep from her heaving ivory bosom broke
A mournful groan, and thus the goddess spoke : 1185
Too, too severely, much lamented maid,
For warring with the Trojans, thou hast paid !

In vain made sacred by thy virgin vow
To Dian's name, and grac'd with Dian's bow !
Nor yet in death thy goddess will disclaim 1190
Her favour'd maid, but crown with endless fame !
Thy praise shall round the nations be display'd,
And to thy fate due vengeance shall be paid.

This moment will I make that vengeance good ;
The guilty wretch shall render blood for blood. 1195

Beneath a hill, Dercennus' tomb appears,
A potent Latian lord in former years ;
A grove of venerable oaks display'd,
Wide round the monument, a gloomy shade.
Hither the goddess took her rapid flight, 1200
And spy'd gay Aruns from the tow'ring height.

There as the youth exults, and swells with pride,
Whither, poor dastard, would'st thou fly ? (she cry'd)
Turn, wretch—this moment for thy guilt atone ;
And for Camilla's death receive thy own. 1205

Go—to the shades of hell, her victim, go—
A prize unworthy of Diana's bow !

She said ; and instant from the golden sheath
Drew forth the feather'd messenger of death.

Depromsit pharetra, cornuque infensa tetendit,
 Et duxit longe; donec curvata coërent 860
 Inter se capita, ac manibus jam tangeret aquis,
 Laeva aciem ferri, dextra nervoque papillam.
 Extemplo teli stridorem aurasque sonantis
 Audiit una Arruns, haesitque in corpore ferrum.
 Illum expirantem focii atque extrema gementem 865
 Obliti ignoto camporum in pulvere linqunt:
 Opis ad aetherium pennis aufertur Olympum.
 Prima fugit, domina amissa, levis ala Camillae:
 Turbati fugiunt Rutuli: fugit acer Atinas:
 Disiectique duces desolatique manipuli 870
 Tuta petunt, et equis averfi ad moenia tendunt.
 Nec quisquam instantis Teucros letumque ferentis
 Sustentare valet telis, aut sistere contra:
 Sed laxos referunt humeris languentibus arcus:
 Quadrupedumque putrem cursu quatit ungula campum.
 Volvitur ad muros caligine turbidus atra 876
 Pulvis, et e speculis percussae pectora matres
 Femineum clamorem ad caeli fidera tollunt.
 Qui cursu portas primi inrupere patentis,
 Hos inimica super mixto premit agmine turba: 880
 Nec miseram effugiunt mortem, sed limine in ipso,

1210. *Fierce in her rage.*] Homer, Il. B. VI. gives us a very minute and circumstantial description of Pandarus drawing his bow against Menelaus; which passage the Roman poet here imitates. But as the shot of Pandarus was of so much importance, as it was the *σημα οδυνας*, the foundation of future woes, Homer thought fit, says Pope, [note on ver. 144.] not to pass it over in a few words, like the flight of every common arrow; but to give a description somewhat correspondent to its importance; and afterwards observes, that Virgil has not failed to copy it with the greatest happiness imaginable.—But why should the drawing a bow to kill Aruns, an incident of little consequence, be described with so much circumstantial exactness? All that can be answered is, that though the death of Aruns be of little consequence, yet in itself it is a grand incident, as it is a revenge for the death of an heroine who has performed so many remarkable exploits. In short, this minute description renders the death of Camilla more significant.

Fierce in her rage, the circling horns she bends 1210

To the full stretch, and joins the doubling ends.

One hand approach'd the point ; one drew the bow,

And to her breast strain'd the tough nerve below.

At once the murd'rer heard the sounding dart,

And felt the steely vengeance in his heart. 1215

He lies deserted by his social train,

Pale and expiring on a foreign plain !

While from the field triumphant Opis flies,

And on spread pinions mounts the golden skies.

First fled Camilla's band (their princess kill'd) ; 1220

Then the Rutulians, routed, quit the field.

Atinas' self, the chiefs, and armies, run,

And spur their smoking couriers to the town.

Nor can the troops sustain, nor dare oppose

The slaughter'ring swords of their victorious foes ; 1225

Athwart their backs th' unbended bows they flung ;

And with their trampling steeds the sounding champain

The city now th' advancing host appalls : [rung.

A cloud of dust, thick-gath'ring to the walls,

From the tall tow'rs the trembling matrons spy ; 1230

And female shrieks, tumultuous, rend the sky.

Mixt with their foes, rush headlong thro' the gate

The Latian squadron, nor can shun their fate ;

1222. *The chiefs, and armies, run.*]

— *Desolatique manipuli.*

That is, says Servius, the standard-bearers were deserted. The Roman generals were particularly careful, that the standard-bearer should be well attended with soldiers ; as we read in Sallust.

1227. *And with.*] This line, in the original, is usually quoted as an instance of Virgil's adapting the sound to the sense. The translator has done it justice.

1230. *From the tall tow'rs.*] Tumult, confusion, and distress, are painted with great force and spirit, and many pathetic strokes, from hence to verse 1252. of this translation. The circumstance of the women renewing their rage at the sight of Camilla's dead body is well imagined.

Moenibus in patriis, atque inter tuta domorum,
Confixi expirant animas. Pars claudere portas;
Nec focjis aperire viam, nec moenibus audent
Accipere orantis : oriturque miserrima caedes 885
Defendentum armis aditus, inque arma ruentum.
Exclusi ante oculos lacrimantumque ora parentum
Pars in praecipitis fossas, urgente ruina,
Volvitur : inmissis pars caeca et concita frenis
Arietat in portas, et duros objice postes. 890
Ipsae de muris summo certamine matres
(Monstrat amor verus patriae) ut videre Camillam,
Tela manu trepidae jaciunt; ac robore duro
Stipitibus ferrum sudibusque imitantur obustis
Praecipites, primaeque mori pro moenibus ardent. 895
Interea Turnum in silvis saevissimus inplet
Nuntius, et juveni ingentem fert Acca tumultum:
Deletas Volscorum acies, cecidisse Camillam:
Ingruere infensos hostis, et Marte secundo
Omnia conripuisse : metum jam ad moenia ferri. 900
Ille furens (et saeva Jovis sic numina poscunt)
Deferit obseffos collis, nemora aspera linquit.
Vix e conspectu exierat, campumque tenebat,
Cum pater Aeneas, saltus ingressus apertos,
Exsuperatque jugum, silvaeque evadit opaca. 905
Sic ambo ad muros rapidi totoque feruntur
Agmine, nec longis inter se passibus absunt;
Ac simul Aeneas fumantis pulvere campos
Prospexit longe, Laurentiaque agmina vidit;
Et sacrum Aenean agnovit Turnus in armis, 910

In vain for shelter to their houses fly;
 Ev'n there transfixt, in heaps the wretches die. 1235
 Some close the gates, exclude their social train,
 Who beg admission to the town in vain.
 While these defend th' endanger'd posts, and those
 Rush on their swords, a dreadful slaughter rose.
 With piercing shrieks, and lamentable cries, 1240
 The children bleed before their parents eyes.
 While close behind advanc'd the thund'ring foe;
 Some leap down headlong to the trench below;
 Some with loose reins, abandon'd to their fate,
 Spurr'd their impetuous steeds against the gate. 1245
 But when Camilla's corse appear'd in view,
 Warm'd by their country's love the women flew,
 And from the walls a storm of jav'lins threw. }
 With harden'd clubs th' advancing foe they dare,
 And with tough staves repel the rising war. 1250
 Fierce they rush on: they glow with martial fire,
 And for their native walls with joy and pride expire.

Meanwhile to Turnus, ambush'd in the shade,
 The careful nymph the dismal news convey'd;
 That in the fight the Volscian queen was slain; 1255
 That the proud foe pursu'd the vanquish'd train,
 Who, flush'd with full success, rush'd furious on,
 And spread the growing terror to the town.
 The chief, (for so his adverse fates requir'd!)
 Struck with the tidings, and with anger fir'd, 1260
 All headlong leaves the guarded hills again;
 But scarce descended to the subject plain,
 Ere the great Trojan seiz'd the vacant road,
 Climb'd the tall hill, and issued from the wood.

By the black clouds of dust, Æneas found 1265
 The Latian host embattled wide around:
 And Turnus knew the Dardan chief was near,
 From the loud shouts, that thicken'd on his ear;

Adventumque pedum statusque audivit equorum :
Continuoque ineant pugnās, ac proelia tentent ;
Ni roseus fessos jam gurgite Phoebus Hiberno
Tinguat equos, noctemque die labente reducat.
Confidunt castris ante urbem, et moenia vallant. 915

1269. *Perceiv'd the footsteps.*] The throwing in such lively and minute circumstances is what chiefly distinguishes poetry from history, and renders the former a more close and just representation of life than the latter.

Perceiv'd the footsteps of the trampling foe,
And heard distinct the fiery courfers blow. 1270

Soon had the heroes join'd the horrid fight;
But now the sun roll'd down the rapid light;
And plung'd, beneath the red Iberian sea,
The panting steeds that drew the burning day.
The panting steeds that drew the burning day.
Before the city, camp th' impatient pow'rs; 1275
These to defend; and those to storm the tow'rs.

THE END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

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REFLECTIONS

On the CHARACTER of

IAPIS in VIRGIL:

Or, The CHARACTER of

ANTONIUS MUSA, Physician to AUGUSTUS.

By FRANCIS ATTERBURY, late Bishop of ROCHESTER.

IN history-painting, the particular figures, we know, are often taken from the life; and the case, I doubt not, is the same with respect to many characters in the *Æneid*, which were not drawn by the poet at random. The manner in which Virgil represents those feigned persons, has something in it, that shews them to have been copied from living originals; and therefore, beautiful as those images are, we lose half their beauty by not knowing who sat for them.

Virgil seems particularly touched with the charms of friendship; and has therefore employed all his art to illustrate it in the persons of Euryalus and Nisus; whom he introduces for the purpose, into two of his best episodes, and dwells largely, in both, on the little circumstances of their story. This he has not done with regard to any other of the subaltern characters in the

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Æneid,

Æneid, and we must suppose him therefore very fond of the subject; especially, if considered as the most exact, reserved, and judicious of writers. Is it not natural to think, that in this, and many other cases, he has scattered through his works, under feigned names, the true resemblances of some of his most intimate friends; endeavouring by that means, to give them a share of the immortality, which his poem was to enjoy? Though by the negligence and stupidity of those who made comments upon him, and said nothing of these secret views, his design has in great measure miscarried.

For instance: can any one read those admirable lines at the end of the second episode, relating to those two friends,

*Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo,
Dum domus Æneæ capitolii immobile saxum
Accolet, imperiumque pater Romanus habebit.*

I say, can any one read these lines, without judging immediately, that Virgil must have had two Romans in his eye when he wrote them, whose character, friendship, and fate, are described under that of Euryalus and Nisus? What else can justify so pathetic an excursion of the poet in his own name?

— *Si quid mea carmina possunt, &c.*

A liberty not allowed to epic writers, and scarce taken by him in any other part of his work; except where he invokes the muse to assist him on some extraordinary occasion. Nor would it perhaps have been altogether excusable here, had not known persons, and a real event, been shadowed under this poetical fiction. That Augustus sat for the character of *Æneas*, is agreed by the commentators, even by those of them that are least at-

tentive to such observations. And indeed, what Horace, and Virgil himself, say on this head, puts it out of doubt. Virgil, in the introduction to his third Georgic, added probably after he had formed the plan of the *Æneid*, intimates his design in these verses :

*Mox tamen ardentem accingar dicere pugnas
Cæsaris, et nomen fama tot ferre per annos,
Tithoni prima quot abest ab origine Cæsar :*

Which implies, that the battles and other famous exploits of Augustus should be delivered down to posterity, in the resembling circumstances of those of *Æneas*. Horace speaks yet more plainly to the point, where he writes to Augustus himself, and gives him an advantage over the Macedonian hero in this respect, that Alexander's lineaments only had been taken by the exquisite artists of his time; whereas the very mind and manners of Augustus had been described by Virgil and Varius. He mentions their names; and then adds :

*Nec magis expressi vultus per aenea signa,
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Magnorum apparent.*

Varius had done this in his panegyric on Augustus, now lost; and Virgil can only be supposed to have done it in the character and actions of *Æneas*.

As the hero of Virgil was certainly intended to express Augustus (of which many proofs, if necessary, might be given), so divers characters in his poem were doubtless designed, as I have said, for particular persons, well known at the time when Virgil wrote. Such I suppose the character of Iapis in the twelfth *Æneid* to have been, and Antonius Musa the physician of Augustus to be represented by it. He was of the court and retinue of that prince, and attended his person, as Iapis attends

Æneas, in his campaigns and voyages. He was very intimate with Virgil and Horace, as appears from an epigram addressed to him by the former, still remaining among the *Catalecta*, and by what the latter says of him in one of his epistles. Both of them had infirm constitutions: one, we know, was under Musa's care on that account; and so, we may justly believe, was the other. It was no wonder therefore, if Virgil, the most grateful of men to his friends and benefactors, should have been willing to do honour to his memory by finding a place for him in his poem. He seems to have wounded Æneas on purpose to introduce Iapis for the cure: which, after some thoughts spent on the reasonableness of this incident, as he has placed it, is the best account I can give of it. For it is certainly employed, when one would least have expected it, when the Æneid hastens towards a close, when the two armies are engaged for the last time, and with the greatest fury, and when the single fight between Æneas and Turnus is just coming on, by which the whole is to be determined; the action, then grown hot, and at its height, cools and stands perfectly still, while Iapis is performing the cure on Æneas. At such a time, and in such an exigence, the friendly design of the poet to immortalize the physician, is perhaps the best account we can give of his conduct.

Indeed Musa deserved to be thus honoured by the pen of Virgil; for he was eminent in his faculty beyond all his contemporaries, as Iapis is said to have been, *Phæbe ante alios dilectus*. He had recovered Augustus from a dangerous illness, and was so dear to the people of Rome on that account, that a public statue was erected to his honour. Iapis in like manner heals Æneas; and it may be observed (if that remark be not too minute), that both the cures were performed by bathing. The statue for Iapis was wanting to complete the parallel. Virgil has

added it, by giving us such a noble likeness of him, as will outlast brass and marble.

For certainly the character of Iapis, here displayed, is one of the most moral, beautiful, and perfect in its kind, of any that is to be met with in the whole *Æneid*. It is painted according to the distinction made by the Italians, as to the works of their great masters; not only *con diligenza*, or *con studio*, but *con amore*. There is a fondness of expression (if I may be allowed that phrase) used by Virgil in tracing and heightening the several parts of it; so that it must have been a favourite piece: and, upon examining it throughout, one cannot help thinking, that he had some friend of the faculty present to his mind, while he was drawing it.

'Tis for the sake of such another, that I shall enlarge my reflections on this head; and in the course of them shall have him often in my view, as Virgil had Musa, without naming him.

Æneas, just ready to engage *Turnus*, is wounded by an arrow from an unknown hand, and obliged to retire from the field of battle to his tent, supported by *Mnestheus* and *Achates*.

The words of Virgil, on the occasion of this wound received, are very remarkable:

- “ *Esce viro stridens alis allapsa sagitta est,*
 “ *Incertum qua pulsa manu, quo turbine adacta,*
 “ *Quis tantam Rutulis laudem, casusne Deusne*
 “ *Attulerit, pressa est insignis gloria facti;*
 “ *Nec sese Æneæ jactavit vulnere quisquam.*”

Why all this variety of expression, to tell us that it was not known from what hand the wound came? Nothing is more common than such a circumstance in a battle. He lays, one would think, more weight on this particular than it deserves; but he intends it by way of contrast to what is to follow, where he will not only mention him that

healed the wound, but give us also a particular account of his talents and character: and it will heighten the praises he gives to the one, that he passes over the other altogether in silence.

I shall recite the whole passage relating to Iapis as it lies in the poem, and then suggest some reflections upon it. Some of these may perhaps be new, even to those who are well acquainted with Virgil; and few of them, I believe, will be found either in his ancient or modern commentators:

*Jamque aderat Phoebus ante alios dilectus Iapis
Iasides: acri quondam cui captus amore
Ipse suas artes, sua munera, laetus Apollo,
Augurium, citharamque dedit, celeresque sagittas.
Ille, ut depositi proferret fata parentis,
Scire potestates herbarum, usumque medendi
Maluit, & mutas agitare inglorius artes.
Stabat acerba fremens, ingentem nixus in hastam,
Aeneas, magno juvenum & moerentis Iuli
Concursu, lacrymis immobilis. Ille retorta
Paeonium in morem senior succinctus amictu,
Multa manu medica, Phoebique potentibus herbis,
Nequicquam trepidat, nequicquam spicula dextra
Solicitat, prensatque tenaci forcipe ferrum.
Nulla viam fortuna regit: nihil auctor Apollo
Subvenit: & saevus campis magis ac magis horror
Crebrescit, propiusque malum est. Jam pulvere coelum
Stare vident: subeunt equites, & spicula castris
Densa cadunt mediis. It tristis ad aethera clamor
Bellantum juvenum, & duro sub Marte cadentum.
Hic Venus, indigno nati concussa dolore,
Dictamnium genetrix Cretaea carpit ab Ida,
Puberibus caulem foliis, & flore comantem
Purpureo: non illa feris incognita capris
Gramina, cum tergo volucres haesere sagittae.
Hoc Venus, obscuro faciem circumdata nimbo,
Detulit:*

*Detulit : hoc fufum labris fplendentibus amnem
 Inficit, occulte medicans : fpargitque falubres
 Ambrofiæ fuccos, & odoriferam panaceam.
 Evit ea vulnus lymphæ longævus Iapis
 Ignorans ; fubitoque omnis de corpore fugit
 Quippe dolor : omnis fletit imo in vulnere fanguis.
 Jamque fecuta manum, nullo cogente, fagitta
 Excidit, atque novæ rediere in priftina vires.
 Arma citi properate viro. Quid flatis ? Iapis
 Conclamat, primusque animos accendit in hoftes.
 Non hæc humanis opibus, non arte magiftra,
 Proveniunt, neque te, Ænea, mea dextera fervat :
 Major agit Deus, atque opera ad majora remittit.
 Ille avidus pugnae, &c. —*

How recommendable and beautiful an idea has Virgil here given us of this phyfician ? He reckons up the four arts *, in which Apollo was fuppofed to excel, which were

* Horace traced the fteps of Virgil in his *Carmen Seculare*, where he enumerates in one ftanza thefe four attributes of Apollo :

*Augur et fulgente decorus arcu
 Phoebus, acceptusque novem Camenis,
 Qui falutari levat arte feflos
 Corporis artus.*

The words are good, but do not, I think, rife up to the force and beauty of Virgil's expreffion. There is a fecond inftance in the fame ode, wherein Horace imitates another celebrated paffage of Virgil, and falls equally fhort of it :

*Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
 Parcere fubjectis, et debellare fuperbos ;*

fays the one.

*Imperet bellante prior, jacentem
 Lenis in hoftem ;*

fays the other.

It cannot be doubted, upon the comparifon, whether the firft of thefe be not faid with more dignity and grace than the latter.

were under his peculiar patronage, and which he distributed as he pleased, to his votaries and favourites. In three of these, he tells us, Iapis, when young, had made great advances; but neglected the study of them, and pursued only the fourth, the skill of medicine, that by the means of it, he might protract the life of an aged father, then labouring under some great infirmity; whose name therefore Virgil records, together with that of the son, Iapis Iasides.

Of all the motives that could determine a man to the study of physic preferably to other arts and sciences, sure the worthiest and best is that of filial piety. It is what distinguishes the character even of the hero of the *Æneid*, and was a remarkable part of Virgil's own, as appears from some verses he composed at the time of his flight from Mantua, wherein his father accompanied him, and of whose danger he there speaks with all imaginable concern and tenderness. It was natural therefore for him to adorn his friend with a quality, which he himself prized and possessed; and, perhaps, if we knew Musa's story, we should find that there was something in it parallel, even in this respect, to what is here said of Iapis.

His determining himself to be a physician, upon the laudable motive before-mentioned, is still farther recommended to us by this heightening circumstance, that he possessed the other arts in perfection, and exercised them with skill and success. Thus much, I think, is strongly implied in these emphatical words:

latter. And so it must happen to any man, even to Horace himself, that ventures to say the same thing that Virgil did, after a different manner. Let me add, that the design of Horace to imitate Virgil decides the dispute, that has been raised about a various reading of *impetret* for *imperet*, which plainly refers to the *imperio* of Virgil.

“ — *Acri*

“ — *Aeri quondam cui captus amore*

“ *Ipse suas artes, sua munera, laetus Apollo,*

“ *Augurium, citharamque dedit, celeresque sagittas.*”

The gifts of the gods to those they favour and love, are always to be supposed perfect, and not made by halves: Iapis therefore must have excelled in those arts, which he renounced for the study of physic; and these arts were all such as the Romans held in high esteem. The college of augurs, and the library of Apollo in the Vatican, sufficiently prove the regard that was paid to the two first; and as to the third, expressed by *sagittae*, it means the *peritia jaculandi* in general; includes the art of managing the javelin or dart, as well as the bow; and was one of those military exercises, in which the Romans, whose empire was owing to their arms, excelled.

Divination, poetry, and soldiery, were all honourable and advantageous to those who professed them; and yet Iapis, intent upon recovering his father, quits them all for a profession, which was not then in high repute, and made no great figure and noise in the world, except what is borrowed sometimes from the character and perfections of some excellent person, who happened to practise it.

— *Usumque medendi*

Maluit, & mutas agitare inglorius artes.

We are not to wonder, that Virgil rewards this pious concern of Iapis for the life of his father by lengthening his own: he styles him *senior* in one place, and *longaevus* in another. He makes him on this account dearer to the god of medicine than the rest of the tribe, and advances him to be prime physician to the founder of the Roman empire, and the author of the race of Iulus. The good qualities and great talents of Iapis have, by Virgil's means, a recompence which is proportioned to his merit, and the just consequence of it. Were the prime physicians of princes always preferred with as much justice, perhaps

perhaps many of those princes would sit longer on their thrones than they do, and reach the years of Æneas or Augustus.

It may be observed, how short, and yet just and full, an account Virgil here gives us of the extent of physic and surgery, as then jointly exercised. He makes them to consist in the knowledge of the power of simples, and in great use and experience :

Scire potestates herbarum, usumque medendi.

The one relates to the theory of that art, the other to the practice : without the latter of these, he insinuates the former can be of no service ; and for this reason also he may be supposed to have ascribed *longevity* to his Iapis. The *materia medica*, then consisting chiefly in botany, might be acquired in early years ; but age, and long use, were requisite to mellow and ripen the physician in the art of healing. There are no useless words, we see, in Virgil ; all he says is full of good sense, and will afford us wise reflections, if we have but the skill and the patience sufficient to unfold them.

It will not be thought refining, I hope, if I suppose also Virgil's meaning, in this passage, to have been, to intimate to us, that art and industry, however necessary in physic, are not sufficient without an happy genius or disposition of nature, which peculiarly fits men for that profession, and which seems born with them, and derived immediately from the Deity. It was by the particular favour of Apollo that Iapis excelled : if he had not been *Phœbo ante alios dilectus*, he had never arrived to the height of his faculty. The son of Sirach has said the same thing with greater authority. " Honour a physician," says he, " with the honour due unto him ; for the Lord hath created him. Of the Most High cometh healing. And he hath given men skill, that he might be honoured in his marvellous works." It may

may be thought indecent thus to mix what is sacred with what is profane: but I cite the author of Ecclesiasticus on this occasion, merely as a wise observer of men and things, without regard to his character on other accounts. And as such perhaps I shall take leave to cite him again ere I end these papers.

When Iapis goes to work, we find the methods employed by him to have been, a bath of herbs and the use of the forceps. In one of these, Virgil includes the remedies, in the other the instruments, of surgery. And he particularly, more than once, takes notice of the *manus medica*,

— *Multa manu medica* — *trepidat* —

— *Spicula dextra*

Sollicitat —

Jamque secuta manum, nullo cogente, sagitta.

— *Neque te, Ænea, mea dextera servat.*

Or that dexterity in handling the part affected, which is looked upon, as one of the best and happiest qualifications of those that are employed on such occasions. He seems also to imply, that the practitioners of that time had a peculiar and becoming dress, by which they were distinguished; and which was tucked up, or thrown back, but not laid aside, at the time when they performed such operations. At least, such an habit is by Virgil provided for Iapis; and, by that means, some addition, as it were, is made to the gravity of his character.

— — — *Ille retorto*

Paeonium in morem senior succinctus amictu.

Unless we will say, that this circumstance was intended to express the extraordinary diligence of Iapis in dressing his master, without losing any time, even by laying aside his habit. I should have thought so indeed, if the words *Paeonium in morem* did not seem to refer to somewhat customary.

Virgil

Virgil has otherwise taken care to express the diligence of Iapis in attending Æneas, and his solicitude in performing the cure. The first words, by which he introduces him, are, *Jamque aderat*, &c. He is at the tent, we see, almost as soon as Æneas himself; nor does it appear, that he was so much as sent for on this occasion. The rumour of the master's wound soon reached the faithful and vigilant servant; and immediately we find him on the spot: *Jamque aderat*. This is not always the case of those who excel in the faculty; but where-ever it is, it gives a particular lustre to their character,

The care and anxiety of Iapis in the operation, and his turning himself every way to give Æneas relief, are thus in the most lively and emphatical manner set out:

————— *Ille retorto*
Paeonium in morem senior succinctus amictu
Multa manu medica, Phœbique potentibus herbis,
Nequicquam trepidat, nequicquam spicula dextra
Solicitat, prensatque tenaci forcipe ferrum.
Nulla viam fortuna regit, nihil auctor Apollo
Subvenit. —————

Several methods of his art, which he employed, are particularly expressed; and it is intimated to us, that he employed all, though none succeeded. Nevertheless he desists not, nor is discouraged; but continues his applications, till a divine power comes to his assistance, and blesses his honest and skilful, though hitherto fruitless, endeavours:

Hic Venus, indigno nati concussa dolore,
Dictamnnum genetrix Cretæa carpit ab Ida,
Puberibus caulem foliis, et flore comantem
Purpureo: non illa feris incognita capris
Gramina, cum tergo volucres hæfere sagittæ.

The

The moral I would suppose couched under this part of the relation is, that where human art fails, divine aid begins, whenever the cause and the person justify such an interposition. And it is intimated also to us, that the gods sometimes give extraordinary success to the prescriptions of a good physician, who is at the same time a good man: so that it is wise in us, when we want the assistance of the faculty, to make use of those in it, who are of this character. It is plain, that Iapis relied not wholly on his own skill, but had secretly invoked the god of medicine, while he was busied in the cure. The words,

———*Nihil auctor Apollo*

Subvenit———

sufficiently imply it.

This method of practice would now perhaps be thought a little singular; nor was it then, I suppose, very common; since the eldest and most famous professor of the art, Hippocrates, is observed through all his works to have mentioned *το Θεον* but once; and even then it is disputed by his commentators, whether that phrase had any relation to the Deity. However, Virgil, we see, was not ashamed to join these two qualifications together, the use of remedies, and a dependence on the gods for the success; and he has done it not here only, but in other places of his poem; particularly, where he mentions Hippolytus, as brought to life by the favour of Diana, and the skill of Æsculapius:

Paeoniis revocatum herbis, et amore Dianae.

Will it be indecent after this, if I once more cite the son of Sirach's authority to the same purpose? "There is," says he, "a time, when in the hand of the physician
"there is good success: for he shall (not only prescribe,
"but) pray unto the Lord, that he would prosper what
"he gives for ease and remedy to prolong life." This, it seems, was a notion that prevailed among the Jews and
heathens,

heathens, as to the practice of physic: would it be any disgrace to us, if it were countenanced a little among Christians? But these reflections are perhaps too serious. I proceed to those that may be thought less exceptionable.

After Venus had secretly made the infusion,

Fovit ea vulnus lymphæ longævus Iapis

Ignorans.——

Though Virgil represents Iapis as knowing and experienced in his art, he thinks not, that he lessens his character by imputing ignorance in the present case to him. Divine assistances are unseen and unfelt at the time they are communicated: they appear only by the effect; which, when it happened, we shall find Iapis to be the first who perceived and owned it. It is no reproach to his skill, that he did not himself light on this remedy, and apply it. How should he? when two of the ingredients were such as a god only, at that instant, could furnish, the juice of ambrosia, and the dictamnium or dittany, that grew on mount Ida, and on that mountain only? It seems the virtue of that herb consisted in applying it green, and in the flower:

——*Puberibus foliis, et flore comantem*

Purpureo———

In like manner, as the wild goats of Crete made use of it*. Iapis therefore could not possibly be master of it

* *Auditum est*—*capras in Creta feras, cum essent confixæ venenatis sagittis, herbam quaerere, quæ dictamnium vocatur; quam cum gustavissent, sagittas excedere dicunt è corpore.* Cic. de Nat. Deor. l. 2. I suppose Virgil to have had this passage of Cicero in his eye, because I find, that both he and Horace were very well versed in Cicero's writings, and made use sometimes of his very words; though they were too good courtiers to venture the displeasure of Augustus, by mentioning him with respect (as they must have done, if they had mentioned him at all) in their poems. And yet both had proper occasions of doing honour to his memory (as I could shew) but avoided them.

without the help of some divinity. Each way Virgil takes care, that the confessed ignorance of Iapis should be no blemish to him here; as we shall find, that his own ready acknowledgment of it afterwards does him great honour.

Upon Iapis's continuing to bathe the part, after this infusion, the cure is performed in an instant:

—*Subitoque omnis de corpore fugit*

Quippe dolor : omnis stetit imo in vulnere sanguis.

Jamque secuta manum, nullo cogente, sagitta

Excidit ———

Three different symptoms of this cure are in these verses distinctly expressed. The pain Æneas felt vanished at once, the blood ceased to gush from his wound, and the arrow itself dropped easily out of it. It is observable how these several effects are adapted to the several ingredients, that were thrown into the bath by Venus. The dittany loosens the arrow: the plant he calls *panacea* removed the pain (for so the very derivation of the word implies); and the *succus salubris ambrosiae*, whatever that juice was, helped to stanch the blood, and close the wound by its healing quality. So exactly has Virgil made the cause and the effect, the remedy and the cure, to correspond with each other. The issue of all is, after the enumeration of these symptoms, that Æneas's strength was immediately and entirely restored:

—*Atque novae rediere in pristina vires.*

This effect was too unusual and sudden to flow merely from a natural cause: and therefore is added to shew, that the cure was miraculous; and so we shall see Iapis understands and declares it to be, without the least hesitation.

He had been hitherto silent while the operation was going forward: nor could he indeed then have said any thing

thing but what was discouraging. Now in a rapture he cries out :

Arma citi properate viro—

Arms, and the man who had now recovered his strength to wield them, are terms suited to each other : they are those, by which Virgil opens his *Æneid*, and includes in them the whole subject of it. He there uses them in his own person, and now, when the action draws to a close, he puts them again into the mouth of his favourite physician, who thus proceeds :

——— *Quid statis? Iapis*

Conclamat, primusque animos accendit in hostes.

Non haec humanis opibus, non arte magistra,

Proveniunt, neque te, Ænea, mea dextera servat :

Major agit Deus, atque opera ad majora remittit.

From these few words, and this short account of his behaviour, many things may be observed to his advantage, which Virgil with a masterly hand has either expressed or insinuated, in order to raise the character of Iapis, and render it every way amiable and venerable.

His public spirit, his zeal for Æneas's safety, and affection for his cause, are here apparent. What can declare them more, than the abrupt manner of his entering on this honest and beautiful expostulation?

He stays not to congratulate his great patient upon the cure, or to receive the congratulations of others : his concern is only lest any moment should be lost ; and, therefore, he addresses himself immediately to the crowd, and reproaches the delay of those, who stupidly looked on, and forbore to bring the hero his armour. Intent upon the common good, and pushed by a strong impulse, he neglects little decencies ; and, forgetting his profession, is the first to encourage the drooping soldiers, and to warm them into a desire of renewing the combat :

——— *Primusque animos accendit in hostes.*

Virgil

Virgil plainly intended by this account to tell us, that he was no less a good patriot, than an excellent physician.

His modesty, probity, and piety, appear at the same time to us. He disclaims all pretences to merit in this cure: he denies that art in general, or that his art in particular, did or could perform it:

*Non haec humanis opibus, non arte magistra,
Proveniunt, neque te, Ænea, mea dextera servat.*

He acknowledges the interposition of a divine power, without which all his own industry and skill had been fruitless; and having, by this means, shewn his master to be the immediate care of Providence, he fears not to promise him and his army success in the approaching engagement. The divinity that supplied the means, he was sure, would accomplish the work; and therefore is so far from being alarmed at the new dangers which Æneas might run, that he pushes him anew into the midst of them:

Major agit Deus, atque opera ad majora remittit.

This is painting to the life, tho' in miniature; every stroke of the pencil discovers some new feature, something particularly beautiful, in the person intended to be drawn. Apollo, Virgil had told us, bestowed, originally, on Iapis three arts, in which he excelled:

Augurium, citharamque dedit, celeresque sagittas.

Tho' Iapis had intermitted the study of those arts to pursue that of medicine; yet still we find him possessed of the two first at least, and exerting them here in a very remarkable manner. His skill in divination (*augurium*) manifests itself by his first lighting on the cause of Æneas's cure, and then foretelling the event of it. His talent for poetry and music, which the word *cithara* implies, Virgil has taken care to secure to him, by those fine lines he

makes him utter on this occasion, which are as just and numerous as any in the *Æneid*. And as to his knowledge of the *celeres sagittae*, there is, methinks, some little reference, some allusion, to that gift, in the very nature of the operation, about which he is employed. So that the poet forgets not in the conclusion of this little episode (if I may so call it) what he had said at the entrance of it. His account of Iapis is throughout consistent, and of a piece. And I may, after this particular examination of it, now safely appeal to men of judgment and taste, whether what I laid down concerning the character of Iapis be not true; that it is certainly one of the most moral, beautiful, and perfect, that occurs throughout the poem; and consequently must have been designed to represent some physician of note, with whom Virgil was particularly acquainted; and who could that be but Antonius Musa? Happy he was to be acquainted with such a poet, and such a friend, who knew his worth, and did such justice to it, that I persuade myself, if Musa outlived Virgil, and the edition of his poem (as I think he did), he valued himself more upon these verses of his, than upon all the liberalities of Augustus.

An endeavour to set this point in a true light, was the real occasion of what I have written; wherein I have also intermixed reflections of a different kind as they occurred, and as I judged them useful to illustrate the art and conduct of Virgil in managing this incident. Some of these reflections will, perhaps, be thought too refined, and rather fanciful than just. I am apt to think them so myself, and that I have here and there indulged my passion for Virgil, and ascribed to him more than he expressly intended. A very pardonable fault in his commentators and admirers! who are sure to omit ten observations, that might be made to his advantage, for any one which they start, that does not strictly belong to him.

him. However, most of the thoughts I advance, have, if I mistake not, a real and solid foundation. Such as they are, they have offered themselves to me without the help of books, of which I am not now master; and if I were, should, perhaps, have chosen not to consult them, being persuaded, that the text of great authors, well considered, is always the best comment on itself, and affords the truest light towards entering into the sense and spirit of them.

The contemners of the ancients take more pains to censure than understand them. Such reflections as these, if well grounded, may contribute to give them juster notions than they have, of the exactness and propriety of Virgil's thoughts and expressions, and lead them to peruse his works with more attention and reverence than they usually bestow upon them. For certainly he was a man, who with a noble ambition aimed at immortality, and took the truest ways to compass it. He had always in his eye that important advice of Longinus, given to those writers who desire to excel: That they should frequently ask themselves the question, Πῶς μετ' αἰετ ἀνθρώποι δ' αἰών, How will ages to come think and speak of me? In this spirit, and with this view, he writ his *Æneid*. Had he given it his last hand, it would, I am persuaded, have been the noblest work, that the mind of man by its natural powers (not only did ever produce, for such it now is, but) is capable of producing. That is not the case; for he died before he could finish it, and laid that disappointment so much to heart, as to endeavour to destroy what did not answer the idea of perfection he had conceived. There is no room to dispute this fact; the authorities for it are beyond exception; and it gives us an higher notion of Virgil, than even his poem can furnish us with; since it was, doubtless, a greater proof of his superior judgment and genius to resolve to burn what he had written, because he held it imperfect, than to have

been able to compose it. We are beholden to Varius and Tucca, that this resolution was not executed; and posterity ought ever to be grateful to their memory on that account. What they writ themselves is lost, and lost, perhaps, by the surpassing excellence of the poem which they preserved, and by the extraordinary praises, which they themselves (whose judgment was then held in high repute) without envy bestowed upon it.

How different has the fate of Virgil been in our days! When men have tried their reputation on the ruin of his; and by finding faults with his matchless work, to make way for the reception of their own insipid performances. The ill success of the attempt will not, I believe, tempt others to renew it. These, I hope, may be the last efforts, that ignorance, and want of taste, will make on the characters of men, whom the universal applauses of so many succeeding ages has put beyond the reach of our censure, and whom it will ever be our happiness to admire, and our glory to imitate.

Haec ego lusi

*Ad Sequanae ripas, Tamesino a flumine longe,
Jam senior, languensque, sed ipsa in morte meorum
Quos colui, patriaeque memor, nec degener usquam.*

The ARGUMENT.

Turnus challenges Æneas to a single combat. Articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutulians, who wound Æneas. He is miraculously cured by Venus, and forces Turnus to a duel; with whose death the poem concludes.

P. VIRGILII MARONIS
A E N E I D O S
L I B E R XII.

TURNUS ut infractos adverso Marte Latinos
Defecisse videt, sua nunc promissa reposci,
Se signari oculis ; ultro inplacabilis ardet :

I have forborn hitherto (says Segrais) to speak of one of the principal beauties of this poem ; which is the unity and simplicity of its action, and to shew, that an epopee ought to terminate happily. This rule, that the action should be *one* and *simple*, is founded on the authority of Aristotle, and the opinion of all his commentators. But the reasons of this practice are clear of themselves : for if, in general, poetry be an imitative art, there is no doubt, but that the imitation of an object is much more perfect when it is simple, than when not. In the second place, if the poet write to divert, it is as evident, that he will divert and interest the reader so much the less in bewildering him in a variety of things which he proposes for his subject, than if he had kept only one point in view.

The great beauty which springs from this truth, is visibly manifested by the faultiness of its contrary ; so that one need only survey the absurdities which arise from a confusion of the subject, to have a just idea of the excellencies of those maxims, which Virgil and Homer have laid down for their patterns. But let us now particularly examine this beauty in the poem before us. Virgil has chosen for the action of the *Æneid*, the arrival of the hero *Æneas* in Italy : there is nothing more simple, and at the same time (so great the art of this poet) there is nothing but what is contained in this action, whether past, present, or to come.

For though *Æneas* is tost by a tempest ; though he arrives at Carthage,

VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

THE

TWELFTH BOOK.

WHEN Turnus saw the Latians, in despair,
Sink with the weight of unsuccessful war,
Himself the object of the public spite
Mark'd out, and summon'd to the promis'd fight ;

Carthage, and relates the history of Troy, and his different adventures ; though he is beloved by Dido, so that she kills herself for grief at his departure ; though he afterwards celebrates games at the tomb of his father, descends into hell, and, in fine, comes to make war against the most brave people of Italy ; doth not all this fall into the action which is declared in the poet's proposition ; and yet, at the same time, what can be more simple, what more truly one, than this action ? If you consider the consequence of this action, simple as it appears, it is the foundation of the most illustrious nation, and the most famous empire, that ever existed : and by the incredible address, and wonderful genius, of Virgil, what is there in this divine work inadequate to that grandeur ? Or what is there more absurd, than to imagine, that this poem is not complete, because the nuptials of Lavinia are not consummated ? There is no need to observe, that the nuptials are not mentioned in the proposition of the poem. We may perhaps blame Ascanius's not founding the kingdom of Alba ; for it must be owned, that the poet says, that the arrival of Æneas in Italy gave rise to the kings of Alba :

Albanique patres, atque altae moenia Romae.

But we may plainly perceive, that these kings of Alba are not in the action, but a consequence of it ; and the poet speaks

Adtollitque animos. Poenorum qualis in arvis,
 Saucius ille gravi venantum volnere pectus, 5
 Tum demum movet arma leo, gaudetque comantis
 Excutiens cervice toros, fixumque latronis
 Inpavidus frangit telum, et fremit ore cruento.
 Haud secus accenso gliscit violentia Turno.
 Tum sic adfatur regem, atque ita turbidus inquit: 10
 Nulla mora in Turno: nihil est quod dicta retractent

of them, only to shew the importance of that action. And yet, the same art which Virgil has made use of, in bringing in so *apropos* every circumstance preceding the arrival of Æneas in Italy, and all that could add to the beauty of his fable, or his subject, has so conducted the matter, that there is nothing omitted, which was subsequent to the action of Æneas, whether it regarded himself, or had any reference to the grandeur of the Cæsars, or the glory of Rome. It is impossible to attempt any supplement to this work, without being obliged to repeat what Virgil has already said; for whether we bring the *apothæsis* of Æneas, or his unhappy death, and his reigning but three years after having conquered Turnus, as a proof of what I have advanced; all this is mentioned in the poem, and each circumstance has its proper place allotted it. In the imprecations which Dido utters against Æneas, it is plain that she hints at the misfortune which will befall him, where she says;

— *Nec, cum se sub leges pacis iniquae
 Tradiderit, regno aut optata pace fruatur:
 Sed cadat ante diem, mediaque inhumatus arena.*

And what befel Lavinia, when she was delivered of Sylvius, surnamed Posthumus, after the death of Æneas, is plainly expressed in the prediction of Anchises, B. VI.

*Sylvius, Albanum nomen, tua posthuma proles,
 Quem tibi longaevum serum Lavinia conjunx
 Educet sylvis regem, regumque parentem:
 Unde genus longa nostrum dominabitur Alba.*

And, by the way, I must observe, that the word *longaevum* does not signify, that Æneas was then very old (as all the commentators have it); but that he was immortal, as the gods, who are so called, because their life is without end. And this very *apothæsis* is promised by Jupiter in the prediction which he makes B. I. by way of consolation to Venus for the troubles which Æneas was to suffer. And this is again confirmed by what he says to Juno herself, B. XII.

*Indigitem Æneam scis ipsa, et scire fateris,
 Deberi coelo, fatisque ad sidera tolli.*

In a word, every thing subsequent to the fight between
 Turnus

The furious prince the single combat claims, 5
And conscious courage sets his soul in flames.

As, pierc'd at distance by the hunter's dart,
The Libyan lion rouses at the smart;
And loudly roaring traverses the plain;
Scourges his sides; and rears his horrid mane; 10
Tugs furious at the spear; the foe defies;
And grinds his teeth for rage, and to the combat flies.
So storm'd proud Turnus; and in wrathful strain,
Thus to the king th' impetuous chief began:
Where is this Trojan foe, so bold and brave? 15
Would he retract the challenge that he gave?

Turnus and Æneas; for instance, the peace made with the Latins by the means of the nuptials of Lavinia: the union of the two nations; and the extinction of the Trojan name; all this, I say, is plainly expressed, in the treaty which Jupiter and Juno make, B. XII. So that, on the whole, we must necessarily conclude, that the action is not only simple, and one, but that it is likewise intirely perfect.

The reason why the action should end happily, may be accounted for in the same manner: Since the design in proposing every epic action is to excite brave men to great and glorious enterprizes, should it be previously known, that it would necessarily end unhappily, it would be rather a means of deterring from, than exciting them to the execution of any grand exploit.

I will only add, that, among all the books of the Æneid, there is not one, where the poet has conducted *the marvellous* with greater art and address. Surprise and admiration are so frequently rais'd in this book, that one must quote every passage, if one would remark all that is calculated to raise our wonder and astonishment. Among numberless instances, let us just examine the turns and changes of fortune: A peace is concluded upon; an augury breaks it: A battle ensues: The Trojans are victorious: Æneas is wounded: The Latins repulse the Trojans to their camp; Venus heals Æneas in a miraculous manner: The Hero relieves his own party: He cannot oblige Turnus to renew the engagement: He prepares to attack the town of the Latins: At last Turnus is compelled to fight him in single combat. All the events which happen during this combat, taken together, compose the different peripeties of this book; and detain the reader in such a manner, that it is impossible to desist till he has gone through the whole.

15. *Where is this Trojan foe.*] No contrast can be more finely managed,

Ignavi Aeneadae ; nec, quae pepigere, recusent.
 Congredior. fer sacra, pater, et concipe foedus.
 Aut hac Dardanium dextra sub Tartara mittam
 Desertorem Asiae, (sedeant spectentque Latini) 15
 Et solus crimen ferro commune refellam :
 Aut habeat victos ; cedat Lavinia conjunx.
 Olli sedato respondit corde Latinus :
 O praestans animi juvenis, quantum ipse feroci
 Virtute exsuperas, tanto me inpenitus aequum est 20
 Consulere, atque omnis metuentem expendere casus.
 Sunt tibi regna patris Dauni, sunt oppida capta
 Multa manu ; nec non aurumque animusque Latino est.
 Sunt aliae innubtae Latio et Laurentibus agris ;
 Nec genus indecores. sine me haec haud mollia fatu 25
 Sublatis aperire dolis : simul hoc animo hauri.
 Me gnatam veterum nulli sociare procorum
 Fas erat, idque omnes divique hominesque caneant.
 Victus amore tui, cognato sanguine victus,
 Conjugis et maeftae lacrimis, vincla omnia rupi ; 30
 Promissam eripui genero ; arma inopia sumfi.
 Ex illo qui me casus, quae, Turne, sequantur
 Bella, vides ; quantos primus patiare labores.

managed, than the fierceness, the fire, and hastiness, of Turnus's speech (consisting of short, broken sentences, unconnected with particles), opposed to the cool reasoning, the sober sedateness, of the good old king Latinus's answer, which immediately follows. The poet himself, to mark this opposition more strongly, has artfully added the preparatory epithet *sedato*, and introduces Turnus's speech with

— *Ita turbidus infit.*

Ultro inplacabilis, means, without being instigated by Drances.

My soul can brook no more delays ; I yield
To his own terms, and dare him to the field.
Renew the truce, perform the sacred rite ;
This hour, this moment, I demand the fight. 20
This hand shall wipe our late disgrace away
(Our hosts may fit spectators of the day !)
This trusty sword the dastard shall destroy,
And plunge to hell that fugitive of Troy.
If not—I'll own him victor of the war, 25
And to his arms resign the royal fair.

So spoke the furious prince, with scornful pride.
The king with mild benevolence reply'd :
The more, brave youth, thy try'd, distinguish'd might
And valour drive thee headlong to the fight, 30
The more it should concern our royal car,
To weigh the perils and events of war ;
This fond and youthful ardor to assuage
With the cool caution of confid'rate age.
How many vanquish'd cities are thy own, 35
Besides a fair hereditary throne !
Me too these wealthy warlike lands obey :—
Thus both may reign with independant sway.
Our realm, brave Turnus, other virgins grace,
Of blooming features, and illustrious race. 40
Then undisguis'd, this truth with patience hear,
Tho' harsh and wounding to a lover's ear.
All pow'rs forbid, the human and divine,
To match our daughter in the Latian line.
Won by thy birth, my consort's tears and cries, 45
And my own love, I broke all sacred ties ;
Robb'd the great Trojan of the plighted fair ;
Then flew to arms, and wag'd an impious war.
From that dire source to tell what mischiefs flow,
Would be to mention, what too well you know : 50
Fights, deaths, defeats, that speak the wrath divine ;
Where all the sad pre-eminence is thine.

Bis magna victi pugna vix urbe tuemur
Spes Italas : recalent nostro Tiberina fluenta 35
Sanguine adhuc, campique ingentes ossibus albent.
Quo referor toties ? quae mentem insania mutat ?
Si Turno exstincto socios sum adscire paratus ;
Cur non incolumi potius certamina tollo ?
Quid consanguinei Rutuli, quid cetera dicet 40
Italia ; ad mortem te si (Fors dicta refutet)
Prodiderim, gnatam et connubia nostra petentem ?
Respice res bello varias : miserere parentis
Longaevi, quem nunc moestum patria Ardea longe
Dividit. Haudquaquam dictis violentia Turni 45
Flectitur : exsuperat magis, aegrescitque medendo.
Ut primum fari potuit, sic institit ore :
Quam pro me curam geris, hanc precor, optime, pro me
Deponas, letumque finas pro laude pacisci.
Et nos tela, pater, ferrumque haud debile dextra 50
Spargimus, et nostro sequitur de vulnere sanguis.
Longe illi dea mater erit, quae nube fugacem
Feminea tegat, et vanis sese occulat umbris.
At regina, nova pugnae conterrita sorte,
Flebat ; et ardentem generum moritura tenebat : 55
Turne, per has ego te lacrimas, per si quis Amatae

In two fierce battles routed and o'erthrown,
Scarce our last hopes are shelter'd in the town :
Huge heaps of bones still whiten all the shore, 55
And the full streams of Tyber smoke with gore.
Where am I borne, irresolute and blind ?
What changeful phrenzy turns my wav'ring mind ?
If, on thy death, the Trojan is my friend,
Sure in thy life the stern debate may end ! 60
How would all Italy my name disgrace !
How all my kindred of thy royal race !
Shouldst thou (which Heav'n avert !) by me be led
To death, the victim of my daughter's bed !
If I should hasten to so sad an end 65
My child's fond lover, and my gen'rous friend !
Think on the turns of fate, and chance of wars ;
Pity thy rev'rend father's silver hairs,
Who mourns thy absence in thy native town,
Nor knows the danger of so dear a son ! 70

But no success these warm entreaties found :
The proffer'd med'cine but inflam'd the wound.
Scarce cou'd he speak for rage, disdain, and pride ;
But thus at length the fiery youth reply'd :
O best of fathers ! all this needless care 75
For Turnus' life, at his request, forbear.
Life is a trifle I with scorn disclaim,
For the bright purchase of immortal fame.
'This hand, these weapons too, are fatal found ;
And the blood flies, where Turnus deals the wound. 80
Nor in this combat shall his mother shroud
The recreant Trojan in an airy cloud,
Nor shield the coward with her aid divine : —
'This day, ye gods ! this glorious day, is mine.

But now the frantic queen, on these alarms, 85
Half-dead with fear, hung trembling on his arms :
Oh ! grant me, Turnus, grant this one request ;
If ever love or rev'rence touch'd thy breast

Tangit honos animum : (spes tu nunc una, senectae
 Tu requies miserae : decus imperiumque Latini
 Te penes : in te omnis domus inclinata recumbit)
 Unum oro : desiste manum committere Teucris. 66
 Qui te cumque manent isto certamine casus,
 Et me, Turne, manent. simul haec invisa relinquam
 Lumina, nec generum Aenean captiva videbo.
 Accepit vocem lacrimis Lavinia matris,
 Flagrantis perfusa genas : cui plurimus ignem 65
 Subjecit rubor, et calefacta per ora cucurrit.
 Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro
 Si quis ebur, aut mixta rubent ubi lilia multa
 Alba rosa : talis virgo dabat ore colores.
 Illum turbat amor, figitque in virgine vultus : 70
 Ardet in arma magis, paucisque adfatur Amatam :
 Ne, quacso, ne me lacrimis, neve omine tanto
 Prosequere in duri certamina Martis euntem,

98. *Nor live a captive.*] Virgil here prepares the first part of the unravelling of his poem. This consists in the death of Amata, who obstructs the execution of the marriage of her daughter with Æneas. This obstacle could not be removed, but by the death of this queen. CATROU.

99. *With pity touch'd.*] This picture shews how great a master Virgil is of grace. Lavinia, strongly affected with the queen's pathetic address to Turnus, weeps for the danger to which he is going to expose himself; and at the same time blushes, and looks downward, from a consciousness of his loving her.—Her tears and blushes inflame him afresh with love; he gazes on her with the utmost ardour, and is still more desirous of engaging with Æneas. It is to be observed, that Turnus speaks to the favourite object of his wishes with a look only: what eloquence is there implied in *figitque in virgine vultus*! He gazes only at Lavinia, but speaks his resolution to Amata in express terms. Spenser has borrowed his image of *Shamefacedness* from this appearance of Lavinia.

105. — *Then, gazing on the fair.*] What Trapp, in this place, calls a new nominative case, is, I think, extremely elegant:

Illum turbat amor, figitque in virgine vultus.

He had no occasion to say, *Turnum turbat amor*; every reader must see Turnus implied in the word *illum*, as it was for him Lavinia blushed and wept.

For lost Amata, to these sorrows yield !

Nor meet thy rival in the fatal field.

90

Regard, dear youth, regard my streaming tears,

Thou only prop of my declining years !

Our sinking house relies on thee alone ;

On thee, our fame, our empire, and the throne.

In thy misfortune must Amata join ;

95

Her fate and welfare are involv'd in thine.

With thee to death, for refuge, will I run,

Nor live a captive to a Trojan son.

With pity touch'd, the fair Lavinia hears

Her mother's cries, and answers with her tears.

100

A lovely blush the modest virgin warms,

Glow in her cheek, and lights up all her charms.

So looks the beauteous iv'ry, stain'd with red ;

So roses, mixt with lilies in the bed,

Blend their rich hues—Then, gazing on the fair,

105

The hero rag'd, more eager for the war.

And thus—O royal mother ! cease your fears,

Nor send me to the fight with boding tears.

107. *And thus—O royal mother !*] Turnus does not stay for an answer from Amata, but instantly proceeds to arm himself for the fight. This is quite agreeable to his impetuous temper. His pride and pleasure at seeing his steeds approach instantly, after having called for them, is conceived in a most lively manner. As this is the last time of his going to battle, the poet describes the armour he is putting on, more minutely and particularly. The image of his snatching, or, as it were, violently catching at, his vast spear, which always stood against a massy pillar in the old hall of Latinus, is nobly drawn. This is imitated (but highly improved in every circumstance) from Homer's *Odyss.* B. I. His address to the spear, while he is shaking it, is quite in character. See Hector arming himself, *Il.* XIX.

108. *Nor send me.*] Tears and apprehensions of danger were deemed, among the ancients, bad presages, when the people were going out to war; as a false step, when one is setting out on a journey.

CATROU.

Jason speaks in the same manner to his mother. Apollon.

B. I.

O mater: neque enim Turno mora libera mortis.
 Nuntius haec Idmon Phrygio mea dicta tyranno 75
 Haud placitura refer. cum primum castrina caelo
 Puniceis inuenta rotis Aurora rubebit,
 Non Teucros agat in Rutulos: Teucrum arma quiescant,
 Et Rutulum. nostro dirimamus sanguine bellum.
 Illo quaeratur conjunx Lavinia campo. 80
 Haec ubi dicta dedit, rapidusque in tecta recessit,
 Poscit equos, gaudetque tuens ante ora fremantis:
 Pilumno quos ipsa decus dedit Orithyia:
 Qui candore nives anteirent, cursibus auras.
 Circumstant properi aurigae, manibusque laceffunt 85
 Pectora plausa cavis, et colla comantia peccunt.
 Ipse dehinc auro squalentem alboque orichalco
 Circumdat loricam humeris: simul aptat habendo
 Ensemque clipeumque, et rubrae cornua cristae:
 Ensem quem Dauno ignipotens deus ipse parenti 90
 Fecerat, et Stygia candentem tinxerat unda.
 Exin, quae mediis ingenti adnixa columnae
 Aedibus adstabat, validam vi conripit hastam,
 Actoris Aurunci spoliū; quassatque trementem,
 Vociferans: Nunc, o numquam frustrata vocatus 95
 Hasta meos, nunc tempus adest: te maximus Actor,

123. *Of old, to great Pilumnus.*] How could Orithyia (say the commentators), who was of Attica, and carried by Boreas into Thrace, give these horses to Pilumnus, who was an Italian? Catrou observes, that the fiction is a little forced; and urges, in defence of Virgil, that Pilumnus was a god, and Orithyia a goddess. They had opportunity of knowing each other in the assemblies of the gods; and Pilumnus might receive from her this breed of horses that came from Thrace, where Orithyia reigned.

129. *Armour on.*] *Induit arma*, says Heyne acutely, *ut exploret an humeris apte inhaerent—ut iterum exuat & se quieti det. Nam sequitur, Postera, &c.*

'Tis not in me, if Heav'n has fix'd my date,
To check th' unalterable course of fate. 110

Go, faithful herald, go! and instant bear
This dreaded message to the Phrygian's ear:

Soon as Aurora's rays the mountain gild,
He need not lead his forces to the field:
Our single valour shall dispute the day 115
(The hosts in peace the combat shall survey).
Thus shall his death or mine the war decide,
And the proud victor gain the royal bride.

He said; and furious to the palace speeds;
There, at his call, rush forth the fiery steeds, 120
Of matchless spirit, and immortal kind,
White as the snow, and swifter than the wind.
Of old, to great Pileus, bold and brave,
The fires of these Erechtheus' daughter gave.
Before their lord the gen'rous couriers bound, 125
Neigh, foam, and fly, and paw the trembling ground;
The grooms with combs their flowing manes divide,
And gently stroke their chests, and soothe their noble pride.

Meantime the hero drew his armour on;
With gold and burnish'd brass the cuirass shone. 130
The glittering helmet next his temples spread;
The crimson crest plays dreadful o'er his head;
He grasps the pond'rous shield, and flaming blade,
The sword that Vulcan for his father made,
Of matchless temper; which the fiery god 135
Had plung'd red-hissing in the Stygian flood.
Last the bright spear he seiz'd, large, strong, and tall,
Propp'd on a column 'midst the lofty hall;
The mighty Actor's spoil. The hero shook
The beamy jav'lin; and with fury spoke: 140
My trusty spear, still faithful to my hand!
Still wing'd with death, to answer my command;
Which once brave Actor's arm was wont to wield!
And mine now throws; the terror of the field!

Te Turni nunc dextra gerit. da sternere corpus,
 Loricamque manu valida lacerare revolsam
 Semiviri Phrygis, et foedare in pulvere crinis
 Vibratos calido ferro, murrhaque madentis. 100
 His agitur furiis. totoque ardentis ab ore
 Scintillae abfistunt: oculis micat acribus ignis.
 Mugitus veluti cum prima in proelia taurus
 Terrificos ciet, atque irasci in cornua tentat,
 Arboris obnixus trunco; ventosque laceffit 105
 Ictibus, aut sparsa ad pugnam proludit arena.
 Nec minus interea maternis saevus in armis
 Aeneas acuit martem, et se suscitât ira,
 Oblato gaudens componi foedere bellum.
 Tum socios moestique metum solatur Iuli, 110
 Fata docens: regique jubet responsa Latino
 Certa referre viros, et pacis dicere leges.
 Postera vix summos spargebat lumine montis
 Orta dies; cum primum alto se gurgite tollunt
 Solis equi, lucemque elatis naribus efflant; 115
 Campum ad certamen magnae sub moenibus urbis
 Dimensi Rutulique viri Teucrique parabant;
 In medioque focos, et dis communibus aras
 Gramineas. alii fontemque ignemque ferebant
 Velati limo, et verbena tempora vincti. 120
 Procedit legio Aufonidum, pilataque plenis
 Agmina se fundunt portis. hinc Troïus omnis,

164. *Expounds the fates.*] The destinies had determined, that Æneas should be established in Italy, and that he should lay the first foundations of the Roman empire. Turnus was fated to fall a victim to this establishment. CATROU.

167. *Scarce had the morn.*] With what magnificence does the poet represent the sun rising on this important decisive day! *Sciendum*, says Servius, *nunquam diem sic potenter descripsisse Virgilium*. One would think it surprising, that the spirit of alteration and correction, extravagant as it is, should so strangely infatuate some commentators, as to persuade them to read *è latis* for *elatis*; to destroy a fine image, for the merit of a various reading, which, at the same time, diminishes the sentiment. Besides, both Ennius and Lucilius had used the word *elatis*.

In this great moment fly, nor fly in vain,
But stretch yon Phrygian eunuch on the plain :
Oh ! give me, thro' his heart thy point to thrust,
And soil his scented tresses in the dust;
The costly cuirass from his breast to tear,
And by one noble stroke to terminate the war !

145
150

Thus, fir'd with fury, to the fight he flies;
Keen flash the flames; and lighten from his eyes:
So the fierce bull, collected in his might,
Roars for his rival, and demands the fight;
Impatient for the war, with fury burns,
And tries on every tree his angry horns;
Bends his stern brows, and pushes at the air;
And paws the flying sands, the prelude of the war.

155

As fierce and eager for the dire alarms,
The Trojan blazes in celestial arms;
To meet his rival in the field prepares,
Pleas'd with the fight to terminate the wars:
He sets his forrowing friends and son at ease;
Expounds the fates' unchangeable decrees;
And instant bids the messengers report
The terms of combat to the Latian court.

160
165

Scarce had the morn (all beauteous to behold !)
Tipt the blue mountains with a gleam of gold;
The sun's fierce steeds, high-bounding o'er the sea,
From their wide nostrils snort the beams of day;
When for the chiefs they drew a line around,
And in just limits close the list'd ground:
Then verdant altars raise to all the pow'rs
Of earth or heav'n, whom either host adores.
In linen robes, with vervain crown'd, they bring
The sacred fire, and water from the spring.

170
175

Here, with bright lances, all the Ausonian train
Pour thro' the op'ning portals to the plain :

Tyrrhenusque ruit variis exercitus armis ;
 Haud secus instructi bello, quam si aspera Martis
 Pugna vocet. nec non mediis in millibus ipsi 125
 Ductores auro volitant ostroque superbi,
 Et genus Assaraci Mnestheus, et fortis Asylas,
 Et Messapus equom domitor, Neptunia proles.
 Utque dato signo spatia in sua quisque recessit,
 Desigunt tellure hastas, ac scuta reclinant. 130
 Tum studio effusae matres, et volgus inermum,
 Invalidique senes, turris ac tecta domorum
 Obsedere : alii portis sublimibus adstant.
 At Juno e summo, qui nunc Albanus habetur,
 (Tum neque nomen erat, neque honos, aut gloria monti)
 Prospiciens tumulo campum adspectabat, et ambas 136
 Laurentum Troumque acies, urbemque Latini.
 Extemplo Turni sic est adfata sororem

187. *The figs.*] It was highly proper to introduce so solemn and important a thing as this league, on the keeping which strictly, the whole action was to turn, with all the pomp and solemnity described from hence to verse 250.

195. *Albano's shady brows.*] The particularizing this mountain must have been highly pleasing to the Roman readers of this poem.

199. *Then to brave Turnus' sister.*] Virgil here relates the accident which was the occasion of her being ranked among the gods. What gave him an opportunity of forming this fiction was, that near the river Numicus sprung up a fountain, which was called Juturna *a juvando*, because its waters were of a salutary nature. To this nymph a temple was dedicated, and a feast instituted in honour of her, called Juturnalia.

CATROU.

See the story of this nymph in Ovid's *Fast.* 2. 585.

Aristotle observes in his *Poetics*, that there are fewer good than bad women, and that they do more mischief than service in the world : Virgil hath but too exactly followed this opinion. Venus indeed, the mother and protectress of Æneas, appears in an amiable light throughout the poem. The Sibyl assists our hero. Cybele and Andromache have no ill qualities ascribed to them ; but they appear but little. To outweigh this small number of good women, there are many others, represented as bad characters, and very unfavourable to the hero.

The Trojans there, and Tuscans in array,
And ranks embattled bend their eager way. 180

Amid the thousands with a grace divine,
In gold and purple gay, the leaders shine.
Here, tow'ring o'er the troops Asylas stood ;
Great Mnestheus there, of Troy's imperial blood ;
There, brave Messapus, of immortal strain, 185
Sprung from the mighty monarch of the main.

The sign now giv'n thro' each impatient host,
Each chief retires to his appointed post.
At ease the soldiers fall their pond'rous shields,
And pitch their idle jav'lines in the fields. 190

Old fires and matrons, with the vulgar throng.
Lean'd o'er the walls, and from the turrets hung.
With longing eyes the great event they wait,
And crowds on crowds press forward thro' the gate.

But from the fam'd Albano's shady brows, 195
(Tho' then without a name the mountain rose)
The queen of Heav'n the Latian town beheld,
The hosts embattled, and the crouded field.
Then to brave Turnus' sister, who presides
O'er lakes and streams, and awes the roaring tides, 200

Juno is his grand enemy; she employs Iris, Juturna, and Alecto, to oppose his designs. Dido endeavoured to destroy him at Carthage; and calls to her assistance, her sister, her nurse, and a magician. The harpyes drive him from their island. Helen is a pest, that has ruined both Trojans and Greeks; the Trojan women, Æneas's own subjects, set fire to his fleet. Amata despises the commands of the gods, and the will of the king her husband; and, with the Latin women, is the first who kindles the war. Hostilities are commenced at the instigation of Sylvia. Even the women, who were dearest to our hero, involved him in great difficulties and sorrows. At the end of the second book we see his affliction for the lost Creusa. And Lavinia is the cause of all the evils he suffers in the last six books.

Bossu, p. 307.

The ladies, I hope, will despise these cruel and groundless reflections on their virtuous and amiable sex, since they were made only by a solitary priest, condemned to celibacy, and utterly unacquainted with their excellencies.

Diva deam, stagnis quae fluminibusque sonoris
 Praesidet : hunc illi rex aetheris altus honorem 140
 Juppiter erepta pro virginitate sacravit :
 Nympha decus fluviorum, animo gratissima nostro,
 Scis, ut te cunctis unam, quaecumque Latinae
 Magnanimi Jovis ingratum adscendêre cubile,
 Praetulerim, caelique lubens in parte locarim : 145
 Disce tuum, ne me incuses, Juturna, dolorem.
 Qua visa est fortuna pati, Parcaeque sinebant
 Cedere res Latio, Turnum ac tua moenia texi :
 Nunc juvenem inparibus video concurrere fati :
 Parcarumque dies et vis inimica propinquat. 150
 Non pugnam aspicere hanc oculis, non foedera possum.
 Tu pro germano si quid praesentius audes,
 Perge : decet. forsan miseros meliora sequentur.
 Vix ea, cum lacrimas oculis Juturna profundit,
 Terque quaterque manu pectus percussit honestum. 155
 Non lacrumis hoc tempus, ait Saturnia Juno :
 Adcelera, et fratrem (si quis modus) eripe morti :
 Aut tu bella cie, conceptumque excute foedus.
 Auctor ego audendi. sic exhortata reliquit
 Incertam, ac tristi turbatam volnere mentis. 160
 Interea reges (ingenti mole Latinus
 Quadrijugo vehitur curru, cui tempora circum
 Aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,
 Solis avi specimen : bigis it Turnus in albis,

216. *Doom'd to die.*] It must perhaps be owned, that this line injudiciously anticipates the important event of Turnus's death, concerning which the reader should have been kept in suspense.

218. *Lo! I retire.*] Juno was prohibited to concern herself in this war. All she does is done indirectly, and by the agency and ministry of Juturna. CATROU.

223. *Her ivory breast.*] *Honestum*, orig. is used for beautiful, Geo. II. 392.

232. *Twelve golden.*] The twelve spikes, in the *corona radialis*, were supposed in general to allude either to the twelve signs of the Zodiac, or the twelve labours of Hercules. Here they

(On the fair nymph, that province was bestow'd
For her lost honour, by the thund'ring god)
Her fears the goddesses of the skies express'd ;
And thus the regent of the floods address'd :

Queen of the founts and streams, and far above 205

The race of Latian nymphs in Juno's love,
Those nymphs, who, by my wand'ring lord misled,
Presum'd to mount our own imperial bed ;

Yet thee I suffer'd in his grace to rise,
And share th' immortal honours of the skies. 210

With deep concern sad tidings must I bear,
What I must grieve to speak, and you to hear.
The Latian state and Turnus, in the war,
While fortune favour'd, were my constant care.

Now his inevitable hour draws nigh ; 215

On terms unequal is he doom'd to die.

But from the fatal field, the appointed fight,
Lo ! I retire ; nor can I bear the fight.

If thou can'st save him yet from death, descend :

Some better fate thy efforts may attend ; 220

Fly—and exert the sister and the friend.

She said ; Juturna wept, by grief oppress'd,
Thrice tore her hair, and beat her iv'ry breast.

Fly, Juno cries, and stop the dire debate.

Fly, fly, and snatch him, if you can, from fate. 225

Nor waste the hours in tears, and vain despair ;

Break, break the truce, and wake the slumb'ring war.

On me discharge the crime.—The goddesses said ;

And left involv'd in doubts the mournful maid.

Now came the kings : four stately coursfers bear, 230

In pomp, the Latian lord's imperial car.

Twelve golden rays around his temple shone,

To mark his glorious lineage from the sun,

they bear a particular allusion to the lineage of Latinus, who was descended from the sun.

Bina manu lato crispans hastilia ferro. 165
 Hinc pater Aeneas Romanae stirpis origo,
 Sidereo flagrans clipeo, et caelestibus armis,
 Et juxta Ascanius magnae spes altera Romae)
 Proceclunt castris, puraque in veste sacerdos
 Setigeri foetum suis, intonsamque bidentem 170
 Adtulit, admovitque pecus flagrantibus armis,
 Illi ad surgentem conversi lumina solem
 Dant fruges manibus falfas, ac tempora ferro
 Summa notant pecudum, paterisque altaria libant.
 Tum pius Aeneas stricto sic ense precatur : 175

237. *It's illustrious father of the Roman line.*] Virgil is ever looking back on his principal action, that is, the foundation of a Trojan colony in Italy; from whence the Romans were originally derived. This action, doubtless, is the end of the poem, and the object to which all is referred. Critics are divided concerning the main design which the poet ought to have in view, when he undertakes an epic poem.

Some pretend that it is the sole business of the poet to model an hero of his own, in whom every heroic virtue must be centered, for the instruction of those persons, who by their birth or rank are destined to heroic employments. If this was the case, Homer, the first inventor of the epic, might be esteemed the destroyer of it; the examples of his heroes contribute much less to form the manners, than to corrupt them. This Horace was aware of, when, in his epistle to Lollius, he represents the vices of the chiefs who signalized themselves in the Iliad :

*Seditione, dolis, scelere, atque libidine, et ira,
 Iliacos intra muros peccatur, et extra.*

Others imagine, that some particular moral truth is the object of an epic poem: as in the fables of Æsop, some one maxim and precept for the conduct of life is inculcated in each story.

But it appears from Aristotle, that the *action* is what constitutes the essence of the *epopœia*, and is the chief object of the poet's design. The re-establishment of the peace of a family and kingdom, which had been disturbed by the importunate suitors of Penelope, is one *action*. The foundation of a Trojan colony in Italy, and, by means of that, the foundation afterwards of Rome itself, is another *action*. This is therefore the principal design of the Greek and Latin poet. 'Tis true, each of these *actions* conveys some particular moral; and what *action* does not? One may moralize on every subject in

Young Turnus next appear'd ; two spears he held,
 And two white coursers drew him to the field. 235
 Æneas then advanc'd, with grace divine,
 Th' illustrious father of the Roman line ;
 High in his hand the starry buckler rais'd ;
 And in immortal arms the hero blaz'd.
 With him his son Ascanius took his place, 240
 The second hope of Rome's majestic race.
 Slow the procession moves : the sacred priest
 Stood by his altar, in the linen vest ;
 A tender lamb for sacrifice preferr'd,
 And a young victim from the bristly herd. 245
 They turn their faces to the dawning day ;
 The salted cakes with solemn rev'rence pay ;
 The victims sign'd ; the foremost hairs they drew,
 And on the hearth the first libations threw.
 Then the great Trojan prince unsheath'd his sword, 250
 And thus with lifted hands the gods ador'd.

in the world. In a word, what Aristotle says is expressly this :
 —The poets do not feign an action for the sake of the manners ;
 but the instruction of the manners follows the *action*.

CATROU.

A sensible writer observes, that, although we cannot fix
 upon one single moral lesson, as the sole intention of the
 Iliad, Odyssey, and Æneid ; it ought not from hence to be
 concluded, their authors had no design at all, farther than to
 compose an amusing story. If we consider the immense va-
 riety of useful observations, which may be drawn from a dili-
 gent examination of every part of the conduct of the several
 persons in the Iliad only, it is not to be conceived, how the
 writer by mere accident, and without any express design,
 could possibly lay together so copious a fund for the most in-
 structive moral reflections. The distinction which ought here
 to be made, is between allowing, in these poems, no other
 intention than to exemplify some general maxim relating to
 mens conduct, and the more extensive design of exhibiting
 some finished picture of life, wherein may be exposed to view,
 not only the natural consequences of human actions, but the
 tempers and the passions of men, with the internal motives both
 to good actions, and to those deviations from the general prin-
 ciples of virtue, which we daily see and lament in the world.

PEMBERTON on epic poetry, p. 19.

Esto nunc Sol testis et haec mihi terra vocanti,
 Quam propter potui tantos perferre labores,
 Et pater omnipotens, et tu Saturnia conjunx;
 Jam melior, jam, diva, precor: tuque inclute Mavors,
 Cuncta tuo qui bella, pater, sub numine torques: 180
 Fontisque, fluviosque voco, quaeque aetheris alti
 Religio, et quae caeruleo sunt numina ponto:
 Cesserit Ausonio si fors victoria Turno;
 Convenit Euandri victos discedere ad urbem.
 Cedet Iulus agris: nec post arma ulla rebelles 185
 Aeneadae referent, ferrove haec regna laceffent.
 Sin nostrum adnuerit nobis victoria Martem,
 (Ut potius reor, ut potius di numine firment)
 Non ego nec Teucris Italos parere jubebo,
 Nec mihi regna peto. paribus se legibus ambae 190
 Invietae gentes aeterna in foedera mittant.
 Sacra deosque dabo: focer arma Latinus habeto;
 Imperium sollemne focer: mihi moenia Teucri
 Constituent, urbiq; dabit Lavinia nomen.
 Sic prior Aeneas: sequitur sic deinde Latinus 195
 Suspiciens caelum, tenditque ad sidera dextram:
 Haec eadem, Aenea, terram, mare, sidera, juro,
 Latonaeque genus duplex, Janumque bifrontem,
 Vimque deum infernam, et duri sacraria Ditis:
 Audiat haec genitor, qui foedera fulmine sancit: 200
 Tango aras; medios ignis et numina testor;
 Nulla dies pacem hanc Italidis nec foedera rumpet,

252. *Thou land, for which I wage the war, and thou,
 Great source of day, be witness to my vow!*

In this solemn manner the oath of Calypso is introduced,
 Odys. B. V.

Ἰσὼ νῦν τοῦδε, γαῖα, καὶ ἑρᾶος οὐρὸς ἐπαρθεῖν.

But bear, O earth! and bear, ye sacred skies!

POPE.

Rapin allows this to be an instance of true sublimity; and I must confess, that there is something more awful in it, than in Virgil's copy. The like expression is found in Deuteronomy. "Give ear, O ye heavens, and I will speak; and hear, O earth, the words of my mouth." Chap. xxxii. ver. 1,

Thou land, for which I wage the war, and thou,
Great source of day, be witness to my vow !
Almighty king of heav'n, and queen of air
(Propitious now, and reconcil'd by pray'r) ; 255
Thou Mars, inthron'd on great Olympus' height,
Lord of the field, and master of the fight ;
Ye springs, ye floods, ye various pow'rs who lie
Beneath the deeps, or tread the golden sky ;
Hear, and attest ! if, victor in the fray, 260
The Daunian leader gains the glorious day,
My son his claim of empire shall release ;
My Trojan subjects shall depart in peace.
But should the conquest prove my happy lot,
(For so I think, and Heav'n confirm the thought !) 265
The Latians never shall my rule obey ;
Already I disclaim th' imperial sway.
From fight let each unconquer'd nation cease,
And join in leagues of everlasting peace.
To king Latinus I resign the care, 270
The pomp of state, with all concerns of war,
And ev'ry regal claim :—the rites divine,
And the religious province, shall be mine.
For me my Trojan friends a town shall frame,
And grace the tow'rs with fair Lavinia's name. 275
Thus he. Then old Latinus lifts his eyes,
And his right hand, with rev'rence, to the skies.
By the same oath, by heav'n, and earth, and main,
And all the pow'rs, that all the three contain ;
Latona's twins, that grace the bright abode ; 280
Janus, the mighty, double-fronted god !
Th' infernal monarch, and the fiends below,
And Jove, whose bolts avenge the broken vow !
To sanctify my word, behold ! I stand,
And on these hallow'd altars lay my hand : 285
Whate'er ensues, misfortune or success,
No time shall break this solemn league of peace,

Quo res cumque cadent : nec me vis ulla volentem
 Avertet ; non si tellurem effundat in undas
 Diluvio miscens, caelumque in Tartara solvat : 205
 Ut sceptrum hoc (dextra sceptrum nam forte gerebat)
 Numquam fronde levi fundet virgulta neque umbras,
 Cum semel in silvis imo de stirpe recisum
 Matre caret, posuitque comas et brachia ferro ;
 Olim arbos, nunc artificis manus aere decoro 210
 Includit, patribusque dedit gestare Latinis.
 Talibus inter se firmabant foedera dictis
 Conspectu in medio procerum. tum rite sacratas
 In flammam jugulant pecudes, et viscera vivis
 Eripiunt, cumulantque oneratis lancibus aras. 215
 At vero Rutulis inpar ea pugna videri
 Jamdudum et vario misceri pectora motu :
 Tum magis, ut propius cernunt non viribus aequis.
 Adjuvat incessu tacito progressus, et aram

295. *Sure, as this sceptre.*] I agree with Pope, that this passage does not come up to the spirit and propriety of that in Homer, from whence Virgil copied it. Scaliger, on a comparison of the diction only, gives the preference to Virgil, B. V. Poet. c. 4. But, says Pope, it fails in a greater point than any he has mentioned ; which is, that being there used on occasion of a peace, it has no emblematical reference to division, and yet describes the cutting of the wood, and its incapacity to bloom and branch again, in as many words as Homer. It is borrowed by Valerius Flaccus, in his third book ; where he makes Jason swear, as a warrior, by his spear :

*Hanc ego magnanimi spoliū Didymaonis hastam,
 Ut semel est avulsa jugis, a matre perempta,
 Quae neque jam frondes virides neque proferet umbras,
 Fida ministeria, et duras obit horrida pugnās,
 Testor—*

And indeed, however he may here borrow some expressions from Virgil, or fall below him in others, he has nevertheless kept to Homer in the emblem, by introducing the oath upon Jason's grief for sailing to Colchis with Hercules ; when he had separated him from the body of the Argonauts, to search after Hylas. Ruæus observes, that Virgil should have spared so minute and particular a description of the sceptre. What
 he

Nor shake my purpose; but intire, and whole,
 I'll keep the sacred tenor of my soul;
 No art shall win me, and no pow'r compel; 290
 Not, tho' the golden skies should plunge to hell;
 Yon starry splendors from their spheres should fall,
 And ocean spread his waters o'er the ball.
 Firm is the sword, and sure the oath I swore;
 Sure, as this sceptre ne'er shall flourish more; 295
 No more its verdant honours shall renew,
 Lopt from the mother-tree where once it grew;
 Now by the artist's hand adorn'd with brass,
 And worn successive by our regal race!

The princes thus the solemn compact bound 300
 By mutual oaths, with all the peers around.
 The priests before the fires the victims slay;
 Eager the smoking entrails rend away;
 And, on the altars rang'd, the loaded chargers lay. }

But the Rutulians griev'd, by fears oppress'd, 305
 And various tumults work'd in ev'ry breast.
 Long since they saw their prince o'er-match'd in might,
 And curs'd the terms of such unequal fight.
 Their dread increases, as the chiefs draw near,
 And Turnus' looks augment the gen'ral fear. 310

he means by this is, I suppose, the *Artificis manus aere decoro inclusit*. But that circumstance adds to the impossibility of its ever sprouting again, and should be looked upon as mentioned by Virgil on that account. Aristotle, *Polit.* 3. tells us, that it was customary for kings to swear by their sceptres. Hamlet, according to the ancient custom of his country, swears by his sword. See Upton upon Shakespeare.

299. *And worn successive.*] "In the simplicity of the earlier ages of the world, the sceptres of kings were really no other than long walking-staves; and thence had the very name of sceptre, which now sounds so magnificently (*Σκηπτρον απο τῆ σκηπτισθαι*). The old sceptres being as long as an hunting-pole, may serve to explain some expressions in Virgil, relating to king Latinus's sceptre; which would not be so proper, if applied to a truncheon, or a modern sceptre:

Ut sceptrum hoc, &c.—

It was a whole young tree, cut from the root, and stript of its branches."

POLYMETIS, *Dial.* 6. p. 51.

Suppliciter venerans demisso lumine Turnus; 220
 Tabentesque genae; et juvenali in corpore pallor.
 Quem simul ac Juturna soror crebescere vidit
 Sermonem, et volgi variare labantia corda:
 In medias acies, formam adsimulata Camerti,
 Cui genus a proavis ingens; clarumque paternae 225
 Nomen erat virtutis, et ipse acerrimus armis,
 In medias dat sese acies; haud nescia rerum,
 Rumoresque ferit varios, ac talia satur:
 Non pudet, ô Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam
 Objectare animam? numerone an viribus aequi 230
 Non sumus? en omnes et Troës et Arcades hi sunt,
 Fatalisque manus infensa Etruria Turno:
 Vix hostem, alterni si congregiamur, habemus.
 Ille quidem ad superos, quorum se devovet aris,
 Succedet fama, vivusque per ora feretur; 235
 Nos, patria amissa, dominis parere superbis
 Cogemur, qui nunc lentis confedimus armis:
 Talibus incensa est juvenum sententia dictis,
 Jam magis atque magis; serpitque per agmina murmur.
 Ipsi Laurentes mutati, ipsique Latini. 240
 Qui sibi jam requiem pugnae rebusque salutem
 Sperabant, nunc arma volunt, foedusque precantur
 Infectum, ac Turni sortem miserantur iniquam.
 His aliud majus Juturna adjungit, et alto
 Dat signum caelo; quo non praesentius ullum 245
 Turbavit mentis Italas, monstroque fefellit.
 Namque volans rubra fulvos Jovis ales in aethra

345. *In pomp a tow'ring eagle.*] This augury was necessary, to make so sudden, and, at the same time, so irreligious a change, the more probable, and suitable to truth. Virgil never fails of a due decorum. The words *mentes Italas* should be particularly observed; the Italians were more credulous with regard to auguries, than other nations. The manner of divining events by the flight of birds took its rise, it is said, from Etruria.

CATROV.

Trembling, aghast, he moves with silent pace :
A deadly paleness spreads o'er all his face.
Close by the altar's side, in care profound,
His pensive eyes he fixt upon the ground.

Soon as the sister saw the giddy croud
Had chang'd their minds, and spoke their fears aloud ;
In great Camertes' form, of high renown
For birth, his father's valour and his own,
Her flight amidst the murmur'ing bands she took,
Inflam'd their rage, and thus the host bespoke : 315

What shame, Rutulians, valiant as we are,
On one to lay the whole success of war !
Behold the utmost force the foe can boast,
The few poor relics of their shatter'd host.
Heav'ns !—can we shrink from such a slender pow'r ! 320
Are not our men the same ? our numbers more ?
Should our whole army to the fight repair,
Scarce all their troops would half employ our war !
'Tis true, your hero to the gods shall rise,
A self-devoted victim to the skies. 325

Yet the brave chief eternal praise shall claim,
And live for ever in a length of fame :
While we, O shame ! a base degen'rate host
Look tamely on, and see our country lost !
Stretch our vile hands to servitude abhor'd, 330
And court the bondage of a foreign lord !

This fiery speech inflam'd the list'ning train ;
Thro' all the host the gath'ring murmur ran.
Now chang'd, the Latians wish for peace no more,
But long to break the league they fought before. 335
They pity Turnus' fortune, and prepare
With eager ardour to renew the war.

His sister sent (the tumult to improve)
A false delusive omen from above.
In pomp a tow'ring eagle soars on high, 340
And sudden, shooting from th' ethereal sky,

Litoreas agitabat avis, turbamque sonantem
 Agminis aligeri; subito cum lapsus ad undas
 Cycnum excellentem pedibus rapit improbus uncis. 250
 Adrexere animos Itali, cunctaeque volucres
 Convertunt clamore fugam, mirabile visu;
 Aetheraque obscurant pennis, hostemque per auras
 Facta nube premunt: donec vi victus et ipso
 Pondere defecit, praedamque ex unguibus ales 255
 Projecit fluvio, penitusque in nubila fugit.
 Tum vero augurium Rutuli clamore salutant,
 Expediuntque manus; primusque Tolumnius augur,
 Hoc erat, hoc votis, inquit, quod saepe petivi.
 Accipio adgnoscoque deos: me, me ducē ferrum 260
 Conripite, ô miseri, quos improbus advena bello
 Territat, invalidas ut avis; et litora vestra
 Vi populat. petet ille fugam, penitusque profundo
 Vela dabit. vos unanimis densete catervas,
 Et regem vobis pugna defendite raptum. 265
 Dixit, et adversos telum contorsit in hostis
 Procurrens: sonitum dat stridula cornus, et auras
 Certa secat. simul hoc, simul ingens clamor et omnes
 Turbati cunei, calefactaque corda tumultu.
 Hasta volans, ut forte novem pulcherrima fratrum 270
 Corpora constiterant contra, quos fida creârat
 Una tot Arcadio conjunx Tyrrhena Gilippo;
 Horum unum ad medium, teritur qua futilis alvo
 Balteus, et laterum juncturas fibula mordet,
 Egregium forma juvenem et fulgentibus armis, 275
 Transadigit costas, fulvaeque effundit arena.

359. *Tolumnius cry'd.*] To shew the force of this omen, Virgil represents the augur himself deceived by it, and the first man who begins an act of hostility. The conduct of Virgil is admirable in feigning him to kill one out of the nine Arcadian brethren, who were ranged together; as they must consequently revenge his death, in doing which a commotion is naturally raised, sufficient to involve both armies in a general engagement.

Drives a vast flock of watry fowls before,
 On sounding wings, along the winding shore ;
 Then, where the floods in soft meanders ran,
 In his huge talons trufs'd a silver swan. 350
 Th' astonish'd Latian bands in courage rise,
 When lo ! the flock (more wond'rous to their eyes) }
 Turn, and pursue the victor thro' the skies. }
 Prest by the foe, incumber'd with the prey,
 He drops the prize, and wings th' aëreal way ; 355
 With shouts the Latians hail th' auspicious fight,
 Range all their troops, and hasten to the fight.
 'Tis what I wish'd, the long-expected sign,
 (Tolumnius cry'd) I thank the pow'rs divine.
 Rise, follow me, my friends, your aid supply, 360
 Forc'd by the foe, like yonder birds to fly ;
 While thro' your wasted shores the victor sweeps ;
 Who now shall soon rush headlong to the deeps.
 Haste ; save your leader from the fatal fray ;
 Close, close your ranks ; engage ; and win the day. 365
 He said ; sprung forth ; and 'midst the Trojans threw
 His furious dart, that whistled as it flew.
 Tumultuous shouts pursue the parting spear,
 And all now grow more eager for the war.
 Nine brave Arcadians at their squadrons head, 370
 Gilippus' offspring by a Tuscan bed,
 Shone in the front ; the spear impetuous flew
 Amidst the brothers, and the youngest flew ;
 A lovely blooming youth ; with fury cast,
 Beneath the belt the steely jav'lin past, 375
 Transfix'd the stripling with a deadly wound,
 And stretch'd him pale and gasping on the ground.

ment. Thus eight men are instantly interested in the death of
 one. If any common man, one of no connexions, *vilis aliquis*
 (as Servius terms it), had been killed, his death might have
 been considered as a circumstance too trifling to be the occasion
 of breaking so solemn a league.

At fratres, animosa phalanx, accensaque luctu,
 Pars gladios stringunt manibus, pars missile ferrum
 Conripiunt, caecique ruunt. quos agmina contra
 Procurrunt Laurentum. hinc densi rursus inundant 280
 Troës, Agyllinique, et pictis Arcades armis.
 Sic omnis amor unus habet decernere ferro.
 Diripuerè aras : it toto turbida caelo
 Tempestat telorum, ac ferreus ingruit imber :
 Craterasque focosque ferunt. fugit ipse Latinus, 285
 Pulsatos referens infecto foedere divos.
 Infrenant alii currus, aut corpora saltu
 Subjiciunt in equos, et strictis ensibus adsunt.
 Messapus regem, regisque insigne gerentem
 Tyrrhenum Aulesten, avidus confundere foedus, 290
 Adverso proterret equo : ruit ille recedens,
 Et miser obpositis a tergo involvitur aris
 In caput, inque humeros. at fervidus advolat hasta
 Messapus, teloque orantem multa trabali
 Desuper altus equo graviter ferit, atque ita fatur : 295
 Hoc habet : haec melior magnis data victima divis.
 Concurrunt Itali, spolianteque calentia membra.
 Obvius ambustum torrem Corynaeus ab ara

391. *In iron storms, and tempest all the sky.*] Milton seems to have adopted the strong expressions of the original :

———Shot

Sharp fleet of arrowy shower.———

Par. Reg. B. III. 323.

413. *And at bold Chorinæus.*] Mr. Pope in his observations on Homer's catalogue of ships, justly censures Virgil for not having in some places sufficiently distinguished his heroes, who have the same name. Thus in B. IX. ver. 571. *orig.* a Chorinæus is killed by Asylas ; and here a Chorinæus kills Ebusus : a Numa is found among the slain, after the expedition of Nisus and Euryalus ; and another Numa is pursued by Æneas, B. X. ver 562. Homer (says Pope) is constantly careful to distinguish two of a name, so that one shall not be mistaken for the other, as Ajax Oileus, and Ajax Telamonius. The circumstance of the beard is picturesque, and I am surprised to see Heyne censuring it.

All fir'd with vengeance for their brother slain,
Fierce to the combat fly the martial train.

Some draw the glitt'ring sword, and some advance 380
With the broad spear, and shake the flaming lance.

With equal speed, their ardor to oppose,
Pour forth in endless tides the Latian foes.

As swift th' Arcadian troops, with sculptur'd shields,
Rush'd on with Troy, and delug'd all the fields. 385

Strait to their ensigns the bold bands repair,
Impatient to decide the great event by war.

The madding crowd the sacred rites confound ;
Strip the bright altars ; tofs the fires around ;
And seize the goblets ; while the jav'lins fly 390
In iron storms, and tempest all the sky.

The good old king, affrighted, from the plain
Bears back his violated gods again.

Some yoke the courfers to the car with speed,
Some vault impetuous on the snorting steed. 395

Some to the field the kindling troops excite,
Draw their bright swords, and headlong-rush to fight.

Eager to break the peace, with all his force,
The fierce Messapus spur'd his thund'ring horse
Full on Aulestes, with a furious spring, 400
Who wore the royal ensigns of a king :

O'er the high altars as the chief gave way,
Headlong he plung'd in dust, and grov'ling lay.
There at his length, extended on the plain,
He pleads for mercy ; but he pleads in vain ! 405

Th' impetuous victor flew with rapid speed,
Shook his huge spear, and bending from the steed,
Transfixt the monarch ; then, insulting, cries ;
He bleeds !—this victim sure must please the skies !

The joyful Latians, eager for the prey, 410
Strip the warm corse, and bear the spoils away.
Then, as the mighty Ebusus drew near,
And at bold Chorinxus shook the spear,

Conripit, et venienti Ebufo plagamque ferenti
 Occupat os flammis. olli ingens barba reluxit, 300
 Nidoremque ambusta dedit. super ipse secutus
 Caesariem laeva turbati conripit hostis,
 Inpressoque genu nitens terrae adplicat ipsum :
 Sic rigido latus ense ferit. Podalirius Alsum
 Pastorem, primaque acie per tela ruentem 305
 Ense sequens nudo superinminet : ille securi
 Adversi frontem mediam mentumque reducta
 Difficit, et sparso late rigat arma cerebro.
 Olli dura quies oculos ac ferreus urguet
 Somnus ; in aeternam clauduntur lumina noctem. 310
 At pius Aeneas dextram tendebat inermem
 Nudato capite, atque suos clamore vocabat.
 Quo ruitis ? quaeve ista repens discordia surgit ?
 O cohibete iras ! ictum jam foedus, et omnes
 Conpositae leges : mihi jus concurrere soli : 315
 Me finite, atque auferte metus. ego foedera faxo
 Firma manu : Turnum debent haec jam mihi sacra.
 Has inter voces, media inter talia verba,
 Ecce viro stridens alis adlapsa sagitta est,
 Incertum qua pulsa manu, quo turbine adacta ; 320
 Quis tantam Rutulis laudem, casusne, deusne
 Adtulerit. pressa est insignis gloria facti :
 Nec sese Aeneae iactavit vulnere quisquam.
 Turnus, ut Aenean cedentem ex agmine vidit,
 Turbatosque duces, subita spe fervidus ardet : 325
 Poscit equos, atque arma simul, saltuque superbus

430. *But the just.*] The character of Aeneas is well supported by this circumstance, of making him exclaim with grief, and eager concern, at the violation of the league.

446. *The chiefs astonish'd, Turnus now beheld.*] The absence of Aeneas revives the courage of Turnus. He is once more a conqueror, as he was before when Aeneas was in Etruria. This is what may be called an indirect praise of the hero, which Virgil learned from Homer. The absence of Achilles gives the victory to the Trojans in the Iliad ; as the Latins in the Aeneid, are always masters of the field, when Aeneas is absent.

CATROU.

He rush'd against him with a furious pace,
 Snatch'd a red brand, and dash'd it on his face. 415
 Thro' ambient air a noisome scent expires,
 As the long beard shrunk crackling in the fires.
 Stunn'd as he stood with sudden darkness round,
 The raging victor drags him to the ground ;
 Then seiz'd his locks ; his forceful knee apply'd, 420
 And plung'd the vengeful falchion in his side.

From Podalirius, eager to pursue,
 Thro' the first ranks, the shepherd Alsus flew ;
 Then turn'd, and, with his ax descending full,
 Cleaves at one dreadful stroke his shatter'd skull. 425
 With blood and brains his arms are cover'd o'er ;
 The thirsty sands are drench'd with streams of gore.
 An iron sleep came swimming o'er his sight,
 And wrapt the warrior in eternal night.

But the just Trojan prince, amidst the band, 430
 Without his helmet rush'd, and stretch'd his hand :
 Whither, my friends, ah ! whither wou'd you run ?
 The terms stand fixt : the combat is my own.
 Dismiss your fears ; nor my revenge pursue ;
 For Turnus, Turnus is your gen'ral's due. 435
 That victim these religious rites demand,
 Already sacred to this conqu'ring hand.

While yet he spoke ; loud hissing thro' the skies,
 With thirsty rage, a feather'd arrow flies ;
 And reach'd the hero with a certain aim ; 440
 But from what hand, was never told by fame.
 None knew, what fortune, or assisting god,
 So proud a triumph on the foe bestow'd,
 Nor one in all the mighty host was found,
 Who claim'd the merit of so base a wound. 445

The chiefs astonish'd, Turnus now beheid,
 And the brave prince retiring from the field :
 High hopes of conquest in his bosom rise ;
 Strait for his courfers, and his arms, he cries ;

Emicat in currum, et manibus molitur habenas.
 Multa virum volitans dat fortia corpora leto :
 Semineces volvit multos, aut agmina curru
 Proterit, aut raptas fugientibus ingerit hastas. 330
 Qualis apud gelidi cum flumina concitus Hebri
 Sanguineus Mavors clipeo increpat, atque furentis
 Bella movens inmittit equos : illi acquore aperto
 Ante notos zephyrumque volant. gemit ultima pulsu
 Thraca pedum, circumque atrae Formidinis ora, 335

458. *As when on Hebrus' banks.*] I cannot help giving the reader an opportunity of comparing Dryden's translation of this sublime simile with that before us :

Thus on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood
 The god of battles, in his angry mood,
 Clashing his sword against his brazen shield,
 Lets loose the reins, and scours along the field :
 Before the wind his fiery courfers fly,
 Groans the sad earth, resounds the rattling sky :
 Wrath, Terror, Treason, Tumult, and Despair,
 Dire faces and deform'd, surround the car,
 Friends of the god, and followers of the war. }

These lines partake of the fire of the original : but the

—*Gemit ultima pulsu Thraca pedum,*

is a circumstance unluckily omitted. And here it will not be improper to observe, that Dryden has given a much more laboured and correct translation of this book, than of any of the former. In his postscript to the reader he tells us, “ If the last *Æneid* shine among its fellows, 'tis owing to the commands of Sir W. Trumbull, one of the principal secretaries of state, who recommended it as his favourite to my care ; and for his sake particularly I have made it mine.” And afterwards, “ Being invited by that worthy gentleman Sir W. Bowyer, at Denham Court, I translated the first *Georgic* at his house, and the greatest part of the last *Æneid*. A more friendly entertainment no man ever found : no wonder therefore if both those versions surpass the rest, &c.” From hence we may reasonably conclude, that want of leisure and the conveniences of life occasioned many of the negligencies and inaccuracies so frequent in his translation : but at the same time, it must be owned, that an unwearied spirit, a fire truly poetical, pervades the whole. It

Vaults, with a furious bound, into the car, 450

Shakes the loose reins, and rushes to the war.

Raging he spreads the growing slaughter round :

Some foes expire ; some welter on the ground :

Some fly—in vain ! for, swifter than the wind,

His winged lance arrests 'em from behind. 455

Fierce o'er the prostrate foes the hero rolls

His whirling wheels, and crushes out their souls.

As when on Hebrus' banks the god of war

Flies to the combat on his rattling car ;

Frowns, shouts, and, clashing on his dreadful shield, 460

Lashes his fiery couriers to the field ;

The steeds devour the ground, out-strip the wind,

And leave the pinions of the storm behind :

Thrace feels thro' all her realms their furious course,

Shook by the prancings of the thund'ring horse ; 465

It will perhaps be superfluous to add, that Shakespear in the prologue to Henry V. ver. 5. has a passage of great resemblance to this :

Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars ; and at his heels,
Leapt in like hounds, should Famine, Sword, and Fire,
Crouch for employments.——

The circumstance of Famine, Sword, and Fire, submissively waiting the orders of their master, when they should be let loose to action, is new and sublime.

On occasion of this fine simile, we may observe from Pope, that this is one of those comparisons that draw along with them some foreign circumstances. We must not often expect from Homer and Virgil, those minute resemblances in every branch of a comparison, which are the pride of modern similes. If that which one may call the main action of it, or the principal point of likeness, be preserved ; they affect, as to the rest, rather to present the mind with a great image, than to fix it down to an exact one. They are sure to make a fine picture on the whole, without drudging on the under parts ; like those free painters who (one would think) had only made here and there a few very significant strokes, that give form and spirit to all the piece.

Iraeque, Infidiaeque, dei comitatus, aguntur.
Talis equos alacer media inter proelia Turnus
Fumantis sudore quatit, miserabile caesis
Hostibus insultans : spargit rapida ungula rores 339
Sanguineos, mixtaque cruor calcatur arena. [que,
Jamque neci Sthenelumque dedit, Thamirumque, Pholum-
Hunc congressus et hunc; illum eminus; eminus ambo
Inbrasidas Glaucum atque Laden, quos Inbrasmus ipse
Nutrierat Lycia, paribusque ornaverat armis;
Vel conferre manum, vel equo praevertere ventos. 345
Parte alia media Eumedes in proelia fertur,
Antiqui proles bello praeclara Dolonis;
Nomine avom referens, animo manibusque parentem :
Qui quondam, castra ut Danaûm speculator adiret,
Aufus Pelidae pretium sibi poscere currus; 350
Illum Tydides alio pro talibus ausis
Adfecit pretio : neque equis adspirat Achillis.
Hunc procul ut campo Turnus prospexit aperto,
Ante levi jaculo longum per inane secutus ;
Sistit equos bijugis, et curru defiluit, atque 355
Semanimi labsoque supervenit, et, pede collo
Inpresso, dextrae mucronem extorquet, et alto
Fulgentem tinguat jugulo ; atque haec insuper addit :
En agros, et, quam bello, Trojane, petisti,
Hesperiam metire jacens : haec praemia, qui me 360

Fear, Fraud, and Force, and Flight, a ghastly train
Of horrid fiends, attend him to the plain.

So drove stern Turnus, with resistless might,
His smoking courfers o'er the field of fight ;
Their rapid hoofs thro' heaps of carnage tore ; 470
Plung'd deep into the sands, distain'd with gore ;
O'er piles of dead and dying warriors bound,
And, as they fly, they dash the bloody dust around.

Now hapless Thamyris and Pholus fell,
And now he sent bold Sthenelus to hell. 475
These, hand to hand, he slew, approaching near ;
The last, at distance, with his pointed spear :
At distance both th' Imbrasidæ expire,
Train'd in fair Lycia by their valiant fire :
In closer fight, the dauntless warriors join'd ; 480
Or distanc'd with their steeds the winged wind.

There with high vaunts rush'd proud Eumedes on,
Foredoom'd to fate, ambitious Dolon's son.
Base as his father, with his grandfire's name,
The recreant soldier fought the field of fame, 485
But with the luckless fortune of his fire,
Who claim'd Pelides' courfers for his hire,
When sent the Grecian army to explore ;
Vain fool ! he ventur'd, but return'd no more ;
Slain by Tydides' hand, resign'd his breath, 490
And shar'd a juster recompence in death !
Him when the Daunian hero spy'd from far,
First a light dart he launch'd in open air,
Stops the fleet steeds, and, furious, quits the car ;
Stood o'er the Trojan, prostrate as he lay, 495
Trod on his neck, and wrench'd the sword away.
Then thro' his throat the deadly faulchion thrust,
And thus insults him grov'ling in the dust :
Lie there ! possess the land thy valour gains !
And measure, at thy length, our Latian plains ! 500

Ferro ausi tentare, ferunt : sic moenia condunt.
Huic comitem Asbyten coniecta cuspide mittit :
Chloreaque, Sybarinque, Daretaque, Therfilochumque,
Et sternacis equi labsum cervice Thymoeten.
Ac velut Edoni Borcae cum spiritus alto 365
Insonat Aegaeo, sequiturque ad litora fluctus,
Qua venti incubuere ; fugam dant nubila caelo :
Sic Turno, quacumque viam secat, agmina cedunt,
Conversaeque ruunt acies : fert impetus ipsum,
Et cristam adverso curru quatit aura volantem. 370
Non tulit instantem Phegeus, animisque frementem :
Objecit sese ad currum, et spumantia frenis
Ora citatorum dextra detorsit equorum.
Dum trahitur, pendetque jugis, hunc lata resectum
Lancea consequitur, rumpitque infixā bilicem 375
Loricam, et summum degustat vulnere corpus.
Ille tamen clipeo objecto conversus in hostem
Ibat, et auxilium ducto mucrone petebat.
Cum rota praecipitem, et procursu concitus axis
Impulit, effuditque solo : Turnusque secutus, 380
Imam inter galeam summi thoracis et oras,
Abstulit ense caput, truncumque reliquit arenae.

Such, such deserv'd rewards I still bestow,
When call'd to battle, on the vaunting foe ;
Thus may you build your town, and thus enjoy
These realms, ye proud presumptuous sons of Troy !

Next, by his flying spear Asbutes bled : 505
A second lance laid mighty Chloreus dead.
In Dares' breast he plung'd the pointed steel,
And sent the bold Therfilochus to hell :
Then pierc'd Thymætes with a fatal wound,
Whose flound'ring steed had cast him to the ground. 510
As o'er th' Ægean deeps when Boreas roars,
And rolls the waves tumultuous to the shores,
The driving clouds before the whirlwind fly,
And break, and scatter, thro' the ruffled sky :
So where bold Turnus rush'd, inflam'd with ire, 515
Their orders scatter, and whole hosts retire.

Whirl'd on his rapid car, the hero gains
New rage, new vigour, as he sweeps the plains.
High o'er his helm his crimson crest, inclin'd
By ev'ry breath, nods dreadful in the wind. 520

No more, in proud disdain, cou'd Phegeus bear
To see the hero rule the tide of war ;
But, rashly furious, to the car proceeds,
Seiz'd the loose reins, and turn'd the flying steeds.
Him, as suspended on the yoke he hung, 525
By the swift chariot dragg'd in dust along,
Thro' the bor'd corslet, the sharp jav'lin found,
And ras'd the warrior with a slender wound.
Yet with his shield oppos'd he dares the blow,
And with his brandish'd sword assaults the foe. 530
The whirling wheels, with fiery speed impell'd,
Soon shoot him headlong on the sanguine field.
Swift Turnus follow'd ; and his faulchion drew ;
Between the cuirass and the head it flew :
The gushing blood distains the sands around, 535
And the pale trunk lay grov'ling on the ground.

Atque ea dum campis victor dat funera Turnus,
 Interea Aenean Mnestheus et fidus Achates,
 Ascaniusque comes, castris statuere cruentum, 385
 Alternos longa nitentem cuspide gressus.
 Saevit, et infracta luctatur arundine telum
 Eripere, auxilioque viam, quae proxima, poscit :
 Ense secent lato volnus, telique latebram
 Rescindant penitus, seseque in bella remittant. 390
 Jamque aderat Phoebus ante alios dilectus Iapyx
 Iasides : acri quondam cui captus amore
 Ipse suas artis, sua munera, laetus Apollo
 Augurium, citharamque dabat, celerisque sagittas.
 Ille, ut depositi proferret fata parentis, 395
 Scire potestates herbarum usumque medendi
 Maluit, et mutas agitare inglorius artis.
 Stabat acerba fremens, ingentem nixus in hastam
 Aeneas, magno juvenum et maerentis Iuli
 Concurfu, lacrimis immobilis. ille retorto 400
 Paonium in morem senior succinctus amictu,
 Multa manu medica Phoebeque potentibus herbis
 Nequidquam trepidat, nequidquam spicula dextra
 Sollicitat, prensatque tenaci forcipe ferrum.
 Nulla viam Fortuna regit : nil auctor Apollo 405
 Subvenit : et saevus campis magis ac magis horror
 Crebrescit, propiusque malum est. jam pulvere caelum

540. *Attend the Trojan prince.*] The reader is alarmed at our hero's being wounded at so critical a time. His impatience to be healed, and to rush again to the battle, and the turn his presence gives to the army, deserve to be particularly admired.

541. *As propt, and leaning on the spear, he went.*] This is a true interpretation of *nitentem*. The epithet *longa* undoubtedly improves the image, which Trapp was not aware of, who translates *longa hasta*, ashen spear. This line seems to have been an hint to Milton, in his description of Satan walking over the burning soil of hell :

His spear, to equal which, the tallest pine,
 Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
 Of some proud admiral, were but a wand,
 He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps
 Over the burning marle. —

Thus while the conqu'ring chief his progress held,
 Rag'd, storm'd, and reign'd the master of the field;
 Achates, Mnestheus, and the royal heir,
 Attend the Trojan prince with duteous care, 540
 (As propt, and leaning on the spear, he went);
 And plac'd the bleeding hero in the tent.
 The steel, deep-riveted, with eager hands
 He tugs impatient, and their aid demands,
 More wide to lay the wound, a passage bare, 545
 Unroot the dart, and send him to the war.

Now came Iapis to relieve his pain,
 Of old by Phœbus lov'd, nor lov'd in vain.
 On whom the god had proffer'd to bestow
 His lyre, his bays, his prescience, and his bow. 550
 But (to prolong his drooping father's days)
 The youth refus'd his arrows, lyres, and bays,
 And prescient skill; but chose the healing part,
 A silent, useful, tho' inglorious art.

Unmov'd with all the sorrow and the care 555
 Of friends, attendants, and the royal heir,
 His mighty spear, th' impatient chief sustains,
 Who grinds his teeth for rage, nor heeds the glowing pains.
 The sage now hastens to the task assign'd,
 And first dispatchful tucks his robes behind; 560
 Tries all the vegetable pow'rs around,
 To cool the smart, and mitigate the wound.
 His hands solicit now with tender art;
 Now tug in vain with vigour at the dart.
 At length he pray'd; nor Phœbus heard the pray'r; 565
 And nearer ev'ry moment pour'd the war,

550. *His lyre, his bays, his prescience, and his bow.*]

Augurium, citharamque dabat, celerisque sagittas.

Mentioned by Callimachus, in Hymn. Apollin.

Φοῖβω γὰρ καὶ τόξον ἐπιτίθειται, καὶ αἰσὶν,

Κεῖναι δὲ θεαὶ καὶ μαντιᾶς.——

“To Apollo belongs the bow, and the art of music; and his are the stones made use of by soothsayers.”

Stare vident : subeunt equites, et spicula castris
 Densa cadunt mediis. it tristis ad aethera clamor
 Bellantum juvenum, et duro sub Marte cadentum. 410
 Hic Venus, indigno gnati concussa dolore,
 Dictamnium genetrix Cretaea carpit ab Ida,
 Puberibus caulem foliis et flore comantem
 Purpureo : non illa feris incognita capris
 Gramina, cum tergo volucres haesere sagittae. 415
 Hoc Venus, obscuro faciem circumdata nimbo,
 Detulit : hoc fuscum labris splendentibus amnem
 Inficit, occulte medicans : spargitque salubris
 Ambrosiae succos, et odoriferam panaceam.
 Fovit ea volnus lymphæ longævus Iapex 420
 Ignorans ; subitoque omnis de corpore fugit
 Quippe dolor : imo stetit omnis vulnere sanguis.
 Jamque secuta manum, nullo cogente, sagitta
 Excidit, atque novae rediere in pristina vires.
 Arma citi properate viro. quid statis ? Iapex 425
 Conclamat, primusque animos accendit in hostem.

569. *Foes drew nigh.*] This circumstance heightens our wounded hero's impatience ; as the uneasiness he expresses, shews his warmth and eagerness to return to battle.

575. *A branch of sov'reign dittany.*] The text is here much controverted.

The common editions read *dictamnium genetrix*, &c. Catrou reads, for *dictamnium*, *Ipsa manu genetrix*, in which he follows Donatus. His reasons for such a reading are ; 1. Because the word *dictamnium* is useless here ; for why should the poet mention the proper name of a plant, which he makes a particular description of, sufficient to distinguish it from any other ? 2. We should read (if we would mention the proper name at all) *dictamni caulem*. 3. *Ipsa manu* gives us a stronger idea of maternal care ; she crop't this salutary plant with her own hand.— All these reasons (says Catrou), strengthened by the authority of Donatus, who affirms, that some manuscripts read so in his time, have induced me to choose this reading. It must be added, that there is an objection made to the word *dictamnium*, drawn from the description here given of it. Pliny reports, B. 25. c. 8. *Flos nullus [dictamno] est, aut semen, aut caulis*. Theophrastus gives it flowers ; Dioscorides, c. 32. l. 3. tells us, that it is a Cretan plant of an harsh taste : that it is soft, and like the *pulegium*, pennyroyal ; but with larger leaves, and those woolly or downy ; that it has neither flower nor seed ; that the

Thick and more thick the growing horrors rise ;
A cloud of dust involves the golden skies.
The trampling steeds, the thundring foes, drew nigh,
And 'midst the camp the show'ring jav'lins fly. 570
The mingling cries from ev'ry part resound ;
Some shout, some groan, some gasp upon the ground.

Now, touch'd with pity for the hero's pain,
Descends the goddess mother on the plain.
A branch of sov'reign dittany she bore, 575
From Ida gather'd, on the Cretan shore.

Luxuriant leaves the taper stalk array ;
The stalk in flow'rs ; the flow'rs in purple gay.
The goats, when pierc'd at distance by the dart,
Apply the med'cine to the wounded part. 580

This juice, while clouds conceal her radiant face,
The queen infuses in the golden vase ;
Tempers with scented panacee the whole,
And with ambrosial liquors crowns the bowl.
Nor knew the sage the succour that he found, 585
But with the balmy mixture bathes the wound.

At once the throbbing anguish past away ;
Stanch'd was the blood, and in the bottom lay.
The dart, tho' deeply rooted, at command
Moves up, and answers the physician's hand. 590

His former vigour now succeeds to pain,
And life burns bright in all her pow'rs again.
Iap's first perceiv'd th' immortal art,
That cool'd the raging pangs, and clos'd the part.
Raptur'd he saw the cure ; and first impell'd 595

The prince, renew'd in courage, to the field.
Arms for the chief, he cries, prepare his arms ;
And instant send him to the dire alarms.

juice of it heals wounds made with iron. But Catrou mentions
some other botanical writers, who describe it according to our
poet.

Non haec humanis opibus, non arte magistra
 Proveniunt. neque te, Aenea, mea dextera servat :
 Major agit deus, atque opera ad majora remittit.
 Ille avidus pugnae furas incluserat auro 430
 Hinc atque hinc, oditque moras, hastamque coruscat.
 Postquam habilis lateri clipeus loricaque tergo est,
 Ascanium fufis circum complectitur armis,
 Summaque per galeam delibans oscula fatur :
 Disce, puer, virtutem ex me verumque laborem ; 435
 Fortunam ex aliis. nunc te mea dextera bello
 Defensum dabit, et magna inter praemia ducet.
 Tu facito, mox cum matura adoleverit aetas,
 Sis memor, et te animo repetentem exempla tuorum
 Et pater Aeneas et avunculus excitet Hector. 440
 Haec ubi dicta dedit, portis sese extulit ingens,
 Telum inmane manu quatiens : simul agmine denso
 Antheusque Mnestheusque ruunt ; omnisque relictis
 Turba fluit castris. caeco tum pulvere campus
 Miscetur, pulsuque pedum tremit excita tellus. 445
 Vidit ab adverfo venientis aggere Turnus,

603. *Had cover'd o'er.*] He had already done it, *incluserat* :
 he had not lost a moment's time.

611. *From me true courage, and in camps to dare,
 From others, learn, my son, success in war.*]

Virgil borrowed this sentiment from the Ajax of Sophocles,
 ver. 553.

Ω παῖ, γενεῖο πατρός εὐτυχέστερος,
 Τα δ' ἀλλ' ὁμοῖος, καὶ γενεῖαν ἢ κακός.

There is something highly pleasing in this scene of Sophocles,
 to behold the stern and rugged Ajax melted into tenderness at
 the sight of his child, whom he begs to see when he is just re-
 covered from his madness : the whole is extremely pathetic, and
 puts one in mind of that fine stroke of nature in Lucretius,
 B. V. 1016.

— *Puerique parentum*

Blanditiis facile ingenium fregere superbum.

Fulvius Ursinus observes, that Attius, in his *Judgment of the
 Armour*

This cure, great hero, is no work of mine,
 Not mortal art, but done by hands divine. 600
 Thy life some guardian god has made his care,
 Who sends thee back to fight, and conquer in the war.

The fierce, impatient prince, had cover'd o'er
 His manly legs with golden greaves before.
 Now, all on fire, his mighty lance he took, 605
 And in his hand the pond'rous weapon shook.
 High on his arm the heav'nly shield he rais'd ;
 And, on his breast, the radiant cuirass blaz'd.
 Then, with a close embrace he strain'd his son ;
 And kiss'd him thro' his helm, and thus begun. 610

From me true courage, and in camps to dare,
 From others learn, my son, success in war.
 I go to labour in the bloody fray,
 To fight, and guard thee, in the dreadful day ;
 To crown thee with a bright immortal name ; 615
 To teach thy youth the glorious paths to fame.
 Thou, in thy riper years, the virtues trace,
 And copy all the worthies of thy race.
 Thy soul may Hector and Æneas fire,
 Thy godlike uncle, and thy martial fire ! 620

So spoke the hero, and, by rage impell'd,
 Tow'r'd from the tent, majestic, to the field ;
 Shook an huge jav'lin in his vig'rous hand ;
 And with their chief pour'd forth the martial band.
 Antheus and Mhesstheus led th' embattled train, 625
 And all rush'd furious to the deathful plain.
 Beneath the warriors groans the trembling ground,
 And clouds of dust involve the region round.

Now Turnus and his host the foe beheld
 From a high mound, advancing o'er the field. 630

Armour (a play copied from Æschylus), makes use of the same sentiment :

Virtuti sis par, dispar fortunæ patris.

Videre Aufonii, gelidusque per ima cucurrit
 Ossa tremor. prima ante omnis Juturna Latinos
 Audiit, agnovitque sonum, et tremefacta refugit.
 Ille volat, campoque atrum rapit agmen aperto. 450
 Qualis ubi ad terras abrupto fidere nimbus
 It mare per medium : miseris, heu, praescia longe
 Horrescunt corda agricolis : dabit ille ruinas
 Arboribus, stragemque satis ; ruet omnia late :
 Ante volant, sonitumque ferunt ad litora venti. 455
 Talis in adversos ductor Rhoetæius hostis
 Agmen agit : densi cuneis se quisque coactis
 Adglomerant. ferit ense gravem Thymbraeus Osirin,
 Archetium Mnestheus, Epulonem obtruncat Achates,
 Ufentemque Gyas. cadit ipse Tolumnius augur, 460
 Primus in adversos telum qui torserat hostis.
 Tollitur in caelum clamor, versique vicissim
 Pulverulenta fuga Rutuli dant terga per agros.
 Ipse neque averfos dignatur sternere morti,
 Nec pede congressos aequo, nec tela ferentis 465
 Insequitur : solum densa in caligine Turnum
 Vestigat lustrans, solum in certamina poscit.
 Hoc concussa metu mentem Juturna virago

637. *As when some tempest.*] From Homer Iliad. B. iv. 275.

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀπο σκοπῆς εἶδεν νεφὸς αἰπὸλος αἰῆς,
 Ἐρχομένην κατὰ πόντον ὑπὸ Ζεφύροιο ἰῶης,
 Τῷ δὲ τ' ἀνιὲν ἔοντι μέλαντιρον ἥτε πῖσσα
 Φαίνεται ἄορ κατὰ πόντος, αἶγι δὲ τε λαίλαψα πολλήν,
 Ριγῆσεν τε ἰδὼν, ὑπὸ τε σῶτος ἤλασε μῆλα.

The image of the shepherd on the mountain, seeing the storm rising from the sea, is beautiful, as is the close of this comparison. But in the Greek poet, the soldiers, thickening their files, are compared to a storm ; in the Roman, the general Æneas is compared to a destructive tempest. There seems to be a kind of *protopoeia* in those words :

—— *Dabit ille ruinas*

Arboribus, stragemque satis ; ruet omnia late.

As if the husbandmen, on seeing the storm approach, cried out, “ this will destroy our trees, our corn, &c.”

Th' astonish'd troops a gen'ral fear confounds ;
 But first his sister heard the dreadful sounds.
 Too well she knew the dire alarms from far,
 And trembling fled before the moving war.
 Fierce, with their leaders, march the Trojan train ; 635
 And the black squadrons darken all the plain.
 As when some tempest o'er mid ocean roars,
 And wing'd with whirlwinds, gathers to the shores ;
 With boding hearts the peasants hear from far
 The fullen murmurs of the distant war ; 640
 Foresee the harvests levell'd with the ground,
 And all the forests spread in ruins round ;
 Swift to the land the hollow grumbling wind
 Flies, and proclaims the furious storm behind.
 So swift, so furious, great Æneas flew, 645
 And led against the foes the martial crew.
 The thick'ning squadrons, wedg'd in close array,
 In one black body win their desp'rate way.
 By Mnestheus slain, in dust Archefius lies,
 And by Thymbræus' sword Osiris dies. 650
 Next Gyas' lance the mighty Ufens sped,
 And Epulo by brave Achates bled.
 Ev'n curs'd Tolumnius fell, whose fatal spear,
 Launch'd at the Dardan host, renew'd the war.
 A peal of shouts, tumultuous, tore the sky, 655
 And o'er the field the pale Rutulians fly.
 But with disdain the Trojan hero glows ;
 Nor wastes his vengeance on inferior foes.
 He scorns to fight the few who stand their ground,
 Or on their backs the flying crowds to wound : 660
 Turnus, and him alone, he calls aloud
 To fight, and hunts him thro' the dusty cloud.
 On this, his anxious sister, seiz'd with fear,
 Hurl'd from his lofty seat the charioteer,

664. *Hurl'd from his lofty seat the charioteer.*
 This fiction is imitated from Homer, where Minerva takes the
 place of Sthenelus in Diomedes's car:

Aurigam Turni media inter lora Metiscum
 Excutit, ac longe labsum temone relinquit. 470
 Ipsa subit, manibusque undantis flectit habenas,
 Cuncta gerens, vocemque, et corpus, et arma, Metisci.
 Nigra velut magnas domini cum divitis aedes
 Pervolat, ac pennis alta atria lustrat hirundo,
 Pabula parva legens, nidisque loquacibus escas; 475
 Et nunc porticibus vacuis, nunc humida circum
 Stagna sonat: similis medios Juturna per hostis
 Fertur equis, rapidoque volans obit omnia curru:
 Jamque hic, germanum, jamque hic, ostentat ovantem:
 Nec conferre manum patitur: volat avia longe. 480
 Haud minus Aeneas tortos legit obviis orbis,
 Vestigatque virum, et disiecta per agmina longa
 Voce vocat. quoties oculos conjecit in hostem,
 Alipedumque fugam cursu tentavit equorum;
 Averfos toties currus Juturna retorfit. 485
 Heu, quid agat? vario nequidquam fluctuat aestu;
 Diverfaeque vocant animum in contraria curae.
 Huic Messapus, uti laeva duo forte gerebat
 Lenta, levis cursu, praefixa hastilia ferro,
 Horum unum certo contorquens dirigit ictu. 490
 Substitit Aeneas, et se conlegit in arma
 Poplite subsidens: apicem tamen incita summum
 Hasta tulit, summasque excussit vertice cristas.

She said, and, to the steed approaching near,
 Drew from his seat the martial charioteer.
 The vig'rous pow'r the trembling car ascends,
 Fierce for revenge; and Diomed attends.
 The groaning axle bent beneath the load,
 So great an hero, and so great a * god.
 She snatch'd the reins, she lash'd with all her force,
 And full on Mars impell'd the foaming horse.
 But first, to hide her heav'nly visage, spread
 Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head.

POPE'S *Hom. Il. B. V.* 1028.

This description, it must be confessed, as much exceeds Virgil's, as Minerva is a more potent divinity than Juturna.

* *Minerva.*

Metiscus the renown'd; tost far away,
The wond'ring chief beneath the harness lay,
Herself assumes his armour, voice and air;
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the car.

665

As the black swallow, that, in quest of prey,
Round the proud palace wings her wanton way,
When for her children she provides the feast,
To still the clamours of the craving nest;
Now wild excursions round the cloysters takes;
Now, sportive winds, or skims along the lakes:
So flies the goddess on the rapid car,
From side to side, and traverses the war:
Now here, now there, she brings the chief to fight;
But still she turns him from the fatal fight.

670

675

Nor less the prince unravels all her ways,
And hunts his foes thro' ev'ry various maze;
Thrills all the shifting course, and breaks the crowd
With furious speed, and calls the chief aloud.
Oft has he spy'd him, and approach'd the car;
As oft his sister plung'd amid the war.
Where-e'er the Trojan hero bends his course;
Averse the goddess turns the flying horse.
What should he do? a thousand thoughts divide
His way'ring soul, that points to ev'ry side!
When lo! Messapus cross'd him in the field,
And in his hand two shining jav'lines held.
One, at the prince, with level'd aim, he threw:
Beneath his shield the cautious prince withdrew;
Low bending on his knee, secure he lay;
But the swift jav'lin strikes his plume away.

680

685

690

669. *As the black swallow.*] This rural simile has a good effect in relieving the mind of the reader from the bloody and busy scenes he has just been engaged in. It is borrowed, as we have seen many of Virgil's are, from Apollonius; Fulvius Ursinus takes no notice of this in his curious collection.

Tum vero adsurgunt irae, infidiisque subactus,
 Diversos ubi sentit equos, currumque referri, 495
 Multa Jovem et laesi testatus foederis aras,
 Jam tandem invadit medios, et Marte secunda
 Terribilis, saevam nullo discrimine caedem
 Suscitât; irarumque omnis effundit habenas.
 Quis mihi nunc tot acerba deus, quis carmine caedes 500
 Diversas, obitumque ducum, quos aequore toto
 Inque vicem nunc Turnus agit, nunc Troïus heros,
 Expediat? tanton' placuit concurrere motu,
 Juppiter, aeterna gentis in pace futuras?
 Aeneas Rutulum Sucronem, (ea prima ruentis 505
 Pugna loco statuit Teucros) haud multa moratus,
 Excipit in latus, et, qua fata celerrima, crudum
 Transadigit costas et crates pectoris ensen.
 Turnus equo dejectum Amycum, fratremque Diorem
 Congressus pedes: hunc venientem cuspide longa, 510
 Hunc mucrone ferit; curruque abscissa duorum
 Suspendit capita, et rorantia sanguine portat.
 Ille Talon, Tanaïque neci, fortemque Cethegum,
 Tris uno congressu, et maestum mittit Oniten,
 Nomen Echionium, matrisque genus Peridiaë, 515
 Hic fratres Lycia missos et Apollinis agris,
 Et juvenem exosum nequidquam bellâ Menoeten

699. — Nor check nor bound
 His fury knew.]

— *Irarumque omnis effundit habenas.*

Ennius, from whom Virgil borrowed this metaphor, is still bolder:

Irarumque effunde quadrigas.

An expression quite in the Asiatic spirit, and so sublime, that it borders upon extravagance. Virgil has judiciously softened this metaphor, and by using the word *habenæ*, has brought it nearer to common sense, and consequently rendered it more pleasing to the generality of readers, who are apt *verbum ali-quod ardens notare*. Dryden called such, his prose critics.

703. *What god.*] This address of the poet begging some deity to assist him in describing the ensuing battle, adds great dignity

Then when the meditated fraud he view'd, 695
 That still his rival fled, as he pursu'd ;
 He first invok'd the Thund'rer to redress
 The rites profan'd, and violated peace ;
 Then rush'd amid the train ; nor check nor bound
 His fury knew, but stretch'd the slaughter round. 700
 The faithless foe he thinks it vain to spare,
 And, fir'd with vengeance, gives a loose to war.
 What god will now inspire me, to display
 The rage of death, and horrors of the day ?
 What crowds of heroes perish'd on the plain, 705
 By mighty Turnus, and Æneas, slain !
 Was it thy will the nations should engage
 (Great fire of heav'n) with such unbounded rage ?
 So soon from war and violence to cease,
 Leagu'd in a bond of everlasting peace ? 710
 Æneas first slew Sucrio in the fight,
 Whose sword had turn'd the Trojan troops to flight.
 With a swift stroke, and all his force apply'd,
 He plung'd the deadly **faulchion** in his side.
 Then, with his brother, **Amycus** was kill'd, 715
 Cast from their steed by **Turnus** on the field.
 With the long lance, this tow'ring chief he gor'd :
 Thro' that, impetuous, drove the pointed sword :
 Then, on his chariot hung, in triumph bore
 Their heads aloft, that dropp'd with livid gore : 720
 Next, at one charge, on three **bold** chiefs he slew ;
 Talos, and Tanais, and Cethegus, slew.
 With them, of Theban race, Onytes fell,
 Fair Peridia's son ; and sunk to hell.
 Then bled two brothers, who from Lycia come ; 725
 Nor their own Phœbus could prevent their doom.
 Next poor Menœtes by his arm was slain,
 Who shunn'd so long the dreadful war in vain ;

dignity and importance to the narration, and awakens the reader's curiosity and attention. The expostulation with Jupiter likewise, ver. 708. exceedingly heightens the subject.

Arcada: piscosae cui Lernae flumina circum
 Ars fuerat, pauperque domus; nec nota potentum
 Limina: conductaque pater tellure ferebat. 520
 Ac velut inmissi diversis partibus ignes
 Arentem in silvam, ac virgulta sonantia lauro;
 Aut ubi decursu rapido de montibus altis
 Dant sonitum spumosi amnes, et in aequora currunt,
 Quisque suum populatus iter: non segnius ambo 525
 Aeneas Turnusque ruunt per proelia: nunc, nunc
 Fluctuat ira intus: rumpuntur nescia vinci
 Pectora: nunc totis in volnera viribus itur.
 Murrhanum hic, atavos et avorum antiqua sonantem
 Nomina, per regesque actum genus omne Latinos, 530
 Praecipitem scopulo, atque ingentis turbine saxi
 Excutit, effunditque solo. hunc lora et juga subter
 Provolvere rotae: crebro super ungula pulsu
 Incita nec domini memorum proculcat equorum.
 Ille ruenti Hyllo animisque inmane frementi 535
 Occurrit, telumque aurata ad tempora torquet:
 Olli per galeam fixa stetit hasta cerebro.

729. *A skilful angler.*] The addition of this circumstance is quite in the spirit of Homer; who generally diversifies and softens the descriptions of his battles, by distinguishing (as Pope observes) the *profession, business, age, office, nation, family, &c.* of every warrior that is slain. One is a blooming youth, whose father dissuaded him from the war; one is a priest, whose piety could not save him; one is a sportsman, whom Diana taught in vain; one is a native of a far distant country, who is never to return; one is descended from a noble line, which is to end in his death; one is made remarkable by his boasting, another by his beseeching; and another, who is distinguished by nothing else, is marked by his habit, and the singularity of his armour. One has left an aged father, another a palace unfinished, or a wife he was fond of, or children that will be made captives.

733. *At the fierce flames.*] The accumulation of comparisons carries in it a fine enthusiasm. The principal image (says Pope, *Il. B. XIV*) is more strongly impressed on the mind, by a multiplication of similes, which are the natural product of an imagination labouring to express something very vast; but finding no single idea sufficient to answer its conceptions, it endeavours

A skilful angler ; once he made abode,
 Blest'd with content, by Lerna's plenteous flood. 730
 There dress'd his father, to the great unknown,
 A stranger field, and furrows not his own.

As the fierce flames thro' the tall forest fly,
 This way and that, and kindle all the sky ;
 Or rapid torrents from the mountains sweep, 735
 Roar down the sides, and thunder to the deep ;
 With weight resistless, and destructive sway,
 O'er half a ruin'd country break their way :
 So thro' the field, in diff'rent parts engag'd,
 As swift and fierce the rival heroes rag'd, 740
 They burst with wrath ; they rise to ev'ry blow ;
 They send their souls with ev'ry lance they throw.

A rock's vast weight the great Æneas threw :
 Th' enormous fragment like a whirlwind flew,
 And hurl'd Murranus on the ground, who brings 745
 His vaunted lineage from the Latian kings.
 Headlong the warrior from the chariot flies
 Amidst the harness, and incumber'd lies :
 The coursers startle at the flaming sword ;
 Paw down, and trample on their dying lord. 750

On Hyllus, Turnus rush'd with all his might,
 As, fir'd with rage, the chief advanc'd to fight.
 Full at his golden helmet, o'er the plain
 The jav'lin flew, and stung him to the brain :

deavours by redoubling the comparisons to supply this defect.
 We have several instances of this sort even in so castigated and
 reserved a writer as Virgil. There is a noble chain of such
 similes in Tasso, Canto IX. Stanza 22.

*Rapido sì che torbida procella
 De cavernosi monti esce più tarda ;
 Fiume, ch' alberi insieme e case snella ;
 Falgore, che te torri abbatta, E arda :
 Terremoto, che'l mondo empia d'orrore,
 Son picciole sembianza al suo furore.*

Dexterâ nec tuâ te, Graiûm fortissimè Creteu,
 Eripuit Turno: nec dî texere Cupencum,
 Aenea veniente, sui. dedit obvia ferro 540
 Pectora: nec misero clipei mora profuit aerei.
 Te quoque Laurentes viderunt, Aeole, campi
 Obpetere, et late terram consternere tergo.
 Occidis, Argivæ quem non potuere phalanges
 Sternere, nec Priami regnorum everfor Achilles. 545
 Hic tibi mortis erant metae: domus alta sub Ida;
 Lyrnessi domus alta, solo Laurente sepulcrum.
 Totae adeo conversae acies, omnesque Latini,
 Omnes Dardanidae; Mnestheus, acerque Sereftus,
 Et Messapus equûm domitor, et fortis Asylas, 550
 Tuscorumque phalanx, Euandrique Arcades alae,
 Pro se quisque viri summa nituntur opum vi,
 Nec mora, nec requies: vasto certamine tendunt.
 Hic mentem Aeneae genetrix pulcherrima misit,
 Iret ut ad muros, urbique adverteret agmen 555
 Ocius, et subita turbaret clade Latinos.
 Ille, ut vestigans diversa per agmina Turnum,
 Huc atque huc acies circumtulit; aspicit urbem
 Immunem tanti belli atque inpune quietam.
 Continuo pugnae accendit majoris imago: 560

756. *Thy valour, Creteus.*] A Creteus is likewise killed,
 B. IX. v. 1050. This seems to be a little oversight in the
 poet.

Nor thee, the bravest of the Grecian band,
 Thy valour, Creteus, sav'd from Turnus' hand ! 755
 Next fell the priest Cupencus in the strife,
 Nor his own gods could guard his sacred life ;
 Full in his breast Æneas plung'd the dart,
 That pierc'd the shield, and quiver'd in his heart. 760

Then bled great Æolus, by Turnus kill'd,
 And sunk, a bulk enormous, on the field !
 Whom not the Grecian heroes could destroy,
 Nor all their armies, in the wars of Troy,
 Nor great Achilles with his vengeful steel, 765
 Tho' by his arm the Phrygian empire fell.
 Here ends his life ; his stately palace stood
 Beneath fair Ida's consecrated wood :
 There liv'd the mighty man ; his cold remains
 At length lie bury'd in the Latian plains. 770

Now in all parts the martial squadrons wage
 A gen'ral war, with undistinguish'd rage.
 The Latian, Trojan, and Rutulian force,
 The Tuscan cohorts, and Arcadian horse,
 Beneath their chiefs, embattled, spread the plain ; 775
 Here Mnestheus, there Sereftus, fires the train ;
 Here great Asylas swept the field ; and there
 Storm'd brave Messapus, the renown'd in war.
 Each fights, as in his arm the mighty day,
 With all the fate of his great gen'ral, lay ; 780
 No stop, no check the fiery warriors knew ;
 With their long toils their kindling ardor grew,
 And with fresh vigor to the combat flew. }

But Venus now inspires her godlike son
 To leave the field, and storm th' imperial town. 785
 As following Turnus thro' the ranks he flies,
 From side to side he darts his eager eyes ;
 When, lo ! before him, in a full survey,
 Exempt from war, the fenceless city lay.
 He views the promis'd prize with stern delight ; 790
 His soul takes fire, and kindles at the sight.

Mnesthea Sergeſtumque vocat fortemque Sereſtum
 Ductores, tumulumque capit: quo cetera Teucrûm
 Concurrit legio: nec ſcuta aut ſpicula denſi
 Deponunt, celſo medius ſtans aggere fatur:
 Ne qua meis eſto dictis mora. Juppiter hac ſtat. 565
 Neu quis ob inceptum ſubitum mihi ſegnior ito.
 Urbem hodie cauſſam belli, regna ipſa Latini
 (Ni frenum accipere, et victi parere fatentur)
 Eruam, et aequa ſolo ſumantia culmina ponam.
 Scilicet exſpectem, libeat dum proelia Turno 570
 Noſtra pati; rurſumque velit concurrere victus?
 Hoc caput, ô cives, haec belli ſumma nefandi.
 Ferte faces propere, foedusque repoſcite ſtammis.
 Dixerat: atque animis pariter certantibus omnes
 Dant cuneum; denſaque ad muros mole feruntur. 575
 Scalae inproviſo, ſubitusque adparuit ignis.
 Diſcurreunt alii ad portas, primosque trucidant:
 Ferrum alii torquent, et obumbrant aethera telis.
 Ipſe inter primos dextram ſub moenia tendit
 Aeneas, magnaſque incuſat voce Latinum; 580
 Teſtaturque deos iterum ſe ad proelia cogi:
 Bis jam Italos hoſtis, haec altera foedera rumpi.
 Exoritur trepidos inter diſcordia civis:

792. *Sudden the hero calls his chiefs around,
 With all his bands, and mounts a riſing ground.*

It was a cuſtom of leaders, to harangue their troops from ſome eminence. This appears from their figures on medals, where we find the inſcription ADLOCVTIO; the ſoldiers being repreſented in arms.

812. *All wedg'd.*] One of the figures in which the Romans drew up their battle, was called *cuneus*, when an army was ranged in the form of a wedge; the moſt proper to pierce and break the order of an enemy. This too was ſometimes called *caput porcinum*, which in ſome meaſure it reſembled. Count Algarotti has written an ingenious diſcourſe to prove that Virgil was well ſkilled in the art military, and ſays he has deſcribed all the engagements with ſcience and propriety.

822. *Compell'd.*] This circumſtance artfully juſtifies the hero's undertaking.

Sudden the hero calls his chiefs around,
With all his bands, and mounts a rising ground.
Then, as they rais'd their ample shields, and shook
Their pointed lances, their bold leader spoke. 795
Attend, and instant these commands obey ;
Inspir'd by fav'ring Jove, who points the way :
All speed this noble enterprize demands,
Claims all your care, and urges all your hands.
This day, this hour, unless the Latians yield, 800
And own your chief the victor of the field,
Ev'n from the lowest stone my rage shall tear
Yon town, the source of this destructive war.
Yon perjur'd court my vengeance shall confound,
And those proud tow'rs lie smoking on the ground. 805
Twice have we vanquish'd the Rutulian train ;
Still must I wait till Turnus will be slain ?
No !—at yon walls the sure destruction aim ;
Revenge the broken league with sword and flame ;
Your arms against the guilty city bend : 810
There the dire war began, and there shall end.
Rous'd at the word, all wedg'd in firm array,
Strait to the town the squadrons urge their way.
They tofs the brands, the searing engines rear,
And round the ramparts rose the sudden war. 815
Some to the portals fly with speed, and slay
The guards or citizens who cross their way.
Some hurl the vengeful darts ; the jav'lins fly
In dusky clouds, and intercept the sky.
Æneas rais'd his hand, amid the croud, 820
Calls, and upbraids the Latian prince aloud,
Obtesting Heav'n, that, wounded, and compell'd
By his perfidious foes, he took the field ;
That twice the rites of peace their arms profane,
And from their impious rage a second war began. 825
But mad confusions in the city rise :
'Tis tumult all ; for all at once advise.

Urbem alii referare jubent, et pandere portas
 Dardanidis; ipsumque trahunt in moenia regem: 585
 Arma ferunt alii, et pergunt defendere muros:
 Inclusas ut cum latebroso in pumice pastor
 Vestigavit apes, fumoque inplevit amaro;
 Illae intus trepidae rerum per cerea castra
 Discurrunt, magnisque acuunt stridoribus iras. 590
 Volvitur ater odor tectis: tum murmure caeco
 Intus saxa sonant: vacuas it fumus ad auras.
 Accidit haec fessis etiam fortuna Latinis,
 Quae totam luctu concussit funditus urbem.
 Regina ut tectis venientem prospicit hostem, 595
 Incessi muros, ignis ad tecta volare;
 Nusquam acies contra Rutulas, nulla agmina Turni:
 Infelix pugnae juvenem in certamine credit
 Exstinctum: et, subito mentem turbata dolore,
 Se caussiam, clamat, crimenque, caputque malorum: 600
 Multaque per maestum demens effata furem,
 Purpureos moritura manu discindit amictus,
 Et nodum informis leti trabe nectit ab alta.

832. *So when.*] This simile is taken from Apollonius Rhodius [Argonautic. L. I. ver. 130.]; a poet very rich in beautiful comparisons.

Ὡς δὲ μελισσᾶν σμῆνος μέγα μελοβοτῆρες,
 Ἡ μελισσοκομοὶ πετρῇ ἐν καπνιστοῦσιν,
 Αἰ δὴ τοὶ τειῶς μὲν ἀολλῆες ὅ ἐν σιμβλῶ
 Βομβηδὸν κλονεῖνται, ἐπὶ πορὶ δὲ λιγνυοῖντι
 Καπνῷ τυφομέναι πετρῆς ἱκίης αἰσθῶσιν.

Which I have here attempted to translate:

As when the swains, of honey studious, strive
 To chase the swarms from some deep cavern'd hive,
 Sudden, impatient of the rising fumes,
 Thick and more thick, they press within the waxen rooms;
 Then from their smoky cells tumultuous pour,
 And to the skies, releas'd, in airy circles tow'r.

Virgil, according to custom, has heightened every circumstance. *Trepidæ rerum*, says Dr. Trapp, is a delicate poetical elegance, for *Solicitæ de rebus suis*. Our poet never speaks of his favourite bees without a seeming pleasure, and in a laboured style.

These arm, and fly to guard the walls ; and those,
More loud, demand admission for the foes.

Some, to renew the peace, with clamours bring 830
Ev'n to the gates the helpless hoary king.

So when the swain invades, with stifling smoke,
The bees close-cluster'd in a cavern'd rock,
They rise ; and, trembling for th' endanger'd state,
Inflam'd with wrath, with fell revenge and hate, 835
This way, and that, in loud tumultuous swarms,
Fly o'er their waxen town with hoarse alarms.
The steams offensive roll the cells around ;
Their sullen murmurs through the rock resound :
While, thick'ning, thro' the cleft the smokes arise, 840
And in a length of vapours mount the skies.

But to complete and aggravate their fears,
A new mischance involv'd the town in tears.
For, when the wretched queen beheld on high
O'er the proud domes the fiery tempest fly ; 845
The ramparts storm'd ; th' exulting Trojans near ;
Nor Turnus' troops before the town appear ;
Many a long look she cast, but cast in vain ;
And in her fears concludes the hero slain ;
She raves against the gods in wild despair ; 850
She calls herself the auth'refs of the war :
A thousand plaints she vented o'er and o'er,
And in her rage her purple garments tore.
Then on a lofty beam, the matron ty'd
The noose dishonest, and obscenely dy'd. 855

854. *Then, on a lofty beam.*] Some nicer critics are highly offended, that Virgil should send Amata out of the world in so vulgar a manner. But this objection is owing to a want of considering the notions and manners of different ages and countries. In Apollonius Rhod. Argonaut. B. 1. Clyte, wife to Cyzicus king of the Dolonians, hangs herself, ver. 1063, &c. As does Jocasta in the eleventh book of the Odyssey. In the Oedipus of Sophocles likewise Jocasta dies in the same manner:

Οὐ δὲ κρεμάσθην τὴν γυναῖκα στεῖδομεν
Πλεκταῖς αἰσῶσις ἐμπιπλεγμένη.

Ver. 1286.

Quam cladem miserae postquam accepere Latinae,
 Filia prima manu floreat Lavinia crinis, 605
 Et roseas laniata genas; tum cetera circum
 Turba furit: resonant latae plangoribus aedes.
 Hinc totam infelix volgatur fama per urbem:
 Demittunt mentis: it scissa veste Latinus,
 Conjugis adtonitus fatis urbisque ruina, 610
 Canitiem inmundo perfusam pulvere turparis:
 Multaque se incusat, qui non adceperit ante
 Dardanium Aenean, generumque adsciverit ultro.
 Interea extremo bellator in aequore Turnus
 Palantis sequitur paucos, jam segnior, atque 615
 Jam minus atque minus successu laetus equorum.
 Adtulit hunc illi caecis terroribus aura
 Conmixtum clamorem, adrectasque inpulit auris
 Confusae sonus urbis et inlaetabile murmur.
 Hei mihi! quid tanto turbantur moenia luctu? 620
 Quisve ruit tantus diversa clamor ab urbe?
 Sic ait, adductisque amens subsistit habenis.
 Atque huic, in faciem, soror, ut conversa Metisci
 Aurigae, currumque et equos et lora regebat,
 Talibus occurrit dictis; Hac, Turne, sequamur 625
 Trojugenas, qua prima viam victoria pandit:
 Sunt alii, qui tecta manu defendere possint.
 Ingruit Aeneas Italis, ac proelia miscet:
 Et nos faeva manu mittamus funera Teucris.
 Nec numero inferior, pugnae neque honore recedes. 630

856. *Soon through.*] The circumstances of the distress consequent upon Amata's death, are finely chosen, especially Lavinia's grief. The picture of the old pious monarch weeping, tearing his robes, and spreading dust over his hoary head, is very affecting; and with how much consistency of character does he attribute this disaster to his own neglect of the oracle, and refusing Aeneas for his son!

871. *Chas'd.*] The languid flow of the lines in the original expresses weariness and dejection.

Soon through the court the dreadful rumour ran ;
 With frantic sorrow rave the female train.
 Struck with superior grief, Lavinia tears
 Her blooming rosy cheeks, and golden hairs.
 To their loud shrieks the palace-walls reply ; 860
 Thence thro' the town the fatal tidings fly.
 All feel the stroke ; and all the loss lament ;
 His royal robes the rev'rend monarch rent.
 In wild despair, with furious hands he spread
 A cloud of dust o'er all his hoary head ; 865
 And weeps and mourns aloud (a moving scene !)
 His ruin'd empire, and self-murder'd queen.
 Oft, but in vain, he blam'd himself alone,
 That rashly he refus'd the Trojan for his son.

But now more slow his progress Turnus held, 870
 And chas'd a few poor stragglers o'er the field.
 With heartless cheer, dejected, he proceeds ;
 And with their master flag the fiery steeds.
 He hears the tumult in the walls behind,
 Shrieks, cries, and shouts, that thicken in the wind. 875
 Alas ! he cries, what clamours strike my ear !
 What sounds distressful from the town I hear !
 Then to the hero, as the steeds he stay'd,
 Thus in the driver's form the sister said ;
 This way, my lord, your former course pursue, 880
 And urge your conquest o'er the hostile crew.
 Your friends defend the town ; th' Italians there
 Wage with the Dardan chief an equal war.
 Against his Trojans let us bend our way,
 As num'rous, valiant, and renown'd, as they. 885

874. *He hears the tumult.*] From this confusion in the city, with what address does the poet return to the battle ! He makes Turnus, who is in the field, hear the cries and confused noise of the distressed city at a distance ; by this means the poet gains an opportunity of bringing us back to the action.

Turnus ad haec :

O soror, et dudum agnovi, cum prima per artem

Foedera turbasti, teque haec in bella dedisti :

Et nunc nequidquam fallis dea. sed quis Olympo

Demissam voluit tantos te ferre labores ?

635

An fratris miseri letum ut crudele videres ?

Nam quid ago ? spondet quae jam Fortuna salutem ?

Vidi oculos ante ipse meos me voce vocantem

Murrhanum, quo non superat mihi carior alter,

Obpetere ingentem, atque ingenti vulnere victum.

640

Occidit infelix, nostrum ne dedecus, Ufens,

Aspiceret. Teucris potiuntur corpore et armis.

Exscindine domos (id rebus defuit unum)

Perpetiar ? dextra nec Drancis dicta refellam ?

Terga dabo ? ac Turnum fugientem haec terra videbit ?

Usque adeone mori miserum est ? vos o mihi Manes

646

Este boni : quoniam Superis aversa voluntas.

Sancta ad vos anima atque istius infcia culpae

Descendam, magnorum haud umquam indignus avorum.

Vix ea fatus erat ; medios volat ecce per hostis

650

Vectus equo spumante Saces, adversa sagitta

Saucius ora, ruitque inplorans nomine Turnum :

Turne, in te suprema salus : miserere tuorum.

909. *Is it so terrible.*] Great is the spirit and gallantry of this speech ; but it is excelled by the following sentiment of Pindar :

Θανειν δ' ὅσιν αναγκα,
Τι κε τις ανωθυμον γηρας εν σκοτω
Καθημενος εψει ματαν, απαντων
Καλων αμμορος ;

Pindar. Olym. Od. I. Epod. 3.

918. *Full in his face.*] Virgil takes all opportunities of beautifying and enriching his poem with images, and such strokes as would have a fine effect in painting. Thus he could not omit the circumstance of the arrow sticking in the face of the messenger, who comes to inform Turnus of the dangerous situation of his friends, and the success of the enemy. In a picture, which is proverbially filed *mutum poema*, this arrow would produce an admirable expression, artfully calculated to signify distress and danger, and bespeaking bad news.

Sister, the chief replies, whom well I know
(Tho' in a mortal form conceal'd from view)
When you dissolv'd the league, by art with-held
The single fight, and mingled in the field,
O say ! what pow'r dispatch'd thee from the skies, 890
With this sad scene to shock thy mournful eyes ?
To share the labours of the dire debate,
A weeping witness of thy brother's fate ?
That brother soon must perish on the plains !
For ah ! what chance, what beam of hope remains ? 895
I saw my dear Murranus yield his breath,
Who call'd on Turnus in the pangs of death ;
Ev'n yet I see the warrior bite the ground,
And the soul rushing through the mighty wound !
I saw, where, stretch'd in dust, brave Ufens lay, 900
Nor liv'd, this scene of ruin to survey,
But shut out bondage from his closing eyes ;
His corse and arms remain the victor's prize.
And shall I see the city wrapt in flame ?
What else was wanting to complete my shame ? 905
How will the Latians hoot their hero's flight !
Gods !—how will Drances point them to the fight !
But oh !—shall Latium see her hero fly ?—
Is it so terrible but once to die ?—
Hear me, oh hear me, all ye gods below ! 910
Since ev'ry pow'r celestial is my foe ;
Lo ! I descend to your infernal coast,
From realms of light, a great and glorious ghost,
White, and unfully'd with that dire disgrace,
Nor stain the splendors of my regal race ! 915
While yet he spoke, athwart the war with speed
Flew bleeding Sages on his foaming steed.
Full in his face a feather'd arrow stood ;
And to the Daunian chief he calls aloud.
Turnus, on you, our last, last hope depends ; 920
Oh ! haste in pity, and relieve your friends :

Fulminat Aeneas armis, summasque minatur
 Dejecturum arcis Italûm, excidioque daturum : 655
 Jamque faces ad tecta volant. in te ora Latini,
 In te oculos referunt : muslat rex ipse Latinus,
 Quos generos vocet, aut quae sese ad foedera flectat.
 Praeterea Regina, tui fidissima, dextra
 Occidit ipsa sua, lucemque exterrita fugit. 660
 Soli pro portis Messapus et acer Atinas
 Sustenant aciem. circum hos utrimque phalanges
 Stant densae, strictisque seges mucronibus horret
 Ferrea : tu currum deserto in gramine versas.
 Obstupuit varia confusus imagine rerum 665
 Turnus, et obtutu tacito stetit. aestuat ingens
 Uno in corde pudor, mixtoque infania luctu,
 Et furiis agitatus amor, et conscia virtus.
 Ut primum discussae umbrae, et lux reddita menti,
 Ardentis oculorum orbis ad moenia torfit 670
 Turbidus, eque rotis magnam respexit ad urbem.
 Ecce autem flammis inter tabulata volutus
 Ad caelum undabat vortex, turrimque tenebat.
 Turrim, compactis trabibus quam eduxerat ipse,
 Subdideratque rotas, pontisque instraverat altos. 675
 Jam jam fata, soror, superant ; absiste morari :
 Quo deus, et quo dura vocat Fortuna, sequamur.

937. *Thoughts confound the chief.*] The preceding and following circumstances, viz. Turnus's hearing the distant, confused cries of the distressed city, and stopping to listen to them more distinctly ; his mind presaging some sad misfortune ; his pathetic lamentation for the death of many of his best and dearest friends ; and his apprehensions of the bitter sarcasms Drances would cast upon him ; the approach of Sages, who discovers to him that the city is reduced to the last extremity, and that the queen has murdered herself ; and his reproach to Turnus for his ill-timed absence ; his silent and inexpressible sorrow and surprize at this fatal news,

Obstupuit varia confusus imagine rerum ;

and as soon as he returns to himself, his seeing, for the first object, the city in flames ; his telling his sister that he is now resolved

For, raging, to the town Æneas pours,
 To level with the dust the Latian tow'rs.
 See! o'er the roofs the fires tempestuous rise!
 Hark!—how they roar, and thunder in the skies! 925
 All eyes are fix'd on you, and you alone:
 The king himself stands doubtful which to own,
 You, or your Trojan rival, for his son. }
 Yet worse—his queen, till now your chief support,
 Self-murder'd, fills with terror all the court. 930
 Messapus only with Atinas stands,
 To guard the gates, and animate the bands;
 Whom in wedg'd ranks the hostile troops inclose,
 And round them thick an iron harvest grows;
 While you, for whom they fight, neglect the train, 935
 And idly wheel your chariot round the plain!

A thousand various thoughts confound the chief,
 He stood; he gaz'd; his bosom swell'd with grief:
 Pride, conscious valour, fury, love, and shame,
 At once set all the hero in a flame. 940
 Soon as his soul recover'd from the stroke;
 Soon as, dispers'd, the cloud of passion broke;
 Back from his car, the ruin to behold,
 His eager eyes the mournful warrior roll'd,
 Where the fierce fires in burning torrents rise 945
 O'er the tall roofs; and, curling to the skies,
 Had wrapt a tow'r in flames, sublime and strong,
 Rais'd by himself, that roll'd on wheels along;
 Whence the bold soldier broke the war below,
 And rain'd an iron tempest on the foe. 950

Now, sister, fate prevails; no more delay;
 I'll go where rigorous fortune points the way.

solved to perish; and his leaping out of the chariot, and rushing to the fight, are all circumstances, so strongly and naturally conceived and painted, that one can scarce speak of them with that calmness of approbation, which perhaps just criticism demands.

Stat conferre manum Aeneae : stat, quidquid acerbi est,
 Morte pati : neque me indecorem, germana, videbis
 Amplius. hunc, oro, sine me furere ante furorem. 680
 Dixit, et e curru saltum dedit ocus arvis :
 Perque hostis, per tela ruit : moestamque sororem
 Deferit, ac rapido cursu media agmina rumpit.
 Ac veluti montis saxum de vertice praeceps
 Cum ruit avolsu vento, seu turbidus imber 685
 Proluit, aut annis solvit sublapsa vetustas,
 Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu,
 Exultatque solo ; silvas, armenta, virosque
 Involvens secum. disiecta per agmina Turnus
 Sic urbis ruit ad muros ; ubi plurima fuso 690
 Sanguine terra madet, striduntque hastilibus aerae :
 Significatque manu, et magno simul incipit ore :
 Parcite jam, Rutuli ; et vos tela inhibete, Latini :
 Quaecumque est fortuna, mea est : me verius unum
 Pro vobis foedus luere, et decernere ferro. 695

964. *As when, by age.*] This simile is drawn from B. XIII. of the Iliad ; and it is justly esteemed one of the noblest in all Homer. Tasso has copied it, B. XVIII. St. 82.

As an old rock, which age, or stormy wind,
 Tears from some craggy hill, or mountain steep,
 Doth break, doth bruise, and into dust doth grind
 Woods, houses, hamlets, herds, and folds of sheep :
 So fell the beam, and down with it all kind
 Of arms, of weapons, and of men, did sweep.

Fairfax, from whom this translation is taken, has omitted the last line, which is more sonorous than Italian is generally tho' falsely thought to be :

Tremar le mura, e rimbombano i colli.

Pope prefers Homer's simile to both Virgil's and Tasso's ; and observes, that they have taken the image without the likeness. In Virgil (continues he) it is only the violence of Turnus in which the whole application consists ; and in Tasso it has no other allusion than to the fall of a tower in general. If we compare separately the circumstances of Hector's violent descent from the wall, his being pushed on by Jupiter, his meeting with, and being stopped by, the phalanx of the Ajaxes, and the immobility of both, when so stopped (the ene-

Prepar'd the bitterness of death to bear,
 I'll meet this Trojan hand to hand in war.
 No more those eyes shall view thy brother's shame, 955
 Pursu'd, and flying o'er the field of fame;
 Give, give me, goddess, in this martial fire,
 This high-wrought blaze of fury, to expire.

He said; and sudden, with an eager bound,
 Leap'd from the trembling chariot to the ground; 960
 Leaves his lamenting sister in despair;
 Springs thro' a storm of darts, the prince to dare; }
 And bursts impetuous thro' the ranks of war.
 As when, by age, or rains, or tempests torn,
 A rock from some high precipice is borne; 965
 Trees, herds, and swains, involving in the sweep,
 The mass flies furious from th' æreal steep;
 Leaps down the mountain's side, with many a bound,
 In fiery whirls, and smokes along the ground;
 So to the city, thro' the cleaving train, 970
 Thro' streams of blood, that drench the purple plain,
 While round his head the whistling jav'lin's play,
 As swift, the raging hero breaks his way.
 Then from afar, he beckons with his hand,
 And loudly thus bespoke his social band: 975
 To me, ye Latians, the whole war resign,
 All, all the fortune of the field is mine.
 'Tis just, ye warriors, that your chief alone
 Assert the compact, or its breach atone.
 I claim, I claim the right, in single fray, 980
 To meet my rival, and decide the day.

my being as unable to move him back, as he is to get forward), with the separate circumstance of the simile itself, we cannot but agree with Pope, whose translation of it is well worth the reader's perusal; since he has in it so strongly imaged the violent bounding of the stone, the crackling of the wood, the shock, the noise, the rapidity, the irresistibility, the increase of force in its progress, and at last its sudden stop.

Discessere omnes medii, spatiumque dedere.
 At pater Aeneas, audito nomine Turni,
 Deserit et muros, et summas deserit arcis;
 Praecipitatque moras omnis: opera omnia rumpit:
 Laetitia exsultans, horrendumque intonat armis: 700
 Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx, aut ipse coruscis
 Cum fremit ilicibus quantus, gaudetque nivali
 Vertice se adtollens pater Apenninus ad auras.
 Jam vero et Rutuli certatim, et Troës, et omnes
 Convertère oculos Itali; quique alta tenebant 705
 Moenia, quique imos pulsabant ariete muros:
 Armaque deposuere humeris. stupet ipse Latinus,
 Ingentis, genitos diversis partibus orbis,
 Inter se coisse viros, et cernere ferro.
 Atque illi, ut vacuo patuerunt aequore campi, 710
 Procurfu rapido, coniectis eminus hastis,
 Invadunt Martem clipeis atque aere sonoro.
 Dat gemitum tellus: tum crebros ensibus ictus

(697 sqq.) Praeclarus locus: Primum in exhibenda impatien-
 tia morae et festinatione, tum in phantasmate mirae heroum
 magnitudinis et speciei corporis. *praecipitatque moras omnis*, or-
 nate, h. omnia, quae eum morari poterant, festinanter agit. —
 700. *intonat armis*, tantus corporis specie, *quantus Athos*. Nam
 ad incessum haec spectant.

993. *And looks a second Athos.*] This simile is sublime to a
 great degree. Milton has imitated it, Par. Lost. B. IV. 985.

——— On th' other side Satan alarm'd,
 Collecting all his might, dilated stood;
 Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:
 His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
 Sat Horror plum'd. ———

There is a very great strength and beauty in the conciseness
 and simplicity of, *Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx*; and it must
 be confessed, that the *Cum fremit ilicibus quantus*, and the *gau-
 detque nivali*, &c. exceed any thing we find in Milton's compa-
 rison. Indeed, our great countryman would convey an idea
 different from Virgil's; he insists upon the fixedness of Teneriff
 or Atlas: whereas Virgil would represent Aeneas enraged, and
 accordingly mentions the oaks on the top of the Apennines, as
 resounding with tempests. The *gaudetque*, &c. means a trium-
 phant boldness, a daring pride, and a rejoicing in his might.
 All these circumstances are implied in the verse preceding the
 simile:

Laetitia exsultans, horrendumque intonat armis.

Back at the word the squadrons are compell'd,
And for the champions form an open field.

Now the great Trojan chief, at Turnus' name,
Fierce from the town in all his terrors came ; 985

Leaves ev'ry second work of war behind ;
Joy, pride, and courage, raise his daring mind.
All-flush'd with hopes, and glorying in his might,
The godlike prince moves forward to the fight :
He burns impatient for the dire alarms ; 990

And thunders in the bright Vulcanian arms.
With vast gigantic strides he tow'rs on high,
And looks a second Athos in the sky ;
Or Eryx, that in heav'n his forehead shrouds ;
Or father Apennine involv'd in clouds, 995
When with a depth of snows his brows are crown'd,
And all his nodding groves, majestic, wave around.

Meantime the warriors, who defend the town,
Or with huge engines break the bulwarks down,
And all the nations, studious of the fight, 1000
Their arms unbuckled, to survey the fight.

Ev'n death stands still ; and o'er the crowded plains,
Thro' the long ranks, a solemn silence reigns.
Nor less amaz'd, the Latian lord beheld
Two chiefs engag'd in combat on the field, 1005
By love, fate, honour, and ambition, led
To try their title to his daughter's bed.

Soon as each army from the field withdrew,
Fierce, to the fight, the mighty heroes flew.
They launch their spears ; their clashing shields resound :
Beneath their fury groans the trembling ground. 1011

1004. *Nor less amaz'd.*] This reflection of Latinus is natural, and agreeable to the *bienſéance* or decorum of the manners. Old men are very susceptible of impressions of this kind. It was certainly something wonderful and extraordinary, that two rivals, the one from Asia, and the other born in Italy, should be disputing for his daughter by force of arms. CATROU.

Congeminant. Fors et virtus miscentur in unum.
 Ac veluti, ingenti Sila summove Taburno 715
 Cum duo conversis inimica in proelia tauri
 Frontibus incurrunt, pavidi cessere magistri :
 Stat pecus omne metu mutum, mussantque juvencae,
 Quis nemori imperitet, quem tota armenta sequantur :
 Illi inter sese multa vi volnera miscent, 720
 Cornuaque obnixa infigunt, et sanguine largo
 Colla armosque lavant : gemitu nemus omne remugit.
 Haud aliter Tros Aeneas et Daunius heros
 Concurrunt clipeis. ingens fragor aethera complet.
 Juppiter ipse duas aequato examine lances 725
 Sustinet, et fata inponit diversa duorum ;
 Quem damnet labor, aut quo vergat pondere letum.

(715) Ornatissima comparatio : facile cuius obuia, sed tam splendide et magnifice vix a quopiam tractata. Nam tenuiter Apollon. lib. II, 88. 89. cf. Cerda. Sed ipse Maro iam pugnam taurorum copiose tractauerat in Ge. III, 217 sqq. Cum quo conferre iuvabit Oppian. Cyneg. II, 43 sqq. Ornat notionem silvae positus nominibus celebriorum silvarum, Silae in Bruttiorum agro (v. sup. V. L. ad Ge. III, 219.) et Taburnum, in Samnio v. Ge. II, 38. 717. 8. 9.

1016. *As, where proud Sila's.*] Though perhaps we have had too many comparisons drawn from lions, tigers, bulls, wolves, and other savage animals, too nearly resembling each other; yet the passage before us, comparing the two heroes fighting for Lavinia, and the empire of Latium, to two bulls contending for the mastery of the meadows, and for the favourite heifers, contains such an exact point of likeness, as cannot but please the reader of taste. This again is another simile taken from Apollonius. The circumstance of Virgil's borrowing so frequently from this charming poet, may, perhaps, balance Quintilian's stricture upon him, who says he wrote, *Aequali quâdam mediocritate*.

1029. *Now Jove suspends.*] This fiction is originally drawn from Homer, Iliad VIII. where the fates of Hector and Achilles are weighed. Milton introduces the Almighty weighing the fate of Satan and Gabriel :

Th' Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
 Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales, yet seen

Betwixt

Then their bright swords the raging champions drew,
 And with repeated blows the charge renew.
 Courage, and chance, and strength, in both unite;
 And the bold chiefs maintain an equal fight. 1015

As, where proud Sila's tow'ring summits rise,
 Or huge Taburnus heaves into the skies,
 With frowning fronts two mighty bulls engage:
 A dreadful war the bellowing rivals wage:
 Far from the scene the trembling keepers fly; 1020
 Struck dumb with terror, stand the heifers by;
 Nor know which lord the subject herds shall lead,
 And reign at large the monarch of the mead.

Fierce strokes they aim, repeated o'er and o'er; 1024
 Their dewlaps, necks, and sides, are bath'd in gore,
 The mountains, streams, and woods, rebellow to the roar. }
 So to the fight the furious heroes fly,
 So clash their shields, and echo to the sky.

Now Jove suspends his scales; two diff'rent weights
 He cast in both, and try'd the warriors fates. 1030
 This, light with conquest, to the gods ascends;
 That, charg'd with death, sinks downwards to the fiends.

 Betwixt Astræa and the Scorpion sign;
 Wherein all things created first he weigh'd;
 The pendulous round earth, with balanc'd air,
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events;
 Battles, and realms: in these he puts two weights,
 The signal each of parting and of fight:
 The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam.

Par. Lost, B. IV. ver. 996.

This description may with justice, says Pope, be preferred both to Homer's and Virgil's, on account of the beautiful allusion to the sign of Libra in the heavens, and that noble imagination of the Maker's weighing the whole world at the creation, and all the events of it since; so correspondent at once to philosophy, and the stile of the Scriptures.

Macrobius, Saturnal. B. V. cap. 13. aptly remarks, that these scales are not so justly applied by the Latin, as by the Greek poet. We knew before, that Turnus would certainly perish, according to Juno's prediction. After this declaration, which unfortunately forestalls the event, there was less reason for weighing his fate with that of Æneas.

Emicat hic, inpune putans, et corpore toto
 Alte sublatum confurgit Turnus in ensē,
 Et ferit. exclamant Troës trepidique Latini, 730
 Adrectaeque amborum acies. at perfidus ensis
 Frangitur, in medioque ardentem deferit ictu :
 Ni fuga subsidio subeat. fugit ocior Euro,
 Ut capulum ignotum dextramque aspexit inermem.
 Fama est, praecipitem, cum prima in proelia junctos 735
 Conscendebat equos, patrio mucrone relicto,
 Dum trepidat, ferrum aurigae rapuisse Metisci :
 Idque diu, dum terga dabant palantia Teuciri,
 Suffecit. postquam arma dei ad Volcania ventum est,
 Mortalis mucro, glacies ceu futilis, ictu 740
 Dissiluit : fulva resplendent fragmina arena.
 Ergo amens diversa fuga petit aequora Turnus :
 Et nunc huc, inde huc incertos implicat orbis.
 Undique enim densa Teuceri includere corona :
 Atque hinc vasta palus, hinc ardua moenia cingunt. 745
 Nec minus Aeneas, quamquam tardata sagitta
 Interdum genua inpediunt, cursumque recusant,
 Insequitur, trepidique pedem pede fervidus urguet.
 Inclusum veluti si quando flumine nactus
 Cervom, aut puniceae septum formidine pennae, 750
 Venator cursu canis et latratibus instat :
 Ille autem, insidiis et ripa territus alta,
 Mille fugit refugitque vias : at vividus Umber
 Haeret hians, jam jamque tenet, similisque tenenti

1058. *As the fleet stag.*] Virgil drew the close of this comparison from Apollonius Rhodius, Arg. B. II. ver. 278. but has finely improved it by the beauty of his diction :

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν κηκροσὶ κυνὲς δειδιημένοι αἰχρῆς,
 Ἡ αἰχρᾶς κερᾶς ἢ περὶ καὶ ἰχθυοντες
 Θέλωσι, τυτθὸν δὲ τιταίνοντο μετοπισθεν
 Αἰχρῆς ἐν γυνυσσὶ ματὴ ἀρᾶσσαν ὀδόντας·

“ As when the sagacious dogs trace out in the groves the horned goats or stags, the extremity of their jaws approach, and almost touch the hunted animal from behind, and they snap their teeth together in vain.”

The other circumstances are taken from a simile of the like subject, Homer's Iliad XXII.

With his drawn faulchion Turnus strikes the foe
On his full stretch, and rises to the blow.
Loud shouts and groans succeed ; each army bent 1035
Their eager eyes, and wait the great event ;
When lo ! all-shatter'd flies the traitor sword,
And in the stroke deserts the Daunian lord.
A stranger hilt he spies, and shakes in vain :
All, all his hopes in flight alone remain ; 1040 }
And, swifter than the wind, he darts along the plain.
For when the chief first vaulted on the car
With headlong haste, and rush'd into the war,
He left his father's temper'd sword, 'tis said,
And seiz'd his charioteer Metiscus' blade ; 1045
And, ev'n with this, the growing slaughter spread,
While from his rage the trembling Trojans fled.
But when the mortal steel a stroke bestow'd
On heav'nly arms, the labour of a god !
The faulchion, faithless to the warrior's hand, 1050
Broke short—the fragments glitter'd on the sand.
O'er the wide field distracted Turnus springs,
And flies with wild affright in mazy rings :
For here he views th' enbattled Trojan pow'rs ;
Here a vast lake ; and there the Latian tow'rs. 1055
But still his foe, tho' tardy from his wound,
Treads all his steps, unrav'ling ev'ry round.
As the fleet stag, by the staunch hound pursu'd,
Now bounds above the banks, now shoots along the flood ;
Now from the meshy toils with terror springs, 1060
Scar'd by the plumes, that dance upon the strings :
He starts, he pants, he stares with wild amaze,
And flies his op'ning foe a thousand ways.
Close at his heels, the deep-mouth'd furious hound
Turns, as he turns, and traces all the ground. 1065
On his full stretch he makes his eager way,
And holds, or thinks he holds, the trembling prey.

Increpuit malis, morsuque elusus inani est. 755
 Tum vero exoritur clamor : ripaeque lacusque
 Responsant circa, et caelum tonat omne tumultu.
 Ille simul fugiens, Rutulos simul increpat omnis,
 Nomine quemque vocans, notumque efflagitat ense.
 Aeneas mortem contra praesensque minatur 760
 Exitium, si quisquam adeat : terretque trementis,
 Excisurum urbem minitans, et saucius instat.
 Quinque orbis explent cursu, totidemque retexunt
 Huc illuc. neque enim levia aut ludicra petuntur
 Praemia : sed Turni de vita et sanguine certant. 765

(760. sq.) Prorsus ad Homeri ductum in Hectoris fuga Il. x. 205 sq. Ad nostrorum vero hominum sensus super decoro herois haec exigenda nequaquam. Hostem in congressu pugnae semel victum, etiam inermem ac nudum trucidat Homericus ac Virgilianus heros : et nescio an nostra aetas in praeliis aliud probet. De nostrorum autem certaminum ac duellorum singularem ludibriis cogitare h. l. interpretes non debebant.

1078. *O'er ten large circuits, with a rapid pace,
 This hero leads, and that pursues the chase.*]

Though Hector in the Iliad has much more reason to fly from Achilles, than Turnus from Aeneas, yet this flight of Turnus will not, I believe, appear an act of cowardice, if we consider his pressing circumstances, ver. 1037. The sword which he uses against Aeneas (which was that of his charioteer Metiscus, and unluckily snatched up for his own by mistake) is broken in pieces, upon the celestial armour of the Trojan hero. Thus Turnus is at once disarmed, and naturally betakes himself to flight: on the one side is the Trojan army, on the other a broad lake; on another the walls of Laurentum. He calls out on his friends, to give him his own sword from the city, which Aeneas forbids them to do with loud menaces. Thus distressed, he is obliged to suffer himself to be hunted, as it were, by Aeneas, to the number of ten rounds. But, notwithstanding this behaviour, having regained his sword by the assistance of Iuturna, he returns, and attacks Aeneas. And thus the courage and fierceness of his character are justly supported.

Mr. Pope, speaking of the flight of Hector, Iliad XXII. note on ver. 180. has these words.

" If the reader, after all, cannot bring himself to like this passage for his own particular; yet to induce him to suspend his absolute censure, he may consider that Virgil had an uncommon esteem for it, as he has testified in transferring it almost intirely to the death of Turnus; where there was no necessity of making use of the like incidents: but doubtless he was touched with this episode, as with one of those which
 interest

Forth darts the stag—his foe cast far behind,
 Catches but empty air, and bites the wind.
 The hunters shout; the streams, the rocks reply; 1070
 And the tumultuous peals run rattling round the sky.
 Thus, flying in distress, the Daunian lord
 Calls on his friends; demands his trusty sword.
 But the great Trojan, with a lofty cry,
 Forbids the bands the weapon to supply; 1075
 Denouncing death, and threat'ning all around,
 Th' imperial town to level with the ground.
 O'er ten large circuits, with a rapid pace,
 This hero leads, and that pursues the chase.
 No light reward must crown their eager strife; 1080
 The long-contended prize is Turnus' noble life!

interest us most of the whole Iliad, by a spectacle at once so terrible, and so deplorable. I must also add the suffrage of Aristotle, who was so far from looking on this passage as ridiculous or blameable, that he esteemed it marvellous and admirable."

[The passage is almost entirely applicable to the present case.]

"The wonderful, says he, ought to have a place in tragedy, but still more in epic poetry; which proceeds in this point even to the unreasonable: for as in epic poems one sees not the persons acting, so whatever passes the bounds of reason, is proper to produce the admirable and the marvellous. For example; what Homer says of Hector, pursued by Achilles, would appear ridiculous on the stage; for the spectators could not forbear laughing to see, on the one side, the Greeks standing without any motion; and, on the other, Achilles pursuing Hector, and making signs to the troops not to dart at him. But all this does not appear, when we read the poem; for what is wonderful is always agreeable; and, as a proof of it, we find, that they who relate any thing, usually add something to the truth, that it may the better please those who hear it." The same great critic vindicates this passage in the chapter following: "A poet, says he, is inexcusable, if he introduces such things as are impossible according to the rules of poetry: but this ceases to be a fault, if by those means he attends to the thing proposed; for he has then brought about what he intended; for example, if he renders, by it, any part of his poem more astonishing or admirable. Such is the place in the Iliad, where Achilles pursues Hector." Aristot. Poet. chap. 25, 26.

Forte facer Fauno foliis oleaster amaris
 Hic steterat, nautis olim venerabile lignum :
 Servati ex undis ubi figere dona solebant
 Laurenti divo, et votas suspendere vestis.
 Sed stirpem Teucris nullo discrimine sacrum 770
 Sustulerant, puro ut possent concurrere campo.
 Hic hasta Aeneae stabat : huc inpetus illam
 Detulerat, fixam et lenta radice tenebat.
 Incubuit, voluitque manu convellere ferrum
 Dardanides : teloque sequi, quem prendere cursu 775
 Non poterat. tum vero amens formidine Turnus,
 Faune, precor, miserere, inquit : tuque optima ferrum
 Terra tene ; vestros colui si semper honores ;
 Quos contra Aeneadae bello fecere profanos.
 Dixit, opemque dei non cassa in vota vocavit. 780
 Namque diu luctans, lentoque in stirpe moratus,
 Viribus haud ullis valuit discludere morsus
 Roboris Aeneas. dum nititur acer et instat,
 Rursus in aurigae faciem mutata Metisci
 Procurrit, fratrique enssem dea Daunus reddit. 785
 Quod Venus audaci nymphae indignata licere,
 Accessit, telumque alta ab radice revellit.
 Olli sublimes armis, animisque resecti,
 Hic gladio fidens, hic acer et arduus hasta,
 Adfistunt contra certamina Martis anhelis. 790
 Junonem interea rex omnipotentis Olympi
 Adloquitur, fulva pugnans de nube tuentem :
 Quae jam finis erit, conjunx ? quid denique restat ?
 Indigetem Aenean scis ipsa, et scire fateris,
 Deberi caelo, fatisque ad sidera tolli. 795

1082. *An olive stood.*] The true poet dignifies every the meanest object. The trunk of an old tree, in which Æneas happened to stick his spear, was an olive, says Virgil, consecrated to Faunus, which the Trojans had with great impiety (as Turnus says, to cast odium on his enemies) lately cut down.

1105. *The tow'ring chiefs advance.*] Just as we expected the heroes would engage in a decisive combat, the poet stops short,

To Faunus sacred had an olive stood :
 The shipwreck'd sailors, on the hallow'd wood,
 Hung their devoted vests in honour of the god.
 But late, to leave the field for combat free,
 The Trojans fell'd the venerable tree.
 Full in the root, Æneas drove his spear :
 The dart, deep riveted, stood trembling there :
 The hero, struggling with incessant pain,
 Now bends to disengage the lance again ;
 And with his dart, at least, o'ertake the foe,
 Who, frightened, to the god preferr'd his vow.
 Thy-suppliant's pray'r, in pity, Faunus, hear,
 And thou, kind mother Earth, detain the spear ;
 If still I honour'd with a pious hand .
 Your plant, by guilty Troy with steel profan'd.
 Thus he ; the god attends his humble strain ;
 The Trojan labours at the root in vain :
 There as he tugs the lance with all his might,
 Fierce, and impatient to renew the fight,
 Once more Juturna to the chief restor'd
 (In brave Metiscus' form) his temper'd sword.
 This heav'nly Venus view'd with high disdain,
 And from the root releas'd the dart again.
 Renew'd in might, the tow'ring chiefs advance ;
 One shook the sword, and one the flaming lance.
 Their heaving bosoms swell with stern delight,
 Pant for the combat, and demand the fight.
 Then to his consort, who the war survey'd
 Thron'd on a golden cloud, the Thund'rer said :
 What schemes, my queen, are left, with vain debate,
 Ev'n yet to check the ripe events of fate !
 You know, and own, Æneas soon must rise
 From earth, already sacred to the skies.

short, and introduces a dialogue betwixt Jupiter and Juno on this important action. Such unexpected pauses are highly judicious, awaken and raise the reader's attention, and make him impatient for the event.

Quid struis ? aut qua spe gelidis in nubibus haeres ?
 Mortalin' decuit violari vulnere divom ?
 Aut ensen (quid enim sine te Juturna valeret ?)
 Ereptum reddi Turno, et vim crescere victis ?
 Define jam tandem, precibusque inflectere nostris : 800
 Nec te tantus edat tacitam dolor : et mihi curae
 Saepe tuo dulci tristes ex ore recurrant.
 Ventum ad supremum est. terris agitare vel undis
 Trojanos potuisti : infandum accendere bellum,
 Deformare domum, et luctu miscere hymenaeos. 805
 Ulterius tentare veto. Sic Juppiter orsus,
 Sic dea submissio contra Saturnia voltu :
 Ista quidem quia nota mihi tua, magne, voluntas,
 Juppiter ; et Turnum et terras invita reliqui.
 Nec tu me aëria solam nunc sede videres 810
 Digna indigna pati ; sed flammis cincta sub ipsam
 Starem aciem, traheremque inimica in proelia Teucros.
 Juturnam misero, fateor, succurrere fratri
 Suasi, et pro vita majora audere probavi ;
 Non ut tela tamen, non ut contenderet arcum : 815

1140. *And, in submissive-ve.]* Virgil, we have seen, has divided his poem, as Homer did his *Odyssæy*. The first part contains the voyage and arrival of *Æneas* in Italy ; the second his establishment there. But he has connected these two great events better than Homer, by giving them a common *intrigue* or *plot*. He did not introduce, for the first part of his *intrigue*, a deity who could act no where but by sea, as the Neptune of Homer ; but makes choice of Juno, the goddess of the air, who had an equal power over sea and land. She at first vigorously opposes the voyage of our hero, and afterwards his settlement. This opposition then is what constitutes the general *intrigue* of the whole action. The *solution* of the *plot* or *intrigue* begins, when the anger of Juno is softened, and she is appeased by Jupiter, as she appears to be in this passage of the twelfth Book of the *Æneid*.
 BOSSU, B. II. c. 13.

Long since, those glories to the chief are ow'd,
And heav'n now opens to receive the god.
To what fond purpose then this fruitless care?
To linger in the clouds, and urge the war?
Say, was it just, to wake the dire alarms?
To violate a god with mortal arms,
When the bold sister to the chief restor'd,
By thy assistance, his paternal sword?
(For what without thy succour could she dare?)
And sent the vanquish'd Turnus to the war?
At length, at length, the needless strife give o'er;
At my request, indulge your rage no more;
Nor let revenge, dire enemy to rest,
For ever prey on that immortal breast.
Oh! let thy lord thy secret sorrow share,
Or, more than share it, give me all thy care!
To their last sacred point the fates are come;
Here, here they fix th' unalterable doom.
The Latian court in ruins could you lay,
And drive the Trojans o'er the land and sea;
Profane with blood the holy bridal rite,
Rekindle war, and urge them to the fight;
This we indulg'd: now give thy efforts o'er
At our command; and thwart the fates no more.
So spoke th' imperial sov'reign of the skies;
And, in submissive terms, the queen replies:
Great fire; because thy sacred will I know,
I left my Turnus to his doom below.
Nor had I sat, but at the will of Jove,
Disgrac'd and pensive, in the clouds above;
But in the front of fight my foes engag'd;
And, wrapt in flames, thro' all the battle rag'd;
I bade Juturna mingle in the strife,
Nay, venture more, to save a brother's life.
That charge I own; but not to bend a bow,
Or hurl a single jav'lin at the foe.

1115

1120

1130

1135

1140

1145

1150

Adjuro Stygii caput inplacabile fontis :
 Una superstitio superis quae reddita divis.
 Et nunc cedo equidem, pugnasque exosa relinquo.
 Illud te, nulla fati quod lege tenetur,
 Pro Latio obtestor, pro majestate tuorum : 820
 Cum jam connubiis pacem felicibus (esto)
 Component, cum jam leges et foedera jungent ;
 Ne vetus indigenas nomen mutare Latinos,
 Neu Troas fieri jubeas, Teucrosque vocari ;
 Aut vocem mutare viros, aut vertere vestis. 825
 Sit Latium : sint Albani per saecula reges :
 Sit Romana potens Itala virtute propago :
 Occidit, occideritque finas cum nomine Troja.
 Olli subridens hominum rerumque repertor :
 Et germana Jovis, Saturnique altera proles, 830
 Irarum tantos volvis sub pectore fluctus ?
 Verum age, et inceptum frustra submitte furorem.
 Do, quod vis ; et me victusque volensque remitto.
 Sermonem Ausonii patrium moresque tenebunt.
 Utque est, nomen erit : cōmixti corpore tanto 835
 Subfident Teucri. morem ritusque sacrorum
 Adjiciam, faciamque omnis uno ore Latinos.
 Hinc genus, Ausonio mixtum quod sanguine furget,
 Supra homines, supra ire deos pietate videbis :
 Nec gens ulla tuos aequae celebrabit honores. 840

1177. *Tb' Ausonians.*] Here the poet gives a most artful reason why the Romans did not retain more of the Trojan customs, and names, and habits, than they were known to have done.

1183. *The first of men, &c.*]

Supra homines, supra ire deos, &c.

Virgil (says Catrou) puts a very poignant satire into the mouth of Jupiter, against the gods. But I think we should not understand this passage exactly according to the letter. It is common among the poets, in describing exalted merit, to extol it above the gods. Notwithstanding this, Virgil should have remembered whom he introduced speaking.

1185. *More glorious honours to thy name, than they.*] Juno was highly worshipped among the Romans ; particularly by women of the first quality. She had a magnificent temple dedicated to her service, on the Aventine mount. Scipio brought her statue from Carthage to Rome.

CATROU.

This, this, I swear, by the black Stygian floods,
 The sole dread sanction of th' immortal gods:
 Now back to heav'n, great father, I repair,
 And from this hour renounce the hateful war.
 But yet I beg, O sov'reign of the sky! 1155
 What not the hardest laws of fate deny;
 For your own Latium I implore this grace,
 This honour for your own majestic race;
 When by these nuptials both the realms combine,
 And in firm leagues of peace and friendship join; 1160
 Still may the Latians, still remain the same,
 Nor take from Troy their language, garb, or name!
 May the great race of Alban monarchs reign;
 Kings after Kings the regal line sustain;
 And from th' Italian blood may Rome arise, 1165
 In all her pride and glory, to the skies.
 But may a long oblivion quite destroy
 The last, last ruins, with the name of Troy!
 The goddess spoke; and, with a smile replies
 The fire of men, and monarch of the skies: 1170
 Can Saturn's other heir, who reigns above,
 Th' imperial sister, and the wife, of Jove,
 With endless schemes of vengeance break her rest?
 Why burns such wrath in a celestial breast?
 Cease, cease, at length, and lay your anger by, 1175
 Since with your wish, my empress, we comply.
 Th' Ausonians ever shall remain the same
 In customs, garb, religion, and the name;
 And the lost Trojan race forget from whence they came: }
 In manners, laws, and language, shall they join, 1180
 And Ilion shall increase the Latian line.
 From hence a pious godlike race shall rise;
 The first of men; the darlings of the skies.
 Nor all the nations of the world shall pay
 More glorious honours to thy name, than they. 1185

Adnuit his Juno, et mentem laetata retorfit.
 Interea excedit caelo, nubemque reliquit.
 His actis aliud genitor secum ipse volutat :
 Juturnamque parat fratris demittere ab armis,
 Dicuntur geminae pestes, cognomine Dirae ; 845
 Quas et Tartaream Nox intempesta Megaeram
 Uno eodemque tulit partu, paribusque revinxit
 Serpentum spiris, ventosafque addidit alas.
 Hae Jovis ad solium saevique in limine regis
 Adparent, acuuntque metum mortalibus aegris, 850
 Si quando letum horrificum morbosque deum rex
 Molitur, meritas aut bello territat urbis.
 Harum unam celerem demisit ab aethere summo
 Juppiter, inque omen Juturnae occurrere jussit.
 Iila volat, celerique ad terram turbine fertur : 855
 Non secus, ac nervo per nubem impulsasagitta ;
 Armatae saevi Parthus quam felle venepi,
 Parthus sive Cydon, telum inmedicabile torfit ;
 Stridens et celeris incognita transilit umbras.
 Talis se fata Nocte tulit, terrasque petivit. 860
 Postquam acies videt Iliacas atque agmina Turni ;
 Alitis in parvae subitam conlecta figuram,

(862) Habet haec Megaerae in bubonem mutatio aliquid, quod insigniter ad terrorem accommodatum est ex veterum superstitione ; ex qua recentes quoque poetae certatim transtulere praesagia bubonum et noctuarum. Enim vero nequaquam hoc mortis augurium comparandum ad augustum illud et sublime phantasma, quod Messiae lib. VII. sub. f. exhibuit auctor, summum Germaniae ornamentum ; ubi Seruatoris moribundi caput duo Mortis Genii septenis gyris circumvolant. Locus ille ad horrorem incutiendum efficacissimus.

1190. *Two hideous monsters.*] It is to be observed (says Catrou), that Pluto is not the only deity who has furies under his jurisdiction. Jupiter has his likewise. Thus the gods were feigned to punish crimes in this and the next life. In this noble passage, I think our translator has equalled his original. Though Virgil's images are great, yet how much more terrible, and with what a greater degree of sublimity, are the agents and instruments of JEHOVAH described in the sacred writings, when he is angry ! Read particularly the following passage, Samuel 2 Book,

Then, pleas'd and reconcil'd, the queen of Jove
 Flies to her palace, in the realms above.
 'Twas then th' eternal fire of heav'n expell'd
 The watry goddess from the fighting field :
 Two hideous monsters wait obsequious by, 1199
 Tremendous fiends ! the furies of the sky ;
 Hell-born and horrible, they sprung to light,
 With dire Megæra, from the womb of Night.
 Huge wreaths of serpent spires their temples bound :
 Their wings in whirlwinds drove the air around, 1195
 When bent the minds of mortal men to scare
 With the black horrors of the last despair ;
 When for the guilty world the god prepares
 Woes, death, disease, blue pestilence, and wars ;
 In pomp terrific, frown the fiends abhorr'd ; 1200
 Before the throne of heav'n's almighty lord,
 To wreak his vengeance, in his courts they stand,
 Watch his imperial nod, and fly at his command.
 Of these the swiftest from the skies he sent,
 To fright the goddess with the dire portent. 1205
 Fir'd with her charge, the fiend, with rapid flight,
 Shot in a whirlwind from Olympus' height.
 As when the Parthian dips, with fatal art,
 And doubly arms, with death, th' envenom'd dart ;
 He draws the circling bow ; the quiv'ring string 1210
 Twangs ; and the weapon whizzes on the wing :
 So swift to earth the baleful fury flew,
 Till Turnus and the hosts appear'd in view.
 When lo ! contracted, to the bird she turns,
 That hoots o'er desolated piles and urns, 1215

2 Book, chap. xxiv. " And when the angel of the Lord stretched out his hand upon Jerusalem to destroy it, the Lord repented him of the evil, and said to the angel that destroyed the people ; It is enough !—stay now thine hand !—"

1201. *Before the throne.*] After this manner Satan appears in heaven ; book of Job, chap. i. ver. 6.

Quae quondam in bustis aut culminibus desertis
 Nocte sedens, serum canit inportuna per umbras,
 Hanc versa in faciem, Turni se pestis ob ora 865
 Fertque refertque sonans, clipeumque everberat alis.
 Illi membra novus solvit formidine torpor :
 Adreſtaeque horrore comae, et vox faucibus haefit.
 At, procul ut Dirae ſtridorem agnovit et alas,
 Infelix crinis ſcindit Juturna ſolutos, 870
 Unguibus ora ſoror foedans, et pectora pugnis :
 Quid nunc te tua, Turne, poteſt germana juvare ?
 Aut quid jam durae ſuperat mihi ? qua tibi lucem
 Arte morer ? talin' poſſum me obponere monſtro ?
 Jam jam linquo acies. ne me terrete timentem 875
 Obſcoenae volucres : alarum verbera noſco,
 Letalemque ſonum. nec fallunt juſſa ſuperba
 Magnanimi Jovis. haec pro virginitate reponit ?

1214. *When lo! contracted.]*

Alitis in parvae.

The epithet *parvae* ſeems improperly applied to an owl, which the bird here ſpoken of, is ſuppoſed to be. Cunningham tells us, that *pravae* is to be found in *Cod. Markiano*. This word *pravae* has the ſame import as *obſcoenae*, *obſcoenaeque volucres*, *Aen.* 12. and Ovid calls this bird *profana avis*, *Met.* B. VIII. 543. Johan. Pierius, who gives us moſt of the various readings of our author in his *caſtigatio*. *Aeneid. Virgil.* takes no notice of this word. The reader will obſerve the fine effect of the ſpondee in the fifth place, in the following line, *culminibus deſertis*, which ſtrongly represents the melancholy image intended.

1223. *Stiff roſe his hair.]* However ſimple this circumſtance may appear, yet the antients, who ſo faithfully represent the genuine feelings of nature, always mention the erection of the hair as a ſtrong mark of dread and terror. Sophocles, in that wonderfully ſublime ſcene, where the death of Oedipus is deſcribed, after telling us how loudly he and his daughters lamented on their taking leave of each other, adds—*A ſilence enſued: when ſuddenly a certain voice called out, Oedipus, aloud, ſo that the hairs of all preſent were erected with fear;*

H,

Whose piercing strains the midnight hours invade,
 And break the solemn silence of the shade.
 Chang'd to this form obscene, the fury flies
 Round Turnus' head, and chills him with surprize;
 This way and that she flutters o'er the field, 1220
 And screams his death, and beats his sounding shield.

His inmost soul a sudden horror stung;
 Stiff rose his hair; amazement chain'd his tongue:
 But soon, too soon, the goddesses knew the sound
 Of the black fury as she flies around: 1225
 She tore her beauteous face in wild despair,
 Beat her white breast, and rent her golden hair.
 Ah me! she cries, in this unequal strife,
 How can thy sister now defend thy life?
 What can I more to lengthen out thy date, 1230
 (Wretch that I am!) and stop the course of fate!
 How can I stand that hideous fiend of night?
 Hence, hence, ye furies!—lo, I quit the fight.
 Your threats, ye baleful birds of night, forbear,
 Nor fright a trembling goddess to despair. 1235
 Too well I know your pinions clatt'ring round.—
 There was a scream!—Hell, hell is in the sound!
 You came (I know) commission'd from above,
 Sent by the high command of haughty Jove.

Ἡ μὲν σιωπῇ, φθεγμα δ' ἐξαίφνης τινος
 Θωξεν αὐτὸν, ὥς πάντας οὐθίας
 Στήσαι φόβῳ δισσάνας ἐξαίφνης τείχας.

I would beg the reader to peruse the whole scene from verse 1666. to 1727. of the Oedipus Coloneus; for I know no piece of dramatic poetry that excites terror to so great a degree, except perhaps the Macbeth of Shakespear.

1237. *There was a scream!*] This is a most lively and animated translation of *Letalemque sonum*; its being put into an exclamation, occasions one to think one hears the very sound; and cannot avoid making the reader tremble with horror.

Quo vitam dedit aeternam? cur mortis ademta est
 Conditio? possem tantos finire labores 880
 Nunc certe, et misero fratri comes ire per umbras.
 Immortalis ego? aut quidquam mihi dulce meorum
 Te sine, frater, erit? ô quae satis alta dehiscat
 Terra mihi, Manisque deam demittat ad imos?
 Tantum effata, caput glauco contextit amictu 885
 Multa gemens, et se fluvio dea condidit alto,
 Aeneas instat contra, telumque coruscant
 Ingens arboreum, et saevo sic pectore fatur:
 Quae nunc deinde mora est? aut quid jam, Turne, retractas?
 Non cursu, saevis certandum est conminus armis. 890
 Verte omnis tete in facies; et contrahe, quidquid
 Sive animis, sive arte vales: opta ardua pennis
 Astra sequi, clausumque cava te condere terra.
 Ille caput quassans, Non me tua fervida terrent
 Dicta, ferox. di me terrent, et Juppiter hostis. 895

1267. *And he, my greatest foe, Almighty Jove !]* We are now come to the conclusion of the poem, and to what the critics term the unravelling. It is necessary to make some difference between the action and the unravelling, whether it be of the *epopœia* in general, or of the *Aeneid* in particular. The action here is the establishment of a Trojan colony: its unravelling is the cessation of all those obstacles which obstruct this establishment. Aristotle prescribes, that the action of the poem ought to have an historical verisimilitude; and that it is faulty when it admits the machinery of gods. In fact, would it not be fool-hardiness in an hero to attempt an action, from whence it would be impossible for him to escape safely, without a miracle? If then the fury is here introduced, it is as a circumstance belonging to the unravelling, and not to the action. As to the action, it is concluded, in the *Aeneis*, in the most natural manner imaginable. Both parties engage in a sacrifice, and oaths are mutually sworn, that the Trojans shall be received in Italy, and that it shall be permitted them to make a settlement there, supposing that Aeneas conquers Turnus. History has nothing more simple, or agreeable to truth. No deity forces or overrules their sentiments; it is with the utmost freedom, that the Trojans are admitted to compose a joint people with the Latins. But after all, a complication of circumstances still subsists. Turnus, yet living, is still an obstacle to the reception of the Trojans into the Latian territories. His death alone can be an unravelling

This then, is this the sole reward bestow'd, 1240
 For my lost honour, by the grateful god?
 Ah! why this lengthen'd life must I endure?
 Deny'd the taste of death, its only cure!
 Curs'd with the fruitless honours of the sky!
 Condemn'd to bear impos'd eternity! 1245
 Pleas'd, with my brother would I yield my breath,
 And share his fate, unprivileg'd from death,
 Joy is no more; and nothing Jove bestows
 In life immortal, but immortal woes!
 Earth! earth! thy inmost centre open throw, 1250
 And rest a goddess in the shades below!

Then in her azure robes she wrapt her head,
 Sigh'd, sobb'd, and plung'd into her watry bed;
 Her last low murmurs, as the stream divides,
 Work up in air, and bubble on the tides. 1255

Now at the foe, the Trojan hero shook
 His pointed spear, and sternly thus bespoke:
 What methods, Turnus, yet remain for flight?
 'Tis strength, not swiftness, must decide the fight.
 Try all thy arts and vigour to escape 1260
 Thy instant doom, and vary ev'ry shape;
 Wish for the morning's rapid wings, to fly;
 Shoot down to hell; or vault into the sky.---
 Not those insulting empty vaunts I dread,
 Reply'd the mournful chief (and shook his head); 1265
 No---but the gods with fear my bosom move,
 And he, my greatest foe, almighty Jove!

Unravelling of these complicated circumstances. But it is lawful to introduce gods for the unravelling, tho' it is contrary to rule, to make them contribute any thing to the action.

The fury then contributes to remove the obstacle which Turnus forms against the establishment of the Trojans; and Juturna assists in prolonging the execution of his attempts. In this point Virgil's conduct is not contrary to the rules of art. The unravelling of the Æneid is of the number of those which Aristotle calls *simple*. He admits of two sorts, the *simple* and the *implex*. The *simple* is that which is carried on without a peri-

petie

Nec plura effatus, saxum circumspicit ingens ;
 Saxum antiquum, ingens, campo quod forte jacebat,
 Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis.
 Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent,
 Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus. 900
 Ille manu raptum trepida torquebat in hostem,
 Altior insurgens, et cursu concitus heros.
 Sed neque currentem se, nec cognoscit euntem,
 Tollentemve manu, saxumque inmane moventem.
 Genua labant : gelidus concrevit frigore sanguis. 905

petie or remembrance. Thus, in the Iliad, the death of Hector removes all those obstacles which hindered the taking of Troy : and in the Æneid, the death of Turnus cuts off all those difficulties which kept back and detained the establishment of the Trojans. On the contrary, in the Odyssey, the unravelling is *implex*. This is always accompanied with a remembrance or discovery. Ulysses, disguised under the dress of a beggar, after having put to death the troublesome suitors of his wife Penelope, makes himself known to her. From the peripetie, the situation of both is suddenly changed for the better. Penelope ceases to be a prey to those princes who paid their addresses to her ; and Ulysses, after a long absence, enjoys domestic tranquillity. It is to be owned (with Aristotle), that the *implex* unravelling of the Odyssey is more complete than that of the Iliad, and consequently than that of the Æneid : but, the unravelling excepted, the Iliad infinitely surpasses the Odyssey and Æneid both.

CATROU.

I own I am of a contrary opinion, and do not think the Iliad exceeds the Odyssey, so much as some critics would persuade us : the moral of the latter is certainly more useful, and the images it contains, tho' of a milder and more domestic nature, are as strongly painted as any of the more fierce and glowing battle-pieces in the Iliad ; and there is indisputably a much greater and more entertaining variety of accidents, events, and scenes, in the Odyssey. Pope has, I think, satisfactorily proved that Longinus is mistaken in thinking this poem favours of the old-age of Homer.

It should be remembered, that the rule of Horace (so often quoted)

Nec deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus,

relates intirely, and only, to dramatic poetry. Whoever has been conversant in the Greek tragedies, knows how many of their plots are unravell'd by the interposition of some deity.

See

The warrior said; and cast his fiery eyes,
 Where an huge stone, a rocky fragment, lies;
 Black, rough, prodigious, vast!--the common bound 1270
 For ages past, and barrier of the ground.
 Scarce twelve strong men the pond'rous mass could raise,
 Such as disgrace these dark degen'rate days.
 This in his trembling hand he heav'd to throw,
 Ran with the load, and hurl'd it at the foe: 1275
 But ran all-giddy with affright, nor knew
 Which way he took, nor what a weight he threw.
 His loose knees tremble, nor support their load:
 Round his cold heart congeals the settling blood.

See the Alceste of Euripides, the Philoctetes of Sophocles, and many others.

1274. *This in his trembling hand.*] In B. XXI. of the Iliad, Pallas throws a huge stone at Mars. Pope observes, that this action in a mortal [Turnus] is somewhat extravagantly imagined; what principally renders it so (says he) is an addition of two lines to this simile, which Virgil borrows from another part of Homer; only with this difference, that, whereas Homer says no two men could raise such a stone, Virgil extends it to twelve:

———*Saxum circumspicit ingens;
 Saxum antiquum, ingens, &c.*———

There is a beauty in the repetition of *Saxum ingens* in the second line; it makes us dwell upon the image, and gives us leisure to consider the vastness of the stone:

*Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent,
 Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.*

May I be allowed to think, he adds, these lines are not so well introduced in Virgil? For it is just after Turnus is described as weakened and oppressed with fears and ill omens; it exceeds probability; and Turnus, methinks, looks more like a knight-errant in a romance, than an hero in an epic poem. Thus far Pope.

That Turnus was oppressed with fears, and ill omens, is certain; but we are to consider this action as the last effort of a despairing man; and it is well known, that extremity of circumstances rouse all our strength, and provoke us to exert our abilities in an extraordinary manner.

Tum lapis ipse viri, vacuum per inane volutus,
 Nec spatium evasit totum, nec pertulit ictum.
 Ac velut in somnis, oculos ubi languida preffit
 Nocte quies, nequidquam avidos extendere cursus
 Velle videmur, et in mediis conatibus aegri 910
 Succidimus; non lingua valet, non corpore notae
 Sufficiunt vires, nec vox aut verba sequuntur:
 Sic Turno, quacumque viam virtute petivit,
 Successum dea dira negat. tum pectore sensus
 Vertuntur varii. Rutulos adspectat et urbem, 915
 Cunctaturque metu, telumque instare tremiscit.
 Nec quo se eripiat, nec qua vi tendat in hostem,
 Nec currus usquam videt aurigamve forem.
 Cunctanti telum Aeneas fatale coruscat,
 Sortitus fortunam oculis; et corpore toto 920
 Eminus intorquet. murali concita numquam
 Tormento sic saxa fremunt, nec fulmine tanti
 Dissultant crepitus. volat atri turbinis instar
 Exitium dirum hasta ferens, orasque recludit
 Loricae, et clipei extremos septemplicis orbis: 925
 Per medium stridens transit femur. incidit ictus
 Ingens ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus.
 Confurgunt gemitu Rutuli, totusque remugit
 Mons circum, et vocem late nemora alta remittunt.
 Ille humilis supplexque oculos dextramque precantem 930

1282. *And, as when slumber.*] The like simile is applied to Hector by Homer, Il. XXII. There is a certain listlessness and impotence in that line, *Velle videmur*, which finely corresponds with the weak and fruitless essays we seem to make in dreams: but it ought to be added, that it is exactly copied from Lucretius, Book 9. line 455. particularly the very movement of the words—*nostra videmur*, &c.

Short of the mark, and guiltless of a wound, 1280

Th' unwieldy mass came thund'ring to the ground.

And, as when slumber seals the closing fight,

The sick wild fancy labours in the night :

Some dreadful visionary foe we shun

With airy strides, but strive in vain to run ; 1285

In vain our baffled limbs their pow'rs essay ;

We faint, we stagger, sink, and fall away ;

Drain'd of our strength, we neither fight nor fly,

And on the tongue the struggling accents die :

The chief so labours, but with fruitless pain ; 1290

The fiend still thwarts him, and he toils in vain !

Amidst a thousand doubts, he stands oppress'd,

A thousand terrors working in his breast.

Now to the Latian battlements on high,

Now to his friends, he turns his trembling eye, 1295

Now to the threat'ning lance, already wing'd to fly. }

No friendly aid, no glimm'ring hopes appear,

No car, no steeds, no goddess charioteer !

With levell'd eye the Trojan mark'd the part ;

Then whirls with all his force the whizzing dart. 1300

A stone dislodged, with less fury far,

Flies from the brazen enginry of war :

And wrap'd in flames, far less enrag'd and loud,

Bursts the big thunder from the breaking cloud.

Swift as the whirlwind sweeps along the skies, 1305

The jav'lin, charg'd with sure destruction, flies ;

Its rapid progress thro' the sev'n-fold shield,

And the thick mail, with matchless fury held ;

Thence, thro' his thigh, drove deep the griding wound,

And bent the hapless warrior to the ground. 1310

With peals of groans the pale Rutulians rise :

The groves and mountains ring with mournful cries.

His eyes and hands the vanquish'd hero rear'd,

And to the chief his moving pray'r preferr'd :

Protendens, equidem merui, nec deprecor, inquit :
 Utere sorte tua. miseri te si qua parentis
 Tangere cura potest ; oro, (fuit et tibi talis
 Anchises genitor) Dauni miserere senectæ.
 Et me, seu corpus spoliatum lumine mavis, 935
 Redde meis. vicisti, et victum tendere palmas
 Aufonii videre. tua est Lavinia conjunx :
 Ulterius ne tende odiis. Stetit acer in armis
 Aeneas, volvens oculos, dextramque repressit.
 Et jam jamque magis cunctantem flectere sermo 940
 Coeperat ; infelix humero cum adparuit alto
 Balteus, ac notis fulserunt cingula bullis
 Pallantis pueri : victum quem vulnere Turnus
 Straverat, atque humeris inimicum insigne gerebat.
 Ille, oculis postquam saevi monumenta doloris 945
 Exuviasque hausit, furiis accensus, et ira
 Terribilis : Tune hinc spoliis indute meorum
 Eripiare mihi ? Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
 Inmolat, et poenam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.
 Hoc dicens, ferrum adverso sub pectore condit 950

* 1315. *Prince.*] 'Tis extremely judicious in the poet to make Turnus himself (whom perhaps we have been inclined to pity) fairly own, that he deserves to die, and that he has nothing to plead against his fate: the motive he makes use of to work upon the compassion of Æneas, by putting him in mind of his father Anchises, will appear the best chosen imaginable, if we recollect the tenderness and piety of our hero, so predominant in his character : and Turnus's solemn resignation of Lavinia, *tua est Lavinia conjunx*, points out to us, and reminds us of the occasion of the war, and of the combat which was to decide it.

1331. *His melting words to mercy now inclin'd.*] The humanity of the hero is kept up and supported to the last. He pities, and is disposed to spare, his rival and inveterate enemy Turnus, till he accidentally casts his eyes on the spoils of his friend. This circumstance instantly awakens his anger, and gives justice to his indignation : and our judicious poet, by artfully putting the word *inmolat* into the mouth of Æneas, suggests to the reader, that the death of Turnus is not a murder, but a sacrifice.

Prince, I deserve, nor deprecate my death : 1315
Then, use thy fortune ; take my forfeit breath !
Yet, if a parent's woes thy soul incline,
Think what thy father was ; then pity mine !
Think at thy feet the hoary monarch thrown,
Gro'ling, and pleading for an only son ! 1320
Then save the son ! in him the father save !
Nor bow his age, with sorrow, to the grave !
Or, oh ! at least, this mercy I implore,
My breathless relics to my friends restore.
'Thine is the conquest ; lo ! the Latian bands 1325
Behold their gen'ral stretch his suppliant hands !
Restrain thy farther vengeance ; I resign
My former claim ; the royal fair is thine.
A while the hero, touch'd with gen'rous woe,
Reprefs'd his hand, and gaz'd upon the foe. 1330
His melting words to mercy now inclin'd,
Still more and more, the victor's noble mind ;
When lo ! by chance, the golden belt he spy'd,
'The belt of Pallas, glitt'ring at his side ;
Which from the dying youth the warrior tore, 1335
And the refulgent prize in triumph wore.
His eyes, fierce-flaming, o'er the trophy roll,
That wakes the slumb'ring vengeance in his soul.
Then with loud accents, and a dreadful look,
Stern and terrific, to the prince he spoke. 1340
Thou ! wretch accurs'd ; canst thou to grace pretend ?
Clad in the spoils of my dear murder'd friend ?
Go then, a victim to his spirit, go ;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas, gives the fatal blow.
Thus is his ghost aton'd.---The hero said ; 1345
And bury'd in his breast the furious blade.

Fervidus. ast illi solvontur frigore membra,
Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.

1348. *Plung'd to hell.*] Virgil closes the whole scene of action by the death of Turnus, and leaves the rest to be imagined by the mind of the reader; he does not draw the picture at full length, but delineates it so far, that we cannot fail of imagining the whole draught. For it is evident, that the fall of Turnus, by giving Æneas a full power over Italy, answers the whole design and intention of the poem: had he gone farther, he had overshot his mark.

POPE.

The action of the Æneid ends, according to the rules laid down by the best critics, where the mind is left in repose, without expectation of any farther event.

Thus have I endeavoured to point out, in the foregoing notes, some of Virgil's capital beauties; in which it will be perceived, that I have intended to consider him as a poet, rather than to play the grammarian and commentator. I am sensible, that I have not taken notice of every excellency that might be produced; but have left room for the reader to admire for himself. Virgil is an inexhaustible fund for observation, and different passages may strike different minds. I hope I have not often been guilty of blind panegyric, or fallen into a rapturous applause, without giving a reason. I rather fear I shall be censured by some, for the liberties I have sometimes taken in finding fault. However, it is with great diffidence of my own judgment, that I submit what I have done to the candour of the public, on which I rely. But, by way of conclusion to the whole, I would beg leave to recommend to such readers of the foregoing translations and remarks, as may be too much inclined to mistake malignity and censure for criticism and taste, the following excellent observations of the penetrating and judicious author of the Rambler.

“ Some

F I N I S.

With a deep groan the dying warrior fell,
And the majestic soul disdainful plung'd to hell.

“ Some (says he) seem always to read with the microscope of criticism, and employ their whole attention upon minute inelegance, or faults scarcely visible to common observation. The dissonance of a syllable; the recurrence of the same sound, the repetition of a particle, the smallest deviation from propriety, the slightest defect in construction or arrangement, swell before their eyes into enormities. As they discern with great exactness, they comprehend but a narrow compass; and know nothing of the justness of the design, the spirit of the performance, the artifice of connexion, or the harmony of the parts: they never conceive how small a proportion that which they are busy in contemplating bears to the whole; or how the trivial inaccuracies with which they are offended, are absorbed and lost in general excellence.

Others are furnished by criticism with a telescope. They see with great clearness whatever is too remote to be discovered by the rest of mankind, but are totally blind to all that lies immediately before them. They discover in every passage some secret meaning, some remote allusion, some artful allegory, or some occult imitation, which no other reader ever suspected; but they have no perception of the cogency of arguments, the contexture of narrations, the various colours of diction, or the flowery embellishments of fancy; of all that engages the attention of others, they are totally insensible, while they pry into the worlds of conjecture, and amuse themselves with phantoms in the clouds.

In criticism, as in every other art, we fail sometimes by our weakness, but more frequently by our fault. We are sometimes bewildered by ignorance, and sometimes by prejudice; but we seldom deviate far from the right, but when we deliver ourselves up to the direction of vanity.”

THE END.

E X C V R S V S II.

De Iunonis deorumque interuentu in Aeneide.

XII. 134. *AT Iuno e summo, qui nunc Albanus habetur etc.*
 791. *Iunonem interea — pugnas de nube*
tuentem; et 841. 2. Adnuit his Iuno et mentem laetata re-
torfit. Interea excedit caelo nubemque relinquit. Vt ea
illustrentur, quae in h. l. commentatus sum, placet sub
vnum conspectum adducere, quae deorum, Iunonisque
in primis, in posterioribus sex libris partes, quod mi-
nisterium fuerit. Apparebit vel ex his, verum esse
quod aliquoties monui, hac in carminis parte longe in-
fериorem esse Maronem Homero, cui deorum interuen-
tus non pro figmento et iucundo mendacio erat: sed res
a priscis hominibus credita ac tradita ac veterum
aetatum ingeniis ac mentibus ita frequentata, ipso ser-
monis genio, carminum perpetuo argumento, narra-
tionum ad solitum exemplum institutarum more ac con-
suetudine tam familiaris facta, vt videre, audire deos
sibi videretur in mediis rebus agendis versantes. Iuno,
cuius arte et consilio classis Troianorum e Sicilia Ita-
liam petens primum ad Africae littora tempestate delata,
(lib. I, 34. sqq.) mox, cum frustra hoc actum esset,
vt Didonis amore irretitus Aeneas Carthagine retineretur,
in Sicilia combusta fuerat, (lib. V, 604 sqq.) vbi Tro-
ianos ad Latii littus appulisse videt, (VII, 286 sqq.) ne
nihil, quo fata differre saltem liceret, intentatum relin-
queret, vnam ex Furiis excitat et Latium discordiis
miscet. Dum Aeneas absens Euandri et Etruscorum
auxilia conquirat, Venusque mater ei arma Vulcani arte
parat,

parat, (VIII, 370 sq.) Iuno Iride missa Turnum excitat, vt Aenea absente Troianorum castra seu urbem ac munitiones oppugnet; lib. IX, 1 sqq. Inter hanc oppugnationem Cybele naues Troianas in Nymphas vertit IX, 79 sqq. et Ascanii virtutem Apollo sub Butae facie collaudat ibid. 638. ac Mars pugnam accendit v. 717. Turnus in castra iam irruperat: cum Iunoni per Iridem a Ioue missam interdicitur, ne ulterius pro Turno contendat et in pugna allaboret. ibid. IX, 802 sqq.

Consilio habito, Iupiter diis persuadere vult, vt fidiis compositis nihil ultra intercedant, quo minus fatalis sedes in Italia Aeneae contingat. lib. X, 1 sqq. Quandoquidem monitis precibusque nullum dari locum videt, obiurgatis grauius diis declarat, fatis se omnia esse permixturum v. 105 sqq.

Nec tamen hoc ita obseruari videas in seqq. quin Iuturna Turnum fratrem moneat, vt Laufum Pallantis manibus eripiat v. 438. Iuno autem ipsa Turnum eluso Aenea pugnae subducat: v. 606. Contra Iouis monitu Mezentius in pugnam succedit v. 689. Iuno ad caelum statim redierat (v. 663. 4.) Nam paullo post ea cum Venere inter deos memoratur, qui ex Olympo pugnam prospectant 758. Etiam Diana Opim mittit Nympham, vt Camillae mortem vleiscatur lib. XI, 532—567. Interea Iupiter Tarchonem Etruscum incitat, vt firmatis animis turmas ad pugnandum reducat v. 726.

Instabat iam singulare Turni cum Aenea certamen. Iuno, quae Turno timebat, dirimere saltem ac differre pugnam studet. Nunc inducitur illa ex monte Albano prospiciens pugnam, vnde Iuturnam mittit: XII, 134 sqq. vt fratri suo succurrat. Vt hoc poetae commentum satis se phantasmate rerum commendet, cogitandum est, Iuturnam esse Nympham fluminis et lacus Latii, qui non longe aberat ab Albano monte: igitur in hunc descenderat Iuno, vt cum Iuturna super communibus rebus

374 EXCURSVS II. AD LIB. XII.

ageret. Inde eam iterum ad Olympum reuersam esse (v. 159. 160.) statuendum est. Nam aliquando post v. 792. illa in nubibus haeret despectans pugnam et de Turno sollicita. Hic Iupiter ad eam accedit vtque in fatorum placitis illa acquiescat tandem obtinet. Quo facto Iuno *caelo excedit nubemque relinquit*, adeoque ad suam sedem in Olympo redit.

P O S T S C R I P T.

I Find it extremely difficult to disengage my thoughts from Virgil :

—— *Juvat usque morari,*
Et conferre gradum. ——

I hope therefore for the reader's pardon and patience, while I lay before him a few more general remarks on the *Æneid*, which could not well be introduced in the compass of the foregoing notes. *Judgment* being generally and justly reckoned our author's chief excellence and characteristic, I have placed together, in one view, the following *ten* instances of this his predominant qualification.

I.

In order to make the narration interesting, to keep the mind warm, and the attention alive, it is esteemed a great beauty in the epopœa, to break through the orderly and regular succession of time, and to set out in the very midst of the story, nay, to commence the *action* as near the *catastrophe* as possible. Thus in the *Odyssey* the gods order Mercury to go to the isle of Ogygia, where Ulysses was detained by Calypso. He was to charge that goddess to give the hero leave to depart, and to furnish him with every thing that was necessary for his voyage to Ithaca. The reader imagines therefore, the poem will end within the compass of a few verses. But Virgil, says Bossu, approaches still nearer to a conclusion, The very

first time we see his hero, he hath already left Sicily; is upon his voyage to, nay is almost arrived in, Italy. The second part of the poem, begins too in the same judicious manner. Æneas, arriving at the country which the fates had promised him, finds every thing well disposed for his reception and settlement. The king offers him his daughter, the sole heiress of his crown, in marriage. Who would imagine then, but that this hero had accomplished his design, and the poem was at an end? But a storm casts him on the coast of Carthage, which accident furnishes the poet with matter for his first part. And the jealousy and rivalry of Turnus, who claims a prior right to Lavinia, affords matter for the last six books. Virgil therefore hath begun his poem in such a manner, that when once this hero hath made his appearance, he never ceases *acting* till the end of it. The hero himself relates all that passed *before*, and that too in one speech, artfully introduced on a most probable occasion. And this recital is so well placed, that the things related in it precede immediately, and without any interruption, those which the poet afterwards relates in his own person, How different, and how absurd, hath been the conduct of Statius, who, at his first setting out, asks his muse at what period of time he should begin his Thebaid, and seems to doubt whether it should not be *ab ovo Leda*o? And equally blameable is Nonnus, who begins even with the birth of Bacchus, and proceeds regularly through his adventures and victories to his *apotheosis*. These injudicious poets seem never to have thought of the important advice of Horace, founded on nature, and a knowledge of the human mind, and what is most likely to affect it;

*Semper ad eventum festinat; et in medias res
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit.—*

But our great countryman was so convinced of its just-
ness,

ness, that he opens his incomparable *Paradise Lost* with a scene of devils already fallen into the infernal regions, and defers the account and reason of their fall for *Raphael* to relate in the sixth book.

II.

Virgil is equally commendable for his judgment in conducting the *episodes* with which he has adorned his poem. Bossu observes that three circumstances are necessary to the right formation of an episode. The one is, to make use of no episode, but what arises from the very platform and foundation of the action, and is, as it were, a natural member of this body. The second is, exactly to unite these episodes, and these members, with one another. And the third, never to finish any episode so completely as that it may seem to be an intire action, taken by itself; but to let each episode still appear in its own particular nature, as the member only of a body, and as a part, of itself, not complete. The reader I hope has perceived, that Virgil hath observed these rules exactly, in his picture of the burning of Troy, in the affair of Dido, the games, Nisus and Euryalus, &c. all which are drawn from the very essence of the main fable, and are naturally connected with it. But, in the *Thebaid*, what part of the subject is either the cause, or the effect, of the massacre at Lemnos, or of any of the adventures of Jason? Happy was the author of the *Iliad*, whose story was naturally so full of matter, that it required not the least addition, or recourse to any episode whatever: for those short fables inserted in it can, I think, scarcely be called so. I cannot forbear observing, how vicious an episode Tasso hath given us in the second book of his *Jerusalem Liberata*, in the entertaining story of *Sophonis* and *Olindo*; he hath adorned this impertinent and useless episode, with a great deal of true poetry, mixed with some far-fetched and trifling conceits and witticisms.

One

One is apt at first to imagine, that this virtuous heroine, and her lover, are designed to be capital characters in the poem. But how great is the reader's mortification and surprize, to find they have no manner of concern with the principal action, and never to see them afterwards? Surely, after we are so much interested for any character, we naturally expect, that notwithstanding we lose sight of it for some time, yet that (*like the river Arethusa*) it will again appear in the course of the poem. The episode of *Agramante* and *Marfisa* in *Ariosto*, is also a very ill-judged one; yet we must acknowledge, that he hath made some amends for this defect, by his beautiful and pathetic tale of the two friends *Medoro* and *Cloridano*, in the eighteenth canto of the *Orlando Furioso*, which is indeed an artful and exact copy of the *Nisus* and *Euryalus* of *Virgil*; yet the author hath added some original beauties to it, and in particular hath assigned a more interesting motive for this midnight excursion, than what we find in *Virgil*; for *Medoro* and *Cloridano* venture into the field of battle to find out, among the heaps of slain, the body of their lord. This perhaps is one of the most excellent passages in this wild and romantic author, who yet abounds in various beauties, the merit of which ought not to be tried by the established rules of classical criticism.

III.

Virgil never loses sight of his hero a moment; every incident, nay, every line in his poem, tends to aggrandize and to exalt *Æneas*; we are interested for him alone; he ingrosses all our attention and concern; he is placed like an exquisite statue in a well-disposed garden; which way soever you walk, you are sure to meet with a full prospect of it in every avenue. And here again, as it hath been observed by *Rapin*, *Tasso* hath committed a glaring mistake; who makes *Rinaldo* perform

form all the most difficult and shining actions in the *Jerusalem*. It is he that kills *Adrastus*, *Tisaphernes*, *Solyman*, and all the principal leaders of the enemy ; it is he that dissolves the charms of the enchanted forest, which *Tasso* hath nobly copied from *Lucan*, or rather from the favourite romances of the times : the most important episodes are reserved for him ; nothing remarkable is transacted in his absence ; he alone is destined to make the most striking appearance ; and *Godfrey*, who is called the hero of the piece, hardly executes any thing worthy of notice. It is in vain that *Tasso* endeavours to excuse this palpable fault by saying the whole is an allegory : surely this is only justifying one chimera by another. *Homer*, with better judgment, and a very different taste, makes *Achilles*, the hero of the *Iliad*, the soul of it also : he pervades and animates the whole poem :

— *Agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet* —

but (adds *Rapin* unjustly, and with his usual dislike to the venerable father of poetry) it is true that *Homer* sometimes leaves this hero at too great a distance, and seems sometimes totally to forget him. *Virgil* never falls into this mistake : *Æneas* is perpetually the principal figure in the piece.

IV.

Such is the purity and justness of *Virgil's* taste, that he never wantonly indulges his imagination in launching out into any useless and improper descriptions. He well knew, that nothing could be more absurd to true judges, than for the action of an epic poem to stand still, while the author was amusing himself in giving florid pictures and images, instead of hastening forward to his catastrophe. Hence we find, that there is not one description in the *Æneid*, but what is absolutely necessary, and is so placed as to carry on the main business and intent of the poem,

poem, and moreover is made in as few words as possible.

* The description of Carthage, with which Virgil opens his poem, is contained in six verses. He acquaints us, that this city is seated over-against Italy, facing the very mouth of the Tiber; that it is powerful in war; and that Juno designed to make it the seat of universal monarchy: this is the cause of the anger of this deity; and as it constitutes the plot of the poem, it was highly necessary to let the reader know these circumstances.

We could not have imagined how Æolus could restrain and let loose the winds, if we had not been informed, that they are inclosed in caverns. The poet therefore spends twelve verses on this subject.

The ships of Æneas, so roughly handled by a tempest, and at a season when the seas were liable to frequent and unforeseen storms, had need of an harbour that was intirely free from this danger, and that was safe and still; and since it was in an unknown country, it was requisite, that this haven should be situated in a private and secret place. This is what Virgil describes in eleven verses.

The description of the Trojans being hard at work, and eager to leave Carthage (*Æn.* IV.) is likewise very artfully managed. On one hand, it shews the good effect the presence of a lord and master has over these labourers; on the other, the poet paints this their eagerness and attention, not so much to the reader's as to Dido's view; she there saw the preparative to her death, and every blow the ax and hammer struck, were like the stabs of a dagger that pierced her heart. Can any thing be more moving than the ingenious application Virgil himself makes of this description, by which he plainly points out his intention in making it?

* See BOSSU, B. VI. Ch. 2.

*Quis tibi nunc, Dido, cernenti talia, sensus?
Quosve dabas gemitus, cum litora fervere late
Prospiceres arce ex summa?—*

If in the middle of a great action any thing is described, that seems to interrupt and distract the reader's mind; it is requisite, that the effect of these descriptions be such, as may carry along with them their necessity, and their reasonableness; and that, by this means, they may be embodied, if I may so speak, in the main action. We have one instance of this in the battle of the eleventh book of the *Æneid*, where the poet stops short, and runs out into so minute a description of the arms and dress of *Chloereus*, *Æn.* l. XI. v. 768. to v. 782. Judicious readers might perhaps have been disgusted at this beauty so carefully described in the very heat of the battle, if the poet had only done it for their sakes. But the case is this: *Camilla* is charmed with these glittering accoutrements; the desire of them costs her her life, gives the victory to the Trojans, and at once breaks all the measures *Turnus* had taken against *Æneas*. These are such descriptions as are judiciously introduced, and managed with discretion. They are not made for their own sakes only; they are not mere ornaments, and introduced to shew the poet's talent of saying fine things. *Seneca* is far from observing this temperance, and reservedness. If he has any recital to make, though never so melancholy and pitiable, he begins it with such descriptions as are not only useless, but ridiculous. *Creon* has a story to relate to *Œdipus*, pregnant with all the circumstances of horror that can be conceived. He is intreated, he is threatened, and, after great signs of grief, for being forced to utter so terrible a tale, he begins his narration with a description of a grove, which *Œdipus* knew perfectly well, and frequently saw. But suppose he had never seen it, was he then at leisure (agitated as his mind was with fear

and

and anxiety) to be told, that this grove was full of cypress-trees, oaks, laurel, myrtle, alder, and pines? that the cypress-trees are always green; that the laurel-trees bear bitter berries; that the alder-trees were proper to build ships, which ride on the wide ocean; that the oaks of this grove had their branches distorted and eat up with age; that time had gnawed the bark off this, that the roots of that could no longer support it; and that it would tumble down, were it not propped up by the trunk of another tree? The whole is too long, and too affectedly unnatural, to be transcribed; but the reader may see it in the third act of Seneca's *Œdipus*, beginning at ver. 530. In short, the management of descriptions, and how to introduce them with propriety, is so difficult and artful a task, that even Homer himself is thought sometimes to have erred in this particular; as, for instance, in the fifth book of the *Iliad*, ver. 722. where he spends several lines in minutely describing the fine chariot of Juno, at a time when the reader expected to be hurried instantly into the thickest of the battle:

For why should Homer deck the gorgeous car,
When our rais'd souls are eager for the war?
Or dwell on ev'ry wheel, when loud alarms,
And Mars in thunder calls the hosts to arms?

PITT'S *Vida*, B. II.

Two of the longest descriptions in Virgil (except that of *Fame*, which I think cannot well be defended) are the serpents, in the second book, that destroy Laocoon; and of the ghost of Hector that appears to Æneas, to inform him of the treachery of Sinon, and of the inevitable destruction of Troy, whose gods he commits to his care, and bids him immediately set out in search of the empire the fates had designed for him. The reader at one view sees the necessity and importance of both these descriptions, especially the last, in which he must equally ad-
mire

mire the *pathos*, and the *propriety*. Milton had been unpardonable, if he had indulged his luxuriant fancy in describing the serpent in so many lines, and in such gaudy colours, as he has spent upon it, B. IX. if this serpent had not been the instrument of that temptation on which the whole action of his poem turns. The palace of *Alcina* in *Ariosto*, that of *Armida* in *Tasso*, and the bower of *Bliss* in *Spenser* (manifestly copied from *Ariosto*) take up too much room in their respective places, are injudiciously introduced, are of little service to the fable, and are more in the taste of the fairy descriptions of the crystal and diamond palaces in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, or Don Bellianis of Greece, than of objects that ought to be admitted into an epic poem. The same I think may be said of M. de *Voltaire's* description of the temple of Love in his *Henriade*.

V.

Innumerable are the little strokes of nature and character in Virgil: of which the following instances may be given, and than which, nothing more demonstrates a poet's judgment, and penetration into the human heart. The tenderness and piety of *Æneas* break out on every occasion; he pities and bewails *Amycus*, *Gyas*, and *Orontes*, whom he imagined to be lost in the storm; B. II. 222. he is put in mind of his own father's danger by seeing the death of old *Priam*, B. II. he himself carries this aged parent through the flames and tumult of the city; he endeavours to find his *Creusa*, whom he had unfortunately lost, by venturing back into the city, though the enemy then fully possessed it; and does not give over searching farther till her apparition warns him to retreat. He looks back to the walls of Carthage, when he was obliged by order of the gods to forsake *Dido*, with the utmost sorrow and regret; especially when he saw the reflection of the flames of *Dido's* funeral fire:

* *Moenia respiciens, quae jam infelicitis Elisae
Collucent flammis.*—

When he meets this unhappy queen in the shades below, he accosts her in the tenderest manner imaginable:

Was I the unhappy cause of your death!
Funeris, heu! tibi causa fui!

I swear by all the powers both of heaven and hell, that I left your kingdom with the deepest reluctance and regret. But the very same gods that have commanded me to visit (as you now see) these dismal infernal regions, laid on me their strict injunctions to forsake Carthage, and drove me out of your kingdom:

*Sed me iussa deum, quae nunc has ire per umbras,
Per loca senta situ cogunt, noctemque profundam
Imperiis egere suis.*—

So that Æneas gives her the most indisputable proof, even ocular demonstration, of his perfect obedience to the will of Heaven, the only motive that could have induced him to leave her. He adds very movingly, when he perceived she was going away, and would not stop to hear his defence;

*Siste gradum, teque aspectu ne subtrahere nostro.
Quem fugis? extremum fato quod te alloquor hoc est.*

Again; Aristotle says, the manners of each personage should be suitable (*ἁρμοστέρα*) to the sex, age, birth, education, and other circumstances, which usually distinguish and characterize one man from another. Thus the

* This image always puts me in mind of that very fine one in the book of Genesis, chap. XIX. And Abraham looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain; and beheld; and lo! the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace.

women Virgil introduces; the boys, as Iulus; the youths, as Turnus, Nisus, and Euryalus; the grown men, as Mnestheus and Achates; the old ones, as Anchises and Priam; are each of them strongly marked and diversified from each other by the circumstances abovementioned. At least they are more strongly marked in our poet, than in any that preceded him, or have followed him, Homer and Shakespear only excepted, who have drawn more various and more true characters than any writers whatever.

Virgil hath likewise softened and civilized Homer's gods, and made them act with greater dignity and decorum, according to the improved notions of the times in which he lived. A strong instance of this art may be seen in the tenth book, where Juno and Venus are circumstantially talkative in their speeches, while Jupiter speaks with a majestic brevity.

VI.

It hath been observed in the foregoing notes, that the design of the epopœa being to instruct by examples, and not by downright moralities, sentences or reflections should be seldom introduced. It may be here added, that Virgil's judgment is great in the art of disguising sentences, and taking away from them their dogmatical air.

Bossu speaks of this proceeding in the following manner. Seneca very frequently, in his tragedies, where the moral should be less apparent than in the epopœa, utters his thoughts morally and sententiously; and Virgil, on the other hand, in the epic poem, and in places that are designed for morality, conceals his sentences under figures, and particular applications. For instance: if any thing lays us under an obligation of embracing virtue, and abandoning vice, it is doubtless this maxim;

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viz. That the highest and best recompence of a good action flows from virtue itself, and the habits we contract by our good actions; as that, on the contrary, vicious actions imprint on us the love of vices, and the habits of committing them, which sometimes leads us into a kind of fatal necessity. Again, the habits take such deep root in us, that death itself does not make us relinquish them: we preserve to eternity the affections and inclinations which we have contracted in our life-time, and with which we die. So that those who are so unhappy as to leave this world with their vicious inclinations about them, are afflicted with unspeakable torments, when they come to see the deformity of those vices which they cannot divest themselves of, and the beauty of justice and virtue, from which they are banished for ever. Virgil teaches us all this in several sentences, that he disguises after a most admirable manner.

The first is: That the manners and the habits are the best reward of good actions. He tempers this excellent precept with so much tenderness, that it is hard to say, whether in this passage he makes use of the profitable or the pleasant. A young nobleman, Euryalus, the most amiable, and the most beloved of all the Trojans, meets with an important occasion of serving his prince, to which nothing but his own virtue obliges him: he embraces the opportunity with all earnestness, and is going to expose himself to a death, that perhaps might be the heart-breaking of his mother. She loved this son so passionately, that she was the only woman that followed him into Italy, without fearing the dangers and the fatigues, which kept all the rest behind at Sicily. Euryalus, that loved his mother so dearly, dares not take his leave of her, because he could not sustain the tenderness of her tears. He therefore recommends her to young Ascanius. Ascanius receives her into his protection: and on both sides they express all the passion, which a
great

great poet was able to inspire them with. It is in the midst of these passions, that a grave old man, with tears in his eyes, embraces Euryalus, and his dear friend Nisus; prays for their success; and, for a reward of so much virtue, promises them such an one as we have been discoursing of:

*Quae vobis, quae digna, viri, pro talibus ausis
Praemia posse reat solvi? pulcherrima primum
Dii MORESQUE dabunt vestri. —*

Æn. IX. 252.

The second sentence is this: That when we die, we carry along with us the habits we have contracted upon earth. The poet makes mention of the troublesome and tormenting habits, when he describes those lovers whom Æneas meets with, labouring under the same miseries they felt before their death:

— *Curæ non ipsa in morte relinquunt.*

And he says the same concerning the pleasant inclinations, when in the Elyfian fields Æneas meets with heroes that had the very same diversions there, which they enjoyed in this life;

— *Quæ gratia currum
Armerumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.*

VII.

It was intended to give many instances of Virgil's judgment in beautifying, and as it were making his own by his manner of working them up, the many passages he has borrowed from Homer, the Greek tragedies, and Ennius, and Lucretius. But on reading Mr. Hurd's ingenious *Discourse on poetical imitation*, one begins to doubt whether in reality he has borrowed at all, and whether one does not usually, in this case, mistake ne-

cessary *resemblances* for *thefts*. I refer the reader to the treatise itself, in which he will meet with much pleasure and instruction, although this hypothesis is perhaps pushed a little too far. The author seems to think with *La Bruyere*, that we are come into the world too late to produce any new thing and original; but his own performance is an admirable example to the contrary.

VIII.

The exact propriety of Virgil's thoughts ought to be particularly regarded. We find in him no points and turns, no witticisms and conceits, which are utterly inconsistent with the dignity of epic poetry, and please only those superficial readers, who cannot relish a just simplicity. What Dido says to Æneas in her last speech to him, is the voice of nature and passion. But how egregiously Tasso trifles, when Armida, in the same situation addresses Rinaldo!

—O tu che porte
 Parte teco di me, parte ne lasci,
 O prendi l'una, o rendi l'altra, o morte
 Da insieme ad ambi.—

Canto XVI. 40 Sta.

“ O thou who carriest one part of me away with thee,
 “ and leavest the other, either take the one, or restore
 “ the other, or give death to both of them at once.”
 By so frequently comparing the chaste manner of Virgil, with the vicious and false one of some Latin and Italian writers, it has been my design to give my younger readers especially, a disgust to unnatural and florid sentiments, and inspire them with a love of that greatest beauty in writing, *simplicity*. I would therefore recommend to them the following passage; which, considering the taste and genius of its author, merits a more particular attention than any words of my own can demand. It is the amiable Fenelon, who thus writes to Fontenelle, as secretary of

of the French academy, p. 324; and it is a lesson by which Fontenelle himself might have profited. "It is natural (says he) for the moderns who excel in elegance, and ingenious turns, to fancy that they have surpassed the ancients; whose chief excellence is a natural simplicity. But I must beg leave here to propose a sort of apologue. The inventors of the Gothic kind of architecture (which is said to have come from the Arabians) fancied, no doubt, that they had outdone the Greek architects. A Grecian structure has nothing in it that is merely ornamental. The parts that are necessary to support, or to cover it, as the pillars, and the cornice, become ornaments only by their beautiful proportion. Every thing is simple, exact, and useful. We see nothing in it either bold or fanciful, that can impose on the sight. The proportions are so just, that nothing seems very noble, though the whole really be so. Every thing is designed to satisfy true reason. On the contrary, the Gothic architect, upon very slender pillars, raises up a vast roof into the clouds. One would fancy it were going to tumble, though it stands many ages. It is all full of windows, roses, and petty decorations. The stones seem to be pinked and cut-out like paper-bawbles. Every thing looks gay and light, as it were hanging in the air. Was it not natural now for the Gothic architects to imagine, that, by their vain refinements, they had outdone the Greek simplicity? Now only change the names, and put poets and orators instead of architects: Lucan must naturally fancy he was a greater poet than Virgil. Seneca the tragedian must imagine he was more exquisite than Sophocles. Tasso perhaps hoped he should excel Virgil and Homer. If these authors thought so, they were much deceived. And the most excellent modern authors should beware of the like mistake."

IX.

Mr. Wood, in his *Life of Homer*, has well illustrated a singular instance of Virgil's judgment. I shall give the whole passage in his words.

“ However freely we may treat the imaginary voyage of *Æneas* now, it would have been imprudent to have expressed doubts upon so tender a point, at Rome, in the reign of Augustus : and this general prejudice in favour of the subject sufficiently recommended it to the poet's choice. The more we enter into the state of things when he wrote, the posture of the Roman affairs, the reigning opinions, civil and religious, both of the prince and people, and the precise relation in which the poet stood, as well with regard to the whole, as to some individuals, the more we shall think him peculiarly *happy in that choice*. Indeed, to those who do not enter into those particulars, many of the beauties of the *Æneid* are lost, for the Roman poet abounds in pertinent and elegant allusions to his own times, always introduced with strict propriety, and conducted with great judgment. Whatever Homer might have had of this sort, for readers of his own age, is buried in oblivion with the circumstances of his life. And, considering the different genius of the poets, and of the ages when they lived, we ought not to expect from Homer, and the heroic times, (could we know them better), any share of that artful and refined compliment, which is the particular excellence of the most polished writer of the Augustan age. The Greek poet, less courtly, therefore more natural, whose philosophy acknowledged no sect, and whose politics knew no party, ever aims at original resemblance in his pictures, with an impartiality which his patriotism did not bias, and to which, perhaps, his moral gave way. For, in the great variety of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, I see no complimentary preference to his countrymen, and not
one

one perfect character set up as a model for imitation. Now, should it be alledged, that he has followed truth and nature, both as to facts and characters, too closely, for what has been since laid down as the ultimate object of the epic plan, viz. the instruction and reformation of mankind, surely this is much in his favour as an historian. But though Virgil found the voyage of his hero sufficiently established in the minds of a people credulously predisposed towards this favourite object of national prejudice; he appears to have been very cautious of endangering its credit, by departing from any of the prevailing popular traditions, which related to that event. And though the obscurity and contradiction, in which the incidents of this supposed migration were involved, gave him scope in the choice of his materials, he made a very sparing use of it; for he seldom ventures to introduce an extraordinary circumstance, that we cannot trace to some previous authority; and he gives some things a place in his poem, for which we can see no temptation, but their contributing to support the truth of his subject. The divine mission of his hero offers a ready solution of many of the objections to his establishment in Italy; and is made responsible for all the absurdity and injustice, with which his enemies so naturally charge that undertaking. *Auguriis agimur Divum* is the short account he gives of the desertion of his own country; and much the same apology is made to Latinus for the invasion of his. This language is adapted with great propriety to the grand purpose of the poet, who insinuating to a vain and superstitious people a favourable idea of a late change of government, artfully conciliates reverence and respect to the common origin and connected interests of their civil and religious constitution; and with this view the pious duties of faith, resignation, and obedience are highly finished in the character of his predestined hero. But though the established religion and public annals of Rome seemed to

have tolerably well secured the credit of a fact, which the emperor's vanity was eager to encourage, and popular prejudice not less zealous to support; yet Virgil did not care to trust impartial posterity with Homer's short account of this matter, and discovers the most genuine compliment to the Greek poet's historical character, in a sly evasion of its authority; for he adopts the passage from the Iliad, and by changing a syllable in one word, he converts the strongest voucher against the voyage of Æneas into a prophetic testimony in its favour. (ΠΑΝΤΕΣΣΙΝ for ΤΡΩΕΣΣΙΝ), Whether Virgil was the author of this pious fraud, or adopted it from others, is immaterial; I am rather inclined to the first of those conjectures, for reasons which I shall lay before the classical reader, if he thinks this note worth his perusal. The text, in all the manuscripts hitherto discovered, stands thus;

Νυν δὲ δὴ Αἰνείας βίη ΤΡΩΕΣΣΙΝ ἀναξεί,

Καὶ παῖδες παίδων, τοὶ κεν μετοπίδῃ γενήνται.

Strabo says, that those who apply this passage to the Romans, write it thus :

Νυν δὲ δὴ Αἰνείας γένος ΠΑΝΤΕΣΣΙΝ ἀναξεί;

which Virgil translates;

Hic domus Aeneae cunctis dominabitur oris.

This correction was therefore suggested, in order to reconcile Homer to the Roman history. Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who has been at most pains to support the Trojan origin of Rome, taking these lines of Homer into consideration, mentions no such reading. We may therefore with probability suppose it to have been thought of after Dionysius and before Strabo. This period coincides with Virgil's time of writing the Æneid, and at that time precisely the Roman conquests authorized a correction of the text, which prophesied their becoming masters of the world. It was still necessary

cessary to soften another striking objection, to which the hero's settlement in Italy was liable. The colony he was said to have conducted and established there, retained no marks of their Trojan origin, nor did the descendants of those conquerors preserve the least remains of the manners, customs, language, or even name, of their supposed ancestors, at the same time that they differed greatly from them, both in the modes and objects of their worship. The Romans would, perhaps, of all nations, be least sensible of the force of this objection: as no people was ever less bigotted to their own manners, or more apt to adopt those of their conquered enemies. Yet Virgil saw, that so very unnatural a neglect of the mother-country, and so unaccountable a compliment to the inhabitants of a new conquest, could not pass unnoticed; he therefore closes the poem with the following piece of machinery, perfectly well calculated for a solution of those difficulties. As Turnus and Æneas are preparing for the final decision by single combat, Jupiter makes a conciliating overture to Juno, and expostulates with her upon the inutility of endless opposition to the decrees of Fate;

“ *Quae jam finis erit, conjux? quid denique restat?* ”

“ *Indigitem Aeneam scis ipsa, et scire fateris,* ”

“ *Deberi caelo fatisque ad sidera tolli.* ”

“ *Quid struis? &c.* ”

He then intreats her to desist; and, first putting her in mind of the unhappy lengths to which her passion had been already indulged, he concludes with a concise and positive injunction to proceed no further;

“ *Ulterius tentare veto.* ”

The goddess, who could retard, but not control the will of Jove, answers submissively, apologizes for her past conduct, and promises to renounce the cause. But in return, she requests,

“ *No* ”

- “ *Ne vetus indigenas nomen mutare Latinos,*
 “ *Nau Troas fieri jubeas, Teucrosque vocari,*
 “ *Aut voces mutare viros, aut vertere vestes, &c.”*

Jupiter grants her petitions, and declares,

- “ *Sermonem Ausonii patrium, moresque tenebunt ;*
 “ *Utque est, nomen erit ; commixti corpore tantum*
 “ *Subsident Teucri : morem ritusque sacrorum*
 “ *Adjiciam ; faciamque omnes uno ore Latinos, &c.”*

Here we see that the poet is obliged to have recourse to a decree of Jupiter to account for the want of affinity between the language, manners, names, and religions, rites, and ceremonies of Troy and Rome. But he had still other difficulties to encounter. The *Æneid* is like the *Iliad*, full of machinery : and Virgil's imitation of Homer in this particular lay under two very great disadvantages. The first of these, of which we have before taken notice, was, that the scenery of Homer's mythology was fixed in Greece, and adapted to the action of the *Iliad*. The second was, that the parts, which the *Dramatis Personæ* of this mythology acted in the Trojan story, were arranged not exactly in the manner most suitable to the purpose of Virgil. For he is by these means deprived of the character in which Minerva appears with so much propriety in the *Odyssey* ; and is obliged to put his pious legislative hero under the protection of Venus. This goddess, though very fit to have the conduct of his affairs at Carthage, when he is carrying on an amour with Dido, was not so well qualified to promote his views in Italy, *Dum conderet urbem, inferretque Deos Latio* : Again, Juno having been employed in the *Iliad* as the inveterate enemy of Troy, takes an active part in the *Æneid* against the establishment of the Roman empire. It is true, the poet derives from this the happiest allusions to some of the most interesting scenes in the Roman history. But surely her first appearance in this hostile character, at the opening

opening of the poem, must have been an awkward circumstance ; when Juno Romana was the favourite Deity of Rome.

“ *Tum vos, o Tyrii, stirpem et genus omne futurum*

“ *Exercete odiis ; cinerique haec mittite nostro*

“ *Munera : nullus amor populis, nec foedera sunt.*

“ *Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor,*

“ *Qui face Dardanio ferroque sequare colonos ;*

“ *Nunc, olim, quocunque dabunt se tempore vires.* ”

Æneid. l. 4. v. 622.

It was not proper, that the reader should wait for the unravelling of the plot to have this matter explained ; he is therefore apprized in the first book, that this enmity of the goddess is to be converted into protection and regard ; and Jupiter promises,

“ *Consilia in melius referet ; mecumque fovebit*

“ *Romanos rerum dominos, &c.* ”

Accordingly, towards the conclusion of the last book this reconciliation is effected :

“ *Annuat his Juno, et mentem laetata retorfit.* ”

The great point being thus settled, Turnus is killed, and the poem ends. From this digression on the conduct of the Roman poet, with regard to the event which he chose for his subject, I would infer, that, notwithstanding the powerful prejudices of Rome in its favour, he was apprehensive of objections, which might be drawn as well from Homer's authority, as from the incredible singularity of a colony's retaining no traces of the names, language, dress, or religious rites of their ancestors.”

X.

Lastly, the art of Virgil is never so powerfully felt, as when he attempts to move the passions, especially the more tender ones. The *pathetic* was the grand, distinguishing

guishing characteristic of his genius and temper. And this perhaps is the reason why Æneas is painted of so soft and compassionate a turn of mind. Our poet began so early as in his Eclogues (see the second and tenth) *to sleep his song in tears*. And the story of Orpheus is excelled by nothing but that of Dido, of Nisus and Euryalus and his mother, the mournful picture of Troy, the lamentations of Evander, and the distresses of Latinus, Juturna, and Turnus. Quintilian has exactly drawn Virgil's character under that of Euripides: IN AFFECTIBUS CUM OMNIBUS MIRUS, TUM IIS QUI MISERATIONE CONSTANT, FACILE PRAECIPUUS, Lib. X, c. I. It lay in his power alone, to have enriched the Roman poesy with what it so greatly wanted, and what is perhaps a more useful work than even an epic poem itself, A PERFECT TRAGEDY.

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